

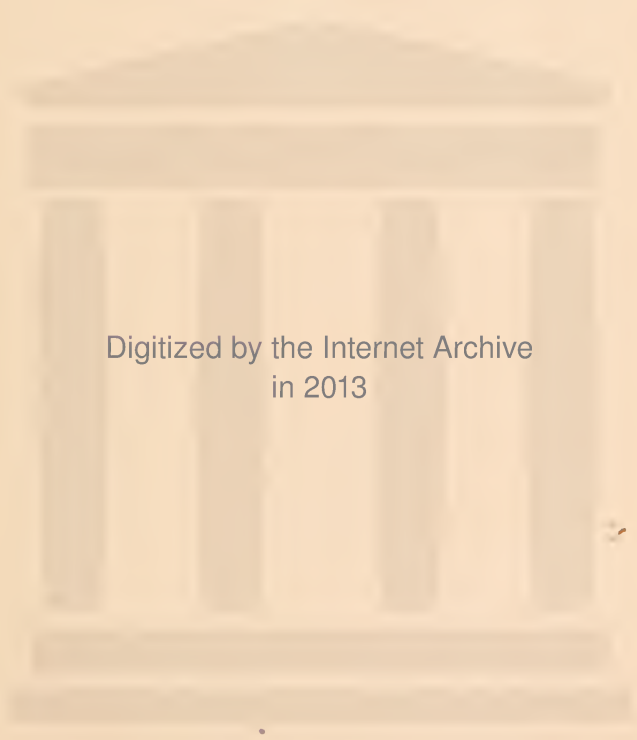
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THE CHRONICLE



VOL. XVIII. NO. 1

OCTOBER, 1919

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1919/20

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1919-20
Complete in 8 nos

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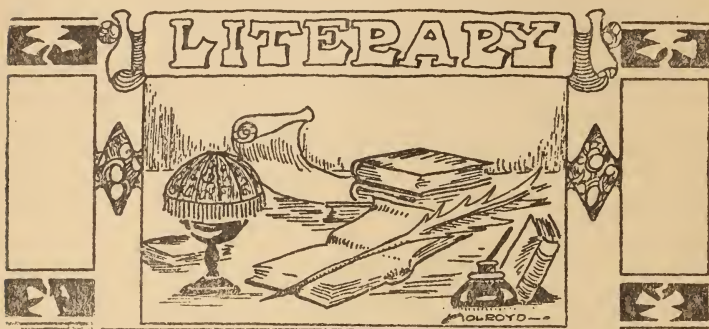
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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., October 1919

No 1



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

AT PRESENT

Just a word of greeting
As we begin our work anew.
It has not been long since we parted
And expressed our fond adieu;
But the world is moving swiftly
To a new and greater day,
And it is the college men and women
Who are to pave the golden way.

How often a little feeling
Creeps into our selfish mind
That it is the other fellow
Who is to help uplift mankind.

Yet the fact is stated plainly
In the Great Book of Life
That we are all friends and neighbors
And should help to end the strife.

We never tire of beguiling
Precious time into the fancied ways
Where it drifts into idleness
And its value soon decays.
Time once passed is not regained
When it aptly suits our pleasure;
It has gone and left us thinking
Why its worth we failed to measure.

Always are we looking
To that light that beams afar;
It is the source of our aspirations
And its brightness we will not mar.
Ever beckoning us to follow,
And to climb those giddy heights
Where achievement reigns supremely
And man has mastered his rights.

—M. C. J., '20, *Columbian*.

THE RESULTS OF A MOTHER'S LOVE

In the years following the Civil War the South was in a turmoil, and to add to the already bad condition of affairs, was the fact that many of the loved ones that went to fight never returned home. In the story that I am here going to relate the state of affairs around the mountainous district of western North Carolina was extremely bad. Many of the women of this section, who were once the wives of happy mountaineers, but now were widows with several children to support, dug their own graves by trying to take the place of their husbands around the home. In one instance there was a home that had two vacant places at the table; the father and a son never returned but gave their lives to the cause of the South. But in this home there remained a mother and a son who mourned their absence.

As time went on and several years passed, the son who was now nearing his eighteenth birthday, began to think about his future. After planning for several months and saving all that was possible, the mother persuaded her son, Jim, to stand the entrance examination at the Virginian College. Jim did as his mother desired, and several weeks later there came a letter to him saying that he had won the scholarship. There were still several more weeks to decide whether or not he was going, and in the meantime Jim's mother practiced the strictest economy. When the college year opened, Jim was at the college with almost the last penny that his mother could secure for him to pay his expenses.

During that winter Jim made good in all his classes and was admired by all of his classmates because of his splendid qualities. While Jim thus progressed, his mother was working and putting forth every effort to make ends meet. Altho Jim worked during his spare time, they found it hard to furnish the necessary funds, and

before the second year came, Jim wrote his mother that he was coming home because of the need of money to pay his expenses. But before he left the college, he was surprised one day by the appearance of his mother on the campus. It was then that his mother explained her plan to him. She told him that she had sold all of their belongings and rented a cabin on the edge of the college campus, where she expected to stay and wash, press clothes, and do all other work that she could to secure the necessary money. To these plans Jim objected, but his persistent mother soon changed his mind. So time went on, and each year put him nearer his goal.

It happened that there was a medal and a very valuable position opened to a member of the graduating class that Jim was in. For this position and medal Jim put forth every effort to win. In the meantime, the cadets patronized Jim's mother very much, not because she was his mother, for none of them knew it, but because she was such a fine cook and such a motherly old soul.

The day before the closing exercises Jim reserved a seat in the auditorium on the same side where the parents of the other graduates were going to sit. Everybody in college wondered who was going to occupy Jim's seat. At last the night came, and with the class behind him on the rostrum and the house filled with visitors in front of him, Jim made his address, and he made it in such a striking manner that he received many more cheers than any of his classmates. When the Governor, who was to announce the winner of the position and medal, arose, he called Jim's name and asked him to step forward. Jim gladly did as he was asked and before them all he was proclaimed the smartest of his class, the winner of the position and the medal. To these honors, Jim listened as if petrified, but when the Governor started to pin the medal on him, Jim stopped him, and to everybody's amazement, he went down to his mother's seat and brought her up to his place on the rostrum.

Here he told his secret, that he alone did not deserve the honors of winning the position, nor the honor of wearing the medal, as it was his ever-smiling and loving mother that caused him to do it. All the members of his class were astonished. Jim then asked that the medal be pinned on his mother, who was then leaning on him for support. The Governor did so, and Jim led her back to her seat in the auditorium. Jim then resumed his place on the rostrum, where he received the honors.

—W. B. B., '22.

MY IDEAL

I stand in the vale and gaze at the flaming star,
Which blazes down from the peak with a dazzling light.
I admire its bewildering beauty from afar,
And long to scale with utmost speed, the height.
Light is my heart, and my feet so urge me on
That I think almost the glorious prize I've won.

I strive, and climb with joy the thorny way—
The shining glory always just ahead;
The task is hard, and yet I cannot stay;
It holds me fast, and forward, ever, I tread;
It stirs the embers of my life-sick soul.
Oh, would the blazing light I might enfold.

At last, I stand at the top of the highest peak,
And feel the soothing texture of the clouds.
The light is gone—I know not where to seek.
Yet, as I strive to push away the shroud
Which seems to settle on the mountain's head,
I see the brilliant light, still, just ahead.

No matter how I strive to follow it,
The glowing flame leads me forever on—
To mountain top, and out of the bottomless pit.
I see its beauty, and, seeing it, follow on..
My heart swells with the joy of buffeting
The merciless elements—to know the unknown thing.

Oh, time dost thou, like a thief, intervene?
Do dark clouds come and hide my star away?
Does Death come in and break away the dream
Or night come in and chase away the day?
Do *My Ideals* fade away before I've won,
And cease to keep me ever following on?

No, the amazing glow still pierces the clouds above;
Nor has been stilled the labour of my breath.
One moment, perhaps, I'll know what 'tis to love,
When I clasp success to my weary breast, in death.
And still the distant flame seems almost won.
It leads, and I forever follow on.

—C. B. L., '21, *Palmetto*.

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

Time has changed. The world has changed. Man has changed. In the pre-historic ages, man thought of worldly gain alone. His creed was: "Might makes right." He conquered his own people, and then turned towards other lands to plunder. The uneducated savage's one desire was to satisfy his selfish passions. The monotony of his frivolous life was broken by bloody and cruel wars. He lived a life that possessed no knowledge of the Christ-child. Generations that have followed have proved that this is impossible. As we look back over the pages of history, the great struggles that took place long ago remind us of some spectacular scene that is often seen on the stage of to-day. This last great World War was the climax of what had been planned and acted for thousands of years. Life was thrown away with reckless daring on the battle-fields of France and Flanders. It was one last dash of the worldly-men, represented by Germany, against the men who had begun to think in another world—long generations ahead—represented by the nations at large. . But the righteous side won, and the ungodly perished beneath a sea of blood.

So we see, bursting out of the deep, dark clouds of a lost Forever, a shining star of hope. For over the dewy mountains, we see a brilliant light sending its glittering rays down the slopes of Time. It burst with a loud peal of thunder. The world is silent, and peace reigns supreme.

The loud clap of thunder is the year 1919. This is the year of readjustments. Great statesmen are thundering, yonder in the hall of Fame. Laborers and idlers are clamoring for rights. Employees and employers are striving for supremacy. The whole world looks black and muddled, but all will soon be well; and, then, like the rainbow just after the storm, all the world will rejoice in its splendor. Peace is sweet—is always sweet. Let not the world despair because it cannot see thru the clouds.

Remember that the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day.

And soon we shall see that out of chaos and despair are born Order and Hope; out of Heart-aches and Suffering, Joy and Peace. We shall see rise out of a blackened past a new light; and, as we raise our heads and gaze toward the azure heavens, we shall see The Dawn of a New Era.—M. C. S., '21, *Calhoun*.

DEEDS

Out of my window at twilight,
I see the setting sun;
And as the moon comes into sight,
I think of the deeds that I have done.

I looked upon the moon afar,
And then into the darkness of the wood,
Again I looked and saw a star,
And thought—what have I done for good?

Then I paused to think
Of the good that I could do.
The future has a broken link,
That I must mend before life's through.

Into the future I look, and see
Myself, now old, and at last,
My thoughts come tripping back to me
Of the deeds I've done in the past.

And so upon Death's unaverted hour,
The deeds I've done come back to me;
And when, at length I reach the throne of power,
Just God, remember me.

—W. F. W., '21, *Columbian*.

A DREAM COME TRUE

Murray DeCosta had a dream one night, as he lay on his bed enjoying a peaceful sleep. He dreamed that he would have a very unusual experience in the coming week, which would terminate in his finding the girl that he was to love and marry. But he awoke before he could find out where, or under what circumstances, he would meet her. When he awoke the next morning he laughed to himself; but, that afternoon, as he was out riding with his friend, Arthur Walters, he told him about his dream. Arthur laughed away his friend's seriousness, and they sped onward toward a distant home to which they were frequent visitors.

It happened to be a sunny Sunday afternoon in the month of June, and as the powerful little car in which they rode moved steadily and swiftly toward their destination, a loud crash was heard just ahead of them. The two boys had almost reached a dangerous curve in a small woodland about three miles from Columbia, South Carolina. As they brought the little racer to a standstill and jumped out, they saw, just around the bend in the road, the wreck of a huge sedan. Glass and fragments of the car littered the ground on every side. The four wheels were in the air, and the radiator was buried in a four-foot ditch.

Looking to one side, just across the ditch, they saw the bodies of two women. Underneath the car, the body of a man could be seen. A slight groan escaped one of the women. Murray hurried towards her, while Arthur tried to extricate the body of the dying man from beneath the car. As the young woman turned her face upward at Murray's touch, he saw the pretty countenance of a girl of probably seventeen years of age. He raised her head and bathed her face from the water taken from a near-by spring. As soon as she was able to sit up, he

leaned her against a tree, and then turned to help the other woman.

Upon turning her face upward, Murray discovered that she too was a young girl of perhaps nineteen or twenty summers. Try as he might, he could not revive her; so he laid her gently down again, and with his help, Arthur was enabled to get the man from beneath the car. He was a young, bright-looking chap of about twenty-two years of age. But it was impossible to revive him, so he was placed in Murray's racer. Arthur then brought the unconscious girl and placed her in the car. The other girl was still too weak to talk. She was placed in the crowded car and made as comfortable as possible.

They rushed to a hospital in Columbia, and entrusted their charges to skillful physicians. The girl who had been able to sit up had sufficiently recovered by this time to be able to thank them, and, upon promise that they would call the next day, Murray and Arthur left to continue their journey.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the automobile accident that Murray DeCosta and Arthur Walters called again at the hospital. Upon explaining who they were, they were admitted to the wards of the injured man and women.

As they walked into the man's room, he was lying with his face toward the wall. At the sound of feet, he turned to see who his guests were. He held out his hands toward Murray and Arthur—for he was expecting them. (The girl had told him about his deliverers, and had said that they would be back to see them. So it was with an expression of gratitude that he greeted his visitors.) His dark eyes played upon them for a moment, and then in a thick, laboured voice, he said:

"I wish to thank you both for what you have done for the girls and me. It was a narrow escape. I—tried to take the turn—too fast—and here I am. Ethel will tell you—the rest—I can't—now."

At a sign from the nurse that accompanied them, the boys left the room. They were then led in silence to the ward of the other patients. Murray stopped on the threshold of the door, and laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder, detained him long enough to gaze for one full moment at what they beheld within that chamber.

Lying upon the bed with the covers thrown partly back, they beheld a sight that few men are ever permitted to see. The snow-white pillow and no less wondrous throat, gave a splendid background to a really beautiful face. Dark eye-brows, and eyes to match the raven hair; rosy cheeks, and crimson lips thru which could be seen two rows of pearls,—all these made the two youths think that one of God's angels had come down to earth. Murray whispered to Arthur, "That's my girl."

But Arthur did not hear. He was looking at another wonder—of another description. Kneeling beside the sick couch, the trembling lips moving in silent prayer, was the figure of another angelic person. Instead of the black hair and rather dark complexion of the girl on the couch, Arthur saw a mass of golden hair about a tear-stained face of rosy hue. As she looked up, he gazed into depthless blue eyes.

The kneeling girl arose and came to meet them. She told them that her name was Ethel Harrington. The girl that she was keeping vigil over was her sister, Mildred. The young man's name was Joe Elmore.

After some time had elapsed, during which the conversation had varied from one extreme to another, it became necessary to say good-bye. Ethel followed them to the door, again thanking them for their kind interest and valuable help. Again Murray and his chum promised to come back on the morrow.

But fate is cruel. Murray and Arthur were called to Greenville that night on business. From there they had to go to Charlotte, and then to many small towns. It was nearly one month before they could return to Col-

umbia. They found to their joy—but also to their sorrow—that their friends had fully recovered, and had left the hospital. Where they had gone to, the authorities at the hospital could not say, so it was with a feeling of disappointment that they turned away from the hospital and started on their journey home.

Upon arriving home, Murray found a letter addressed to him, and it bore the postmark of Columbia, South Carolina. He tore it open, and read the following message:

“Mildred, Joe, and I will be delighted to have you and Mr. Walters take tea with us next Friday at eight o’clock.”

At the bottom was signed, *Ethel Harrington, 1219 Arnold street, East Columbia.*

It is needless to say that on that Friday afternoon Murray and Arthur were like eager school-boys. Each was going to see his sweetheart—his ideal. Every care was taken to keep a white collar clean, and a fifteen-cent shoe-shine immaculate before the two boys jumped into their racer to start on this never-to-be-forgotten visit.

They were met at the door by Elmore, and were glad to see him well again, and noted his happy face. If Murray had only known what caused that happy smile, he would have choked him where he stood.

The ladies met them in the parlor. After receiving inquiries concerning their movements since they left the hospital, and after explaining why they had not come back to see their hosts, Murray and Arthur changed the subject to other things. Each of the boys tried to find some excuse to leave the “crowd,” but it was not possible to do so until Mildred rose. Murray rose too, thinking this was his time to tell her what he wanted to. But his face turned white, and he caught at the wall for support as Mildred said:

“You young people go out on the porch while my hus-

band—Oh! I don't believe I told you that this was my husband. Come here, Joe. Now you folks run along and let us talk."

It was with a shaky hand that Murray grasped the hand of the gentleman standing beside the girl he had begun to adore, and it was with a shaky voice that he said:

"Elmore, you are the luckiest man on God's earth."

And Murray was gone.

Arthur went to the swing with the other young lady, who was single, and as the moonbeams played thru the pines, chasing cupid's shadows around them, he told Ethel of his love. It was a clear, brilliant night, and the softness of the heavens added a new lustre to the scene. How could Youth and Maid resist such a tempting snare that nature had thrown around them? How could she help loving him, after what he had done for her and hers? And when she placed her hand in his and their lips met in love's first sweet kiss, the moon hid behind a cloud to keep from seeing such a sacred scene, peeping out only after it was over.

Murray is over his disappointment now, and is happy in the company of his new friends. He was to be "best man" at Arthur's wedding, but, in the rehearsal. he and the maid-of-honor fell in love and there followed a double wedding. We leave our friends well and happy; and we see that Murray's dream *did* come true..

—M. C. S., '21, *Calhoun*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO IN LIFE?

What am I doing with my life? Of what good am I to mankind? What goal am I aiming at? Am I giving my best to the things that I engage in? Do these questions ever propound themselves to you, and do you ever stop to give them serious thought and consideration? If not, why not?

At best, each of us has only a few years to live, then we will be gone and others will take the vacant places. A man is not remembered because of the man himself, but because of what he has done. You have read the lines of Lowell, but have you ever thought of their real meaning?

"Life is a leaf of paper white.

Whereon each one of us may write

His word or two, and then comes night."

You have time to write only a word or two—accomplish only one or two things; therefore, be sure you write these few words well, that you perform these deeds well, for night comes quickly and opportunities never return.

High school was a great opportunity which some of us did not use to the best advantage. If we did not, this chance is gone; but failure to grasp one opportunity should make us more determined never to let another one slip by. Probably, college is the next chance, and when it is gone may none of us have anything to regret.

Some of us have many opportunities and wait too long to decide what we want. While we are hesitating, the chances of success slip slowly by; and, if we don't miss them all, probably we will grasp one, as a last resort, and get along some way.

The missing of opportunities reminds me of a boy who is a remarkable swimmer. The place where the boys go swimming is in a river, a short distance above some terrible rapids. The other boys tell him that he can't swim to within a certain distance of the rocks and return

against the current. There are three things he can do. First, he can stay in the smooth water where he is master of his own life. Second, he will see how near to the rapids he can swim. The boys see the speed of the current and beg him to turn back. They throw ropes, but he does not heed them, and on he goes. Suddenly, the water grips him and hurls him down. But, by chance, he catches a rock and holds on for a while. Soon he grows weak, is torn away and swept down upon the rocks. Last, he may swim too near. He is gripped, whirled along at tremendous speed, and hurled to an untimely death.

Each of us must determine which of these classes he is to be in. In the river of life shall we stay in quiet water and achieve success and honor; or shall we neglect our opportunities and grasp the last one—to hold it for a few short years? And is it possible that some of us will be hurled down to irrevocable failure?

These are questions which every man must answer for himself, and one of the first requisites for success is self-control. The lines of Henley are applicable to everyone.

“It matters not how strait the gate,

How charged with punishment, the scroll,

I am the master of my fate;

I am the Captain of my Soul.”

—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto*.

JUST A DOG

Just a dog—that's all,
A thin and scrawny mongrel in his kennel 'gainst the
wall.

All forgotten is the service that he rendered in the war,
Though *Success* holds high the banner of the cause he
labored for.

Unappreciative mankind take all credit as their own,
And remember not the burdens that a faithful dog has
borne.

They know not the lives of hundreds by a Red Cross
canine saved,
For the roads to Fame and Glory with their own con-
ceits are paved.

In the dark and gloomy Argonne, where the brazen
monsters roar,
There be many men, sore stricken, who will see the sun
no more.

'Mongst the ruin and the wreckage seek the messengers
of life.

They are only Belgian war dogs that are helping in the
strife.

In the sunny fields of Flanders, buried in the sacred sod,
Are the bodies of the heroes who have gone to meet their
God.

And there're many souls now living, yet their lives
would have been lost,
Were it not for faithful efforts by the bearers of the
cross.

Just a dog—'tis true;

A spurned and hated creature, but he's one amongst the
few

That have faced unnumbered dangers for the welfare of
mankind;

And reward is justly due him—yes, the job is yours and
mine. —E. L. M., '20, *Wade Hampton*.

THIN ICE

"Hello, John! Shall we try another deer hunt to-day?"

This was the beginning of a conversation, which ended in John Peters and Philip Limehouse deciding to start out on a hunting expedition, which, in turn, resulted in a hair-raising escapade.

It was in the winter of 1893, when all of the swamps in lower South Carolina were frozen over, and the inhabitants were enjoying themselves hunting deer on the ice.

The water in Four Holes Swamp had been frozen over for nearly two weeks, and had given John and Philip, each of whom was the proud possessor of a fine pack of dogs, the opportunity to catch several deer on their former expeditions of a like nature.

The air was cold and stinging as the two men set out on their journey; consequently, they were only a short time in covering the four intervening miles to the edge of the swamp. And they had scarcely gained the border of the swamp, before "Old Bell", the lead-hound of the pack, gave one of those dismal yelps, which had brought joy to the hearts of the hunters on so many former occasions.

There followed a rapid, tho necessarily slippery, pursuit, and in a few minutes the dogs came upon their prey standing in water up to his flanks, his hoofs being so sharp as to cause him to break thru the sheet of ice. The deer had a very dangerous set of antlers, and by the skillful use of them he was able to fend off the dogs for a long time. But the hunters came upon the scene, giving fresh courage to the dogs. This new inspiration, together with numerous licks administered by poles in the hands of the hunters, soon exhausted the fleet-footed beast of the woods.

The men set to work and soon had their prey ready to

start on the homeward journey. But when they reached a creek over which they had safely crossed less than two hours before, they found that the ice would no longer support their weight. The stream was more than a hundred feet wide and six feet deep; it would be impossible for any human being to break the ice ahead of him and swim a stream of this size with the prevailing temperature.

The men had become wet in their fight with the deer, and now their clothes began to freeze on their bodies. The thought of starting a fire on an island in the swamp now crossed their minds, but all their matches had become damp in the melee with their antagonist, and starting a fire was out of the question. The men now began to comprehend their present situation,—they were stranded in the middle of a swamp, their clothes were freezing, and there was no way of securing a fire, while they were encircled roundabout by a huge sheet of ice. It was useless to yell for help for the nearest human being was four miles away.

For a while they walked to and fro trying to revive circulation that they might warm their stiffening bodies, but they were fast being overcome by that monster, cold. At last, just as they were despairing of ever reaching the warmth of a fireside again, they heard some one call from across that hideous stream, and turning around they saw Philip's brother, Harry, on the opposite side of the water.

Faithful "Old Bell," seeing her master's plight, had trotted off home, and Harry, knowing that this was something unusual for the old dog to do, had become alarmed and set out to find his brother. Harry secured a boat from a nearby tree and soon battled his way to the feinting men.

In a short time John and Philip were thawing out beside a glowing fire. This was the last deer hunt on the ice which these hunters have ever participated in up to the present time.

—G. B. P., '20, *Palmetto*.

INTROSPECTION

Have I e'er thought to pause and glance
Back o'er the fleeting years?
Have I e'er stopped to search my life
And see what fruit it bears?

Have I e'er tried to guard my tongue
So I may injure none?
Has every deed been done with care
To lead astray no one?

When I grow old will life have been
A long and weary road?
Or will each day that I've passed o'er
Have helped to ease some load?

Can I look back o'er all the years
With conscience clear and say
That I, on every day, have helped
Some toiler on his way?

—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto*.

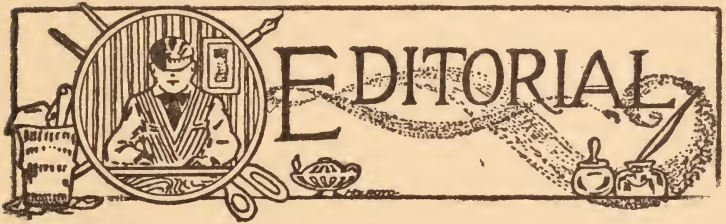
The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '20

HELLO!

The staff extends a hearty greeting to every reader of the Chronicle.

Suppose that every one else's ideas are about like those of the members of the staff—big, enveloping ideas, yet little actual work accomplished. It is the purpose of the present staff to publish a creditable periodical during this session. We are going to put the same pep and enthusiasm into our literary work that we put into our cheering at the football games. To accomplish the best results, there must necessarily be a sacrifice of time and pleasure. . This is a day of great opportunities, and sacrifices made now are not sacrifices at all, but investments that will pay compound interest in the future.

The word *service* is the key that unlocks the door to happiness. Our one great desire is to be happy, and there are a few who never seem to be truly happy. Smile away th frowns, help the fellow next to you and happiness will come unawares.

COOPERATION

We are in the wake of the most momentous tragedy that the world has experienced. Chaos and turmoil are but natural consequences of the termination of the Great War. The present abnormal times must come to an end, and the earlier that normal times return, (not normal times as they existed before the war) the better will be the conditions for the advancement of the vital activities of mankind.

The age in which every man was for himself has passed. The outstanding factor that marks the progress of the twentieth century is cooperation. As man progresses, he becomes more and more dependent upon his neighbor, which necessitates the working together of all the members of the community for the common good.

Our country now stands at the head of the list of nations, and all of the other countries are asking Uncle Sam to be their "Big Brother." The United States is too great and noble to act indifferently toward the pleadings of weak and struggling peoples. The administrators of our government need the support of every individual citizen in order to carry out the plans for universal peace. Upon college graduates and students devolves the responsibility to a large degree of systematically organizing a wholesome community life. The community, especially in our Southland, is the foundation of our democratic government. A community is going to be just as democratic and as helpful to a commonwealth as its members want it to be.

The national government is doing much to enable the

people to improve their living conditions, but lying a little nearer to the individual is the State government, which is administered by representatives of the several communities. Never in history have educated men and women had such opportunities for service as they have to-day. The world is crying out for cooperation under one binding oath—it is the time for intelligent people to put their shoulders to the wheel and push.

FOR PARTICULARS, SEE BELOW

What is the benefit of a good literary education? How do you handle the language of the most progressive people of the world? Do you grope helplessly for words when you appear before the public, or are you so well versed in manipulating the essential and the commonplace features of our language that you are a convincing and forceful speaker? If you are a man of the latter type, then you possess one of the most valuable assets to success in life. Whether you intend to be a business man, a farmer, or an engineer, your rise in influence and power will be materially affected in every turn in life. Why not start now, when your minds are more receptive than they ever will be again? Cultivate your latent powers, become a master of your language—your mother tongue. Learn to pick your words, and express yourself in such a way that you will be clearly and easily understood.

The college magazine—the *Chronicle*—offers you the chance. Start now, you Freshmen, and get up an article, each one of you, that will make the *Chronicle* worthwhile. Your college is not a literary college. That is all the more reason for taking advantage of the chance you have before you. Bring your units into play and make the literary division of the magazine—the part which is the backbone of the periodical—the best that it has been

since the birth of the paper. Do not be discouraged if you fail on your first attempt to get your selection into print. Many who fail at first will eventually become the most accomplished writers. So think about this, fellows, and make the Chronicle of '20 the best that it has ever been.—E. L. M.



EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

H. E. Graves, '19, is working with The Empire Gas and Fuel Co., Bartlesville, Ala. We remember "Early Bird" as being one of the most energetic and active members of the student body while here. We are sure that Graves will make a success of the work which he is pursuing.

Among other alumni who are working for the above firm are Z. B. Bradford, J. M. Gallegley, D. D. Bodie, W. J. Short, all of last year's class. We have no doubt but these men will make a record for the chemical department at Clemson.

F. E. Mackin, '18, who for the past year has been with the Clemson College Creamery, is now superintendent of The Selma Creamery Co., Selma, Ala.

P. H. Mikell, '17, is with E. T. Dupont DeNemours Co., Wilmington, Del.

L. R. Warriner, '17, who for some time has been a captain in the marine corps, received his discharge on July 15, and at present, is with the Colleton Banking Co., Walterboro, S. C. Perhaps it shall be of interest to some of his friends to know that he is now Father.

L. A. Hamrick, '19, is now attending Newbedford Textile School, Newbedford, Mass. "Pot" states that he is studying very hard—we only hope that he gets enough sleep in the meantime.

W. T. Lemmon, '17, is in his junior year at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. We feel sure that "Sonny" will make a success as a doctor, for he seemed to be very much interested in our hospital while here, visiting it quite frequently.

R. L. Varn, '19, is now located in Beaufort, S. C.

G. H. Singleton, '19, is teaching agriculture in Woodruff High School.

H. M. Kinsey, '19, is doing demonstration work in Pittsboro, N. C. "Major" writes that there are about twenty Clemson men employed in N. C. along agricultural lines of work.

H. G. G. Hoffmeyer, '19, is now a student at the University of Wisconsin. Henry was a hard worker while here, and we feel sure that he will make good.

Capt. M. E. Cox, '16, of the First Division, was on the campus last week. Cox was one of the first Clemson men to be commissioned, and immediately after receiving his commission, he went to France with the First Division, with which he served for two years. It is understood that Capt. Cox was one of the first American officers to lead a company of men "over the top."

W. H. Wallace, '19, was a week-end visitor on the campus last week. Bill has been working in Birmingham, Alabama for the past few months.

C. A. Willcox, ex-'19, was married on Sept. 27, to Miss Lillian Rose of Marion, S. C. Willcox left Clemson in the spring of 1917, and enlisted in the 117th Engineers. After having served one year overseas, he was sent back to the U. S. as an instructor. Willcox wrote some excellent poetry while at Clemson.

C. H. Albright, '16, was over for the game and dance on October 3rd. "Chops" was with the 318th Field Artillery Band while in France.

T. M. Jordan, '18, attended the football game and dance Friday, October 3rd. "Cutie" has been working in the office of the State Highway Department for some time as draftsman, but he will leave the office this week to take up field work with the same people.

We were glad to see so many old Clemson men at the football game with Davidson. Some of the alumni present were "Dopie" Major, '16, and "Mule" Littlejohn, '16.

J. B. Dick, '17, is assistant instructor in the Field Artillery at Harvard University.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

The outlook of the Y. M. C. A. this year is exceedingly bright. The disadvantages caused by the war and the days of S. A. T. C. are things of the past, and everything is favorable for the best year in the history of the "Y" at Clemson. We are fortunate in having leaders that any Y. M. C. A. would be proud to have. Mr. P. B. Holtzendorff is with us again after several months of service in the Aviation Corps of the Army. "Holtzy" is a leader without parallel and he is a favorite with everybody. Since leaving us "Holtzy" has been married and Mrs. Holtzendorff is here with him. Mr. L. J. Fox, a graduate of the University of Georgia, is Mr. Holtzendorff's chief assistant. A better assistant couldn't be found, and we are fortunate in getting him. Mr. Fox is a splendid athlete, and he was all-southern pitcher while at the University of Georgia. We know that he is going to make the athletic side of the "red triangle" a big success. The "Y" plays an important part in the life of the student body, and we *can* make it the greatest single feature of Clemson College. Put your shoulder to the wheel and let's make this a banner year in "Y" work.

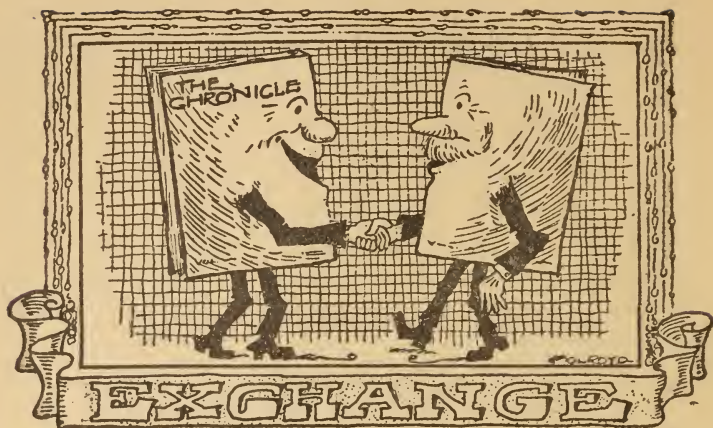
The Y. M. C. A. intends to have a strong religious program for this session. Bible classes are already being organized and work will begin in the near future. A good number of students have enrolled and some good work, no doubt, will be accomplished. "Vesper" services are to be held as usual and good speakers will be brought to the cadets. A fellow can't afford to miss a single one of these Sunday evening services. They will be held after

long roll as they have been in the past. Take advantage of the opportunity to get something good by going to these meetings.

The athletic side of the "Y" will be extra good this year. Both of the secretaries are good athletes and both gymnasium and swimming classes will be conducted. The equipment is in fine shape. Class basketball will start soon, and some good material is going to be developed. New ten pins and balls have been added to the bowling alley.

Clemson at Blue Ridge

Clemson had one of the best delegations of any college represented at the Y. M. C. A. Conference at Blue Ridge last spring. We had about twenty delegates and were fourth counting the number of men there from any college. It would be useless to try to tell how much good the Clemson men got out of the Conference. They took a lively interest in every meeting. Nothing took place in which they didn't get their share of the good. Clemson made a good showing in the games and we won the pennant in basketball. Numerous hikes were taken to see the prettiest mountain scenery anywhere. The ten days passed quickly and the boys were sorry when leaving time came. Blue Ridge can't be described. A visit is necessary to find out the many good things about that wonderful place. Begin to make preparations to see for yourself.



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

This issue of the Chronicle can well be called the starting point of an earnest year's work on the part of the members of the staff and of the contributors. The other staff members have cause to be busily engaged with their regular lines of work, but the exchange editors are much less fortunate. As the first issue is sent out, it is not very likely that one will see the familiar "We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges," for of course such a thing is impossible the first month of a college year. In the remaining issues of our publication these few pages will have to be devoted to what some people consider a very unpleasant and yet amusing undertaking—that of criticising the literary productions of others who are as capable as the critic, if not more so. Then this opportunity stands out as a very rare privilege; and instead of tearing up one's poem or hurting another's literary modesty by flattering a story, we desire to say just a word concerning the work ahead of us.

It is very natural to begin these few points in our own department. If anyone has ever asked "What is the pur-

pose of the Exchange?" or "What good do we get from such a department?" we are sure that a satisfactory reply was received. A person never gets anywhere in the opinion of the public until he is raised up, talked about, and made conspicuous. A college publication exactly illustrates this principle. A magazine is a benefit to students just in the same proportion that it has readers. It is, indeed, a great asset to a school, but its work and value have just commenced when it reaches the gates of its particular school. We cannot help but acknowledge that the magazine is the connecting link between the different colleges of the state. The accounts of the various student activities and the ideas for greater progress are wrapped up in the college publication. It thus becomes, not merely a privilege, but the duty of every college to maintain that close connection.

In a great many instances the Exchange does not mean a great deal to anyone but the exchange editor, and what it means to him can probably be found in two questions: "Must I throw a bouquet this time?" or "Must I 'score' on this?" It is a very easy thing to display personal or college feeling in the various criticisms. The poems, stories, and essays contained in a publication cannot all be perfect and without a certain degree of fault. Then it becomes the duty of the editor to carefully read, study and criticise the selections. He should place emphasis on the weak points and a similar emphasis on the strong. To benefit the writer by offering suggestions should constitute the ultimate purpose. The fact that others appreciate earnest trials and are glad to give suggestions should make a writer more determined to prove successful. The undesirable portions of a magazine should be sincerely criticised, and no reserve should be exhibited concerning that point; on the other hand, all due praise must be given a writing of merit.

Can a college student efficiently measure the faults and merits of a production? This point was discussed at the Press Association last year, and many were of the

opinion that it could not be done. It is a very good idea to secure faculty advice in some instances, but it seems that most of us are inclined to be rather independent. It has been said of a publication—"The ——' hit us pretty hard last month. We will get it back this time." An exchange of that kind is absolutely worthless. In such a case the editor apparently needs faculty aid with his criticisms. We do not mean to carry out the statement, "Return good for evil," but rather return sincerity for insincerity.

As a rule only the members of the publication staff have the opportunity of reading the magazines of the other colleges. This should not be the case, but everyone should have access to the exchanges. Some contributor will like to know what the other exchanges said about his poem or his story, or what a certain girl in the other college is thinking and thus writing about. He can find all this by such an opportunity as has been mentioned.

This year stands out as a field of interesting work for the college publications. It is up to the students to make the best of every undertaking. We will get out of the work just what we put into it, but certainly no more. Then let everyone wake up to his possibilities and enjoy the realization of a high ideal in literary work.

The members of the staff feel that the exchanges are a source of valuable help, and are anticipating the pleasure of reading the productions.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Bettie: "So Bill, you went out West this summer, eh? And do tell me, did you meet any stage robbers while you were out there?"

Bill Hollingsworth: "Yes, I carried three chorus girls out for dinner one evening."

Scene: The Acme Cafe, Anderson, S. C.

Customer: "Say, waiter, don't you serve any spoons for the tea?"

Waiter: "No, sar, we don't serve spoons, the music is so stirring." (The Clemson College band was playing just outside.)

Sandy: "Cobb, do you know what a blotter is?"

B. C. Cobb: "Yes, something you hunt for while the ink dries."

An Algebraic Problem

Let $X =$ Boy.

$Y =$ Girl.

$Z =$ Chaperone.

Then: $X + Y + Z =$ Misery.

$X + Y - Z =$ Bliss.

$X + Y =$ Marriage.

$X + Y + 1 =$ Da-Da.

Sentinel: "Halt, who's there?"

Officer: "Officer of the day, wife and dog."

Sentinel: "Advance, Officer of the day; wife, mark time; dog, parade rest."

Two Spaniards went up in a balloon. The balloon burst. What nationality were they while coming down? The one came down a Russian; the other caught on a telegraph wire and came down a Pole. (Selected.)

"Queen" Wells: "Well, I got to write to my girl."

"Lige" Farmer: "Tell her I'll be down to see her in a few days."

"Queen" Wells: "Yes, I will tell her that. She will think more of me when she sees you."

"Froggy" Altman: "Johnny, you have heard my girl sing. How do you like her range?"

"Johnny" Snow: "I think that she could kill at three miles."

"Rat": "Look a'here, I want to get in the band."

"Molly" Davis: "What can you play?"

"Rat": "A Victrola."

"Rat" (seeing player lose head-gear in football game): "Gee, that fellow lost his skull cap."

Important Promotion:—Cadet "Vamp" Thompson is hereby promoted from the grade of private to chauffeur in the Quartermaster's Department.

"The Big Sergeant" to cadet: "Write your name on a piece of paper and put it in your hat; then pull it out again and see if you know your own name." Ha! Ha!

Two rats talking about the apple scramble.

First Rat: "I got three."

Second Rat: "I got five."

Col. Cummins (just happening along): "Five what? Where did you get them? Who gave them to you?"

Second Rat: "Sir, I was talking of apples, not licks."

Class discussing the origin of life in Prof. Blackwell's classroom.

"Jack" McKenzie: "Professor, do you think that man was put here before the earth was made?"

Prof. Blackwell: "An Albino is a good example of a variation."

Mr. Jeter: "Professor, what is an Albino? Some kind of a horse?"

Which one of the United States is the largest and most popular?

The state of matrimony.

The manner in which some speakers treat their subjects reminds us of two widely different styles of dress. About 1860, in the day of the hoopskirt, the styles covered the subject but did not touch it; now the styles touch the subject but do not cover it—so with some talkers. Savvy?

"If you are down in the mouth,
Remember Jonah, he came out all right." (Quoted.)

Is this the end?

I'll say it is.

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B. C. Banks ----- Captain

The Baseball Team

J. D. Rivers ----- Manager
L. D. Harris ----- Captain

The Basketball Team

O. F. Going ----- Manager
J. R. Schenck ----- Captain

The Track Team

O. F. Covington ----- Manager
L. K. Boggs ----- Captain

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C. A. Owens ----- Treasurer

The Sophomore Class

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A. P. Coles ----- Vice President
H. I. Gaines ----- Treasurer



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The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., November 1919

No 2



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

A REVERIE

'Tis dusk! The sun has sunk from sight
Behind the silent trees;
And o'er the earth a stillness reigns,
Not broken by a breeze.

The sunlight fades, the stars peep out
As if to watch each home;
They look like sparkling, flashing gems
Set in this dark blue dome.

The cricket's chirp from out the dusk
Is heard, and all is still,
Except the odd and plaintive strain
Sung by the whippoorwill.

The wings of night are slowly spread,
And nature silence keeps.
A gentle breeze now softly moves—
The earth in silence sleeps.

—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto*.

ARE YOU PREPARED?

Am I preparing myself to fulfill the position of a real man?

This question confronts every college man today, no matter whether he is prepared to answer it or not. The cry for the man with the trained hand has been changed to the cry for the man with the level head.

'Tis true that we Americans acquitted ourselves most magnificently in the recent struggle on the fields of Europe; but we are failing signally to show that proper spirit of coordination which is necessary to carry our great nation forward in the path of progress which we have been treading for so long a time.

This country is in a state of unrest, such as has never been experienced by our fair land since the founding of the republic in 1776. What is the cause for all of this uneasiness? There is but one answer: The individual American has completely lost sight of the general welfare of the nation as a whole in his rush for private gain. Each faction is working for its individual benefit regardless of the effect such action will have on the remainder of the country's inhabitants.

What is to be the remedy? It is the general concensus of opinion that these differences must be settled by a mutual agreement between all the elements concerned. This plan has been tried, in the Industrial Conference which met in Washington recently and met with utter failure; because the representatives of one faction positively refused to look at the situation from the other

man's view point. Now comes the part destined to be played by the efficient college man. He, not being directly affiliated with any one of the contending factions, and having been taught that there are at least two sides to every question, is the medium thru which a readjustment must necessarily come. He will furnish the guiding hand to steer the disputing factions over the troubled waters. But to be able to fill this position in a creditable manner, will call for a greater effort on the part of the college student than that which has been hitherto exhibited—he must learn men. It is not only necessary to gather the contents from huge books that have come from the hands of the greatest scientists and the most gifted philosophers, but it is also essential to learn the art of applying these teachings in man's relation to man.

The college student has been preparing himself to get out in the world and accumulate his share of the much sought for dollars. This attitude must be changed. He must be taught to see that his first duty is to aid his country in whatever way possible, and then let the dollar come afterwards. Are you preparing yourself with this object in view? If not, why not? Do you think that you can live a life of ease while your fellowman is engaged in strife? If you think so, you are entirely wrong. The civilization of a country, community, or what not, can be no higher than that enjoyed by the lowest class of its inhabitants. You must prepare yourself to bring the discordant factions together, or else you will be caught by the waves of strife and be rendered a helpless ripple on the sea of turmoil. Awake! college man, awake! and prepare yourself to take the leading part in your nation's affairs. There is no place for the man who hasn't energy enough to try; he must ever give way to the man with the determined will. Your welfare and the welfare of your country is dependent on you. Come forward and play the part of a real man.

—G. B. P., '20, *Palmetto*.

JACK ALMOND'S DREAM GIRL

Far back in the east a heavy cloud could be seen retreating; only the small trees and a chance passer-by were visible against the horizon. The moon was breaking thru in rays of glory. On yonder hill stood a gray mansion, reflecting lights of various colors as if to challenge the beauty of the calm moon. May Hammond, the heiress of this magnificent home was passing, with one of her many suitors, along the terrace that wound like a mountain brook up to the door. She had just accepted his diamond that embodied fidelity and love. At the steps they parted after a long, lingering caress.

"Who can conceive of the vicissitudes that follow the unerring hand of destiny?"

May lingered on the steps and watched the retreating form of her lover, then turned to her room. There she found that solace which is found only in seclusion. With a heart-rending sob she broke the spell of tension. For May, girlhood had passed; a new era of life was dawning. She felt confident that she loved William with an unfathomable love. In such a frame of mind, she fell asleep. Sleep, refreshing sleep, has always claimed its over-strained victims—all have recognized its soothing power.

The next morning, with the appearance of the sun, May awoke calm and serene. No trace of the storm of passion that gripped her heart the night before remained. And yet, she was different from what she had been in the past. Ever her father noticed the change.

"May, are you ill?"

"No, Father; why should you think so?"

"Because, dear, you are so quiet and unlike yourself. Listen, I have a surprise for you. I have bought a summer home near Elm Beach, and we are to go there for the remainder of the summer. I can carry on my business by wire, so you see I can still take care of my financial affairs. We can have a real country vacation,

and probably it will bring back to your cheeks the youthful vigor I have noticed passing away for the past several weeks."

"Father, I think the vacation, as you term it, will be great, but as for my health, I am sure you are mistaken; I have never felt more vigorous in my life. Don't you see how early I awoke this morning?"

"Have your way about it, child, anyway we will leave Monday morning for Elm Beach, and live in the country air for awhile. Good-bye, dear. It is now past time for me to be at my office."

"Good morning, May. What has prompted you to rise so early this morning? It is something new for you to leave your bed before ten o'clock; I can hardly believe my own eyes."

"Nothing, Mother; I could not sleep after the sun rose; therefore, I thought I would try a ride into the country in my new car that Father sent me."

"May, you are too irregular with your habits. You must learn to conform to the laws of nature, or else you will lose your charm, of which I am so proud."

"Thank you, Mother, for your flattering compliment. Kiss me good-bye. I will be back after awhile."

From the two preceding conversations, we can appreciate something of the fondness that enfolded the lives of the Hammonds. Mr. Hammond loved May with all the devotion of his big heart; however, he was an unscrupulous business man, and thought nothing of dealing a low card to his opponent. To May, however, he would have given his all in order that she might be happy. Mrs. Hammond, likewise, loved her daughter with a mother's great love which cannot be expressed by brush or pen. She was as true as the sun-dial, and even more so, for the sun-dial varies with the change of season. Can such love change? No, but it might turn to rebuke for a child's sake, or even for the sake of riches.

William Barron, a banker's son, and the man to whom May had promised her all, was a tall, handsome athlete, with crisp black hair, and fair complexion. Every feature of his face represented a noble purpose in life.

Yes, we all have noble purposes, but how many of us fail to carry them to completion! All of us can look back over our past lives and say with the poet, "It might have been."

Let it suffice to say that dissipation over-ruled the better part of his nature. If he could only have controlled his desires, what might he have been and accomplished?

"Hello, boys, how goes the life with you all, and what would you give to know a little secret of mine? Then, I shall just tell you to relieve your suspense, I am engaged to the sweetest girl in town—for instance, May Hammond.

"You lucky devil!" the entire group of boys shouted, with somewhat of a begrudging tone of voice; "we certainly envy you your jewel."

William was a leader of the club to which he was breaking this good news. We all have met characters like his. He had that magnetic influence which sways a crowd as the March wind bends the boughs of a weeping willow. They were off for a fishing trip on the Rocky Mountain rivers.

"Boys, for my part, this trip will not last as long as we had planned it to—I am going back by September to see May again before she goes back to college to complete her course. I would go back to see her there, but she is not allowed to have callers. Why college faculties forbid girls to have callers is beyond my comprehension. It would be four months before I could see her if I failed to get back before she returned to school."

"At last, after riding two days, we have arrived at our destination. Two days—can you believe it? Seems like ages to me."

"First thing, fellows, we must engage a guide. We could not think of going out among this net-work of mountains alone. We would not last two days."

"William, I will go and engage a guide while the rest of you fellows prepare a little grub," spoke up Tom Atkinson. "Then we can start down this little river and try our luck." '

After dinner, our party, with their Indian guide, started down the Zoo River. It required four canoes to carry the men and supplies. Unfortunately for our little party, the Zoo River was broken here and there with small rapids. For experienced canoe-men, crossing these rapids would have been a pleasure, because it would have required a little watchfulness. Our men were not experienced; however, the danger was very slight if the Indian's orders were carried out with care. Then too, our men rather liked taking a risk. All men, especially young men, are peculiarly endowed with such a nature.

The first four days were truly enjoyed by all. The mountain air was so refreshing and invigorating. Paddling the canoes gave our boys an excellent appetite, and when night came on, all could sleep without recalling memories of a lullaby song. The fishing and hunting was fine. They did not confine their trip to the river alone. Occasional excursions were made into the heart of the mountains, and resulted in a lot of game. On the river, and in the mountains, amid the scenes of nature, the boys revelled in the quiet glories of life.

They were nearing the end of their journey, and were anticipating an early return home. In the next village they would board the train for Glendale. One more rapid yet to cross, very dangerous because of an undercurrent, the result of sand-drifts just preceding the rapid. The Indian guide steered his canoe safely thru with all ease. The next two likewise landed safely below the tortuous current. All the occupants of the three safe boats were

watching the one remaining one, as a mother watches her child that is in danger. The Indian realized that they had lost all control of the boat—they were lost. The water swept over their helpless forms. To swim was impossible in such a current. With a heart-piercing cry that could be heard above the rushing waters, William called to his comrades, "Tell May good-bye." The other unfortunate victims caught hold of the limbs of trees that overhung the river bank, and clung to them with the grip of dying men, until aid could be obtained.

The immediate cause of William's fatal end was no doubt due to the effects of whiskey. During their last hunting trip into the mountains they had found a distillery, which was operated by a mountaineer. William could not resist the law of habit. He drank to the pleasure of their trip, little dreaming that he was also drinking to his ruin. When overturned into the rushing waters, he lost all self-control, and was as helpless as a paralyzed man.

It is not human to condemn him, for we too have our weak points.

During William's life, his sins were the constant topic of conversation in Glendale; nevertheless, he was admired by all. After his death, he was praised for his big heart and good nature.

It is indeed strange that a man is never appreciated until after his death. Death ends man's sins as a rule, in the public's eye.

Ah, who can break the news to May—who can utter his parting farewell?

"Oh, father, this is such a lovely place," May was saying as they approached their newly-purchased home. "I believe I would like to live in the country all the time."

"No, child, you will soon change your mind; it is such a quiet life and has so many inconveniences. True, such a life is fine to break the monotony of the rush, and the

busy life which we are accustomed to in the city. However, in a few weeks you will be ready to return home."

There was where Mr. Hammond failed to understand his daughter. She enjoyed being among people, but the hum-drum of city life did not appeal to her better nature. She possessed a true spiritual life which had been caged in the city,, where people are cold and indifferent. Such people have a motto which reads like this: "I like you if you can be of any service to me."

Mr. Hammond had made previous arrangements with two civil engineers before he left Glendale, to have his recently purchased home surveyed. He was expecting them on Thursday after his arrival on Monday. Early Thursday morning, they came ready to start work. After completing the job and drawing the required maps, one of the surveyors informed Mr. Hammond that the place of Jack Almond, one of his neighbors, extended over on his land where the creek made a very sharp bend.

"His pasture takes in one-half of an acre of your land, and also crosses the creek in the form of an elbow."

Mr. Hammond replied in a casual way, "Oh, well, it will not amount to anything; I will tell Mr. Almond about it, and he can have his pasture moved back on his own land. He might have made arrangements with the previous owner of this land to put his pasture there so that he might have water for his cattle. Nevertheless, this creek has a good channel, and I intend to build a dam on it in order that I can have a fish pond."

The creek under discussion was the sole source of water that Jack Almond was able to source for his cattle. All his life this neck of land and this short bend in the stream had been practically considered as his own, and had belonged to his father's estate. It was his, by the right of heritage. He was not prepared for the shock that was to be given him by this new neighbor.

But let us forget the land for a while and see what has become of May.

The next morning after their arrival at Elm Grove, our young heroine decided to take a walk into the adjoining woods while the day was cool and the morning air refreshing. There was a young man near Elm Grove who had decided to do the same thing, quite unaware of May's decision. However, he was going to look at some corn he had planted just back of these woods. On the way, he stopped at his watermelon patch and pulling a nice one, he took it into the heart of the woods where he intended to eat it. He had just finished cutting it when a young lady walked around a bend in the road. He was unaware of her presence until she spoke.

"Good morning, what a nice watermelon you have."

"Thank you," stammered our young friend; "won't you help me eat it?"

"Yes," she replied, quite willing to accept such a tempting offer.

May began to study her companion at once, and before long she realized that she was in the presence of a man of great personality, and possessing an iron will—a man that she could not help fearing—yet she admired him. His face bore the marks of a pure and untarnished past. Such a man was no other than Jack Almond.

After finishing their repast, May arose to go. "I am real glad that I passed this way. Your watermelon was a real treat," she said, extending her hand to him. "We have moved to Elm Grove for a summer vacation; I am May Hammond."

"Miss Hammond, I am very glad to meet you, and I know you will be welcomed by all in the community. I am Jack Almond."

May, during her twenty years of happy, care-free life, had never before met a man of this type. He did not even try to find out her name; neither did he seem to care who she was. He treated her as he would any other girl; yet, if we knew his inner thoughts, we would find there a respect and admiration which very few girls in-

spire. After their informal meeting, both proceeded on their way, little thinking that their lives would become so closely connected in the future.

From early childhood, Jack had been accustomed to the hardships of life. When he was only fourteen years old, his father had died, leaving him to care for his invalid mother. There was practically no means of support except a small farm and home in the country. He had just returned from college, after having finished his course, and his greatest ambition was to make good and pay off the mortgage which had been so long on his mother's home. His mother had willingly consented to have the home mortgaged in order that he might attend college. This was the old family home—a home of which he was justly so proud to be the owner. He loved his mother and home above any other earthly possessions.

The following night after his adventure, Jack went to his room and settled down to read a magazine. While reading, his mind would continually revert to the little fairy which had tripped so quietly into his life. Unaware that he was speaking, he said, "If I ever love a girl, it will be just such a girl as she."

"Jack, here is a gentleman to see you," sounded his mother's familiar voice thru the half-open door.

"All right, I will be there immediately," he responded. Little did he think that his Dream Girl's father had called to see him.

After an introduction, and a short friendly conversation, Mr. Hammond, the caller, broached the subject which was the object of his visit.

"Mr. Almond, the surveyors find that your pasture extends over one-half an acre of my land, where the creek makes the sharp bend directly south of this house. I am going to build a fish-pond there, and would like for you to move the wire fence back to the line."

"Mr. Hammond, I beg to differ with you; my pasture is on my own land. The strip of land which you are

speaking of has always belonged to the Almonds. Your surveyors have made a mistake, and I can prove it, since I hve the original map of this place. My land corners beyond the creek, and there is an old mill rock which marks the spot. I remember it very distinctly from my childhood, and will get my map to corroborate my statement."

"Yes, I see your map shows the old rock at the corner, all right," said Mr. Hammond, after looking over the map which Jack produced, "but does not say it is beyond the creek, nor does the old map which I hold; therefore, until you can prove your point I claim the land."

"Then, Sir, you doubt my word? Very well, tomorrow I will show the rock to you."

Jack's mistake lay in his failure to consider the forces of weathering. Land marks near streams are constantly being changed by floods; consequently we find Jack very much disappointed the next morning when he failed to find the old mill rock which was to prove his statement of the night before.

The next morning, the two men met at the designated place. They were there to settle the dispute for all time, so the search began at once.

"Sir, the rock has been covered with falling leaves and drifting soil, but I have a spade along and will soon have it uncovered." Noon arrived and still no rock was to be seen.

"Mr. Almond, you are an excellent land thief. You would have done me out of the most valuable part of my land, had I been foolish enough to believe you. I am a veteran in the land business, and am accustomed to such deception."

"Do you mean to charge me with deception, sir? I have never in my life lied concerning a business deal, and if you were not an old man I would tear you limb from limb. Tomorrow I will have my place surveyed in order that I may locate this corner and prove my truthfulness."

The next day Jack carried out his plans and, much to his delight, the corner proved to be where he had said it was, but where could the rock be? He started hands to digging up the soil at once, but he was unable to find the rock. To be sure that he was right, he had his land surveyed the second time; and again the corner ran out exactly at the same spot. This time he had a crowbar driven into the ground exactly at the spot where the plumb-bob touched. He felt sure that the crowbar would strike the rock; but it did not.

"Mr. Almond, do you give it up and acknowledge that you are a liar?"

"I have failed to find the rock, but the land is mine and any attempt you make to secure it by unfair means, will be dealt with accordingly. It is the only means of getting water for my cattle, and I intend to keep it at all costs."

"All I ask is that you move your pasture, and if you don't, I shall have it moved."

With these parting words, Mr. Hammond bade Jack adieu, and they parted, both intending to carry out their threats. However, Mrs. Hammond prevailed upon her son to forget the whole affair, install a force pump to supply water for his cattle, and to allow Mr. Hammond to use his ill-gotten gains. After due consideration, he decided to act upon her advice, for it would do no good to fight such a man in the courts of law with no more evidence than he could procure. His map, the only evidence besides his word, was no good. Mr. Hammond was very much surprised when Jack failed to interfere with his plans, because he had believed that Jack had meant every word that he had said.

May learned from her father the conditions existing between him and her new friend. She tried to persuade him not to put his threats into execution, but for once he refused her desires. Some day he too might feel the sting of denial.—(*To be continued.*)

—S. J. H., '21, *Palmetto*.

THE FUTURE

My mind goes out into the coming years,
Into the future that so swiftly flies.
I try to see if they bring joys or tears;
If future life holds more of smiles or sighs.

But mortal eye can't pierce the coming days,
Each one brings on its joy, its task, its pain.
Today the sun shines forth with his bright rays;
Tomorrow earth is swept by clouds and rain.

And man knows not how long his life will be,
One day he lives, the next he goes away.
Beyond the mist upon the unknown sea,
He travels o'er the long uncertain way.

So let us live not for ourselves alone,
For life on earth is but a fleeting breath.
Then comes eternity—where is our home
When we are conquered by the monster, Death?

—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto*.

OUR TASK BEGINS

For four years Europe was in despair. Life seemed scarce worth the living. She has been on a path leading down, down, down to destruction. At last, a mighty hand has reached forth and checked her downward way, and it has placed her again in a place where she can see that life is worth the living. That hand has been none other than the coming of the American armies and ideals. The American ideals of equal rights and freedom to all men, of a united people of the world, and of the ending of wars excepting the friendly rivalries that may exist between the different industries.

The nations of the earth have just emerged from a tremendous darkness, and now they find themselves confronted with the task of journeying over many rough trails leading over rugged mountains and through treacherous valleys. They need a guide. There is no guide to be had. So one of the party must be selected for the guide. This one must assume all the responsibility of leading this party of nations safely through the mountains. The United States is the one that must be logically accepted.

The United States has stood for the ideals most dear to the human heart, and has given her whole strength, during the past two years, to establish them. She has shown that it is only upon a base of freedom and equal rights to all men that a nation can stand. That only upon ideals which it is willing to share and help give to a desiring people can it stand. Also, it has shown the absurdity of trying to force ideals on a people who do not desire the ideals. Our nation has shown the world that only the nation willing to give a helping hand to other nations when they are in distress can become the leading nation. That only that nation can have for its chief the world's dictator.

Now, as our young men come back from Europe's battlefields, they are coming back to a fight much fiercer than they fought over there, though the flashing of powder and the horrors of blood may be absent. They, along with all those who have stayed at home and fought that their brothers might win over there, must now enter that great industrial war which is spreading over the world,—the war in which one nation must fight all other nations alone; the war that will determine whether a nation is a nation or only a place on the map. This war must be fought by all the nations; it is nothing else but their journey into the future.

The world looks for America to lead, and each and

every true American desires that she lead, and the unborn generations of America demand that she lead. Is the United States going to be other than the guide on this perilous journey? Why should she be?

There is no reason why she should not be. Her resources may be considered as inexhaustable. America's mines produce all of the essential minerals in abundance except a few, and these may be procured if necessary. Her farms are fertile and her farmers know how to manage them, for have they not fed the world for the past four years? American manufactured products have found their way to every corner of the globe. Still her factories do not utilize all of her raw materials. Has America not skilled workmen? Certainly she has, for is not devastated Europe looking for men to repair her war-damaged works of art which have been the source of her pride during the past centuries?

We fought this war with the following in view: "No annexations; no contributions; no punitive indemnities." So what is to be the United States' reward for helping to drive this awful darkness from the world? Woodrow Wilson, our great chief, and the man about whom there can be no doubt that he was prepared by God to lead the world through the present crisis, has said that all that America can hope for is an economical and unselfish people.

We practiced many good things when the war was on; are we going to continue to practice them now? This ought to be the chief thought in every true American's mind today, for we must continue in them if we make a good guide. Since it is necessary for us to continue these practices if we are to be worthy of our position, we should, every one of us, strive as hard to continue them now as we did strive for them during the war. The task is harder now than it was then. Then, it was a matter of only a few days, weeks, months, or a few years at the most. Now, the fight lasts until we are called to answer

for our earthly deeds in that great and mysterious unknown. The man who did his part when the war was on and now fails is going to have no more reward than the man who failed all along. The man who faced Hell in the trenches, if he now fails to face the present struggle with the same determination to win, had as well never have faced death in the fields of France, as far as he himself is concerned.

I know of nothing better to illustrate our present relation to the world than the following quotation taken from our present president's memorial address: "I, for one, do not see how we can have thought of pity for the men whose memory we honor today. I do not pity them. I envy them, rather, because their great work for liberty is accomplished, and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength has already been tested." Perhaps you think our strength is through the test, but our test has just begun. Yes, there are many of us who say, "Oh, the war is over, what is the use for me to continue the exertions I have made for the past two years? I can rest; there is absolutely nothing else to do." Those of us who are saying this must learn that because we have already made these exertions we continue to make them. We must learn that our task is far greater today than it was yesterday. Even the military men must carry on, for perpetual peace is not yet certain, though there be no more war.

Our task is to carry on the great cause we have begun, the cause for which so many of our brothers have died in France. We must realize that we are the leading nation, and that we are the leading nation not as an oppressor but as a big brother.

Late in the fifteenth century, our Great Master, having become tired of the efforts being made in Europe towards the forwarding of civilization, directed Columbus' small ships to our country, America. Later, the same Great Ruler guided and protected our fathers over here, and in-

stilled into their hearts that great desire for liberty. He guided them so that at a later day they would build the nation which he desired to be used as an ideal and a leader by the peoples of the world.

The day has arrived and America is in the guide's place. Of course, there are those in the party who are reckless, heedless, and unmindful of the value of the guide. They are going to strive to go ahead of the guide, and it is going to depend upon the determination, perseverance, patience, and sternness of the guide that the party is not lost. Since America is the guide, she must not only strive to follow the trail, but must also struggle to keep the reckless members from losing the party. This is the reason why we have such a great task ahead of us. We must continue the fight now, or fail, and let our brothers' sacrifices be all in vain.

How are we to go about this great task? We must grasp the achievements we have made in the winning of the war and utilize them for peace. Undertakings that were started towards the building of special plants to produce war material must be carried on to completion and utilized in our peaceful progress. Much money has been spent on such plants which now, if properly managed, will become great resources. We must have them, in order to be independent, and we must be independent of the other members of the party if we are to be a successful guide.

The United States has been selected to lead the world through the perils because she is best fitted for the job. She is in the lead and has started on the right trail. Is she to maintain her honors? That is left to you and me. We are the ones selected to keep the United States the guide, and thus to pilot the world safely through the impending perils. It is for this reason that we have been spared, while our brothers sleep in the field of honor. Then let us carry the fight on as it has been begun, so that in the end we too may sleep in the field of honor.

—H. S., '20, *Carolina*.

A FEW PLACES OF INTEREST IN LONDON

London, the city that has surprised the tourist on his trip thru England, is remarkable for its cleanliness as a metropolis of the world. As soon as one enters the railroad station of London, he is attracted by the beauty of its design, and the immense crowds of people passing thru its doors.

As soon as the streets are reached, the features which appeal to the average American are the width of the streets and the lack of high buildings. The modes of transportation are very different from those in the United States. The busses, surface cars, and metros, sometimes called the "Chinese puzzle", are the means used. The last resembles very much the American subways, but are complicated in design. The beauty of London's streets is not marred by the network of elevators over the main thoroughfares as in the United States. The busses used by the English people are of a much larger type than those used in the American cities.

As one approaches Picadilly Circus, the main business section of London, about sunset, he is amused to see the large number of promenaders—the young maidens with their beaux. The inhabitants of this section are all dressed in the latest style. The men all carry canes wherever they go. Everyone seems to have a smile of joy and contentment on his face, and appears to be the happiest of the lot. A feature of note in this part of the city is a large number of business concerns which are undoubtedly making a success in the commercial world.

One of the most interesting places in London is the grand old Westminster Abbey, the cathedral that was famous for centuries in that it is the memorial place for all that is dear to the heart of an Englishman. Within its walls are the tombs of England's sovereigns, her famous generals, statesmen, and authors. Upon entering the building, one must first pass thru a long corridor.

He then turns to the right of the lobby and enters a small circular room. In this room it was that the Cardinal once sat; and on each side of him, on a little bench carved into the wall, sat his monks. Here it was that the Cardinal and his associates held their religious services. The windows to the room are of plate glass covered with paintings and portraits of all the former sovereigns of England, starting in order from the right of the door and continuing around the room. On the wall are written some of the famous productions of Cardinal Woolsey. These are protected by a covering of plate glass.

After visiting this room, one makes his way into the cathedral proper by means of a small door at the end of the lobby. As you approach the pulpit you obtain a ticket from a presiding officer of the cathedral, upon paying a small fee to go thru the Abbey. The Abbey is so large, and contains so many places of interest, that is hardly possible to enumerate. Let us pass on, therefore, and visit a few interesting tombs and figures.

As soon as you reach the pulpit, you will notice to the right a small niche in the wall with the name Geoffrey Chaucer carved into it. This designates the place of the author's burial. Continuing on our survey, we pass thru a gate and notice each side of the hall the banners and standards of the warriors who fought in the Battle of the Roses—one side representing the York, the other, the Lancaster. We then mount a series of steps and enter a small room which contains the wax figures of such prominent people as Queen Elizabeth and Lord Nelson. On various places over the Cathedral floor are slabs designating the burial places of prominent men.

The last thing of interest to draw your attention is a large picture of Major Andre. He is depicted as standing before a firing squad of Continental troops. On the floor just opposite this picture is inscribed the name of the noted Britisher. This picture misinterprets, however, the means by which Major Andre met his death. History tells us that he was hanged.

These places are only a few among the many interesting features in the world's largest city.

—S. G., '20, *Carolina*.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

The night has come, but all too soon;
The darkness is cold, and strange, and bare.
The dim mysterious will of God
Is sought in the spirit's voiceless prayer.

There is no light, no apparent hope;
My spirit wanders sad and lone;
Deathly solitude now reigns supreme;
Time flies, and I am almost home.

Serious thoughts within me rise
And wake the better soul that slumbered.
Thoughts of the grim reaper, merciless Death,
Remind me that my days are numbered.

I rest beside life's ebbing stream,
And think of life beyond the grave.
I feel myself borne swiftly on
By the ceaseless rushing of life's wave.

Time, vague as air, sweeps o'er us all,
And as on errands of the wind.
Throbbing thru it all, our hearts grow eager
To pierce the veil, and know the *End*.

Fight on, my soul unto the end;
Ere death, something may yet be done.
The past is a dream, the future a vision,
And our great task is just begun.

—C. B. L., '21, *Palmetto*.

OUR PRESENT ECONOMIC CONDITION

The people of the United States are so accustomed to war that they become unduly excited at times when there is no necessity for doing so. The result is a feverish, hysterical advocacy of all manner of reforms. The good feature, tho, is the fact that the craze soon wears off, and the country soon settles down to business. Excesses proposed at first do not last, but that which is not excess does last and is a great benefit.

The insanity of the war is over. The country is no longer hysterical, and should settle down to a rational and watchful preparation for emergencies.

The food situation, brought about as a result of the war, has been discussed as though the country were on the verge of starvation. Economics that have almost sounded the death knell of trade have been advocated. The shortage of the necessities of life still stares us in the face. The present sugar shortage, the steel workers' strike, the difficulty with the coal miners, the demand of the railroad employees for higher wages,—have all tended to bring about an industrial upheaval that is entirely uncalled for. We have passed through the stages of a war of might against might, but the present war, the war of industries, the war between labor and capital, now stares us in the face. Truly it seems as though the words of Clémenceau, "I fear the reconstruction days after peace is declared, more than the days of the war," contain a great deal of truth, and are the words of a man gifted almost with the power of clairvoyancy in the ways of the world.

We have heard, for a number of years, much talk about the high cost of living. There has been justification for the talk, and yet, to a great extent, we could more properly complain of the cost of high living. Our people have bought without consideration of the price. High prices can be combatted in a number of ways. There are mer-

chants in many cities who sell products far below the prices charged by others, and yet, the large majority continue to buy where they have been accustomed to trade regardless of the prices charged.

The fashion has been to splurge. The fashion now is to economize, and attention is given to saving, where before it was centered in spending. The excessive economy will soon pass, but the intelligent economy will remain. That is, for a time at least. If those who handle household affairs, and have the management of business affairs, will give their attention to getting as much as possible for the money they handle, and stick to it for a few years, they will save enough to be fully compensated for the losses of the war, and will help to reduce materially the high cost of commodities. The South, after its war, recovered thru economy, and the United States will do the same.—W. S. McD., '22, *Calhoun*.

O CLEMSON, DEAR OLD CLEMSON
O Clemson, dear old Clemson,
Nestled among the sacred hills,
Where the beauty of thy surroundings
Fills our very souls with thrills.
Nature made thee for our coming
In those years that are past and gone,
And the tho'ts of great men sanctioned
The hewing away of the roughened stone.

O Clemson, dear old Clemson,
Tradition binds thee to the past;
For the greatest of our statesmen
Loved the place that thou now hast.
Upon thy brow a crown is shining
With a radiance of knowledge bright,
Enlightening those who catch the vision
And strive to labor in thy light.

O Clemson, dear old Clemson,
Thou hast wisely made us see
That the principles of thy teachings
Is to make us loyal and free.
Love for thee is ever binding
Thy sons into a dynamic force
That will make thee felt and honored
In the annals of life's busy course.

O Clemson, dear old Clemson,
A jewel in our Palmetto State,
Thy rays of light have ignorance fleeing
To its already doomed fate.
In thy bright and glorious future
When thy sons shall applaud thy name,
The truths of thy noble teachings
Will give to thee undying fame.

—M. C. J., '20, *Columbian*.

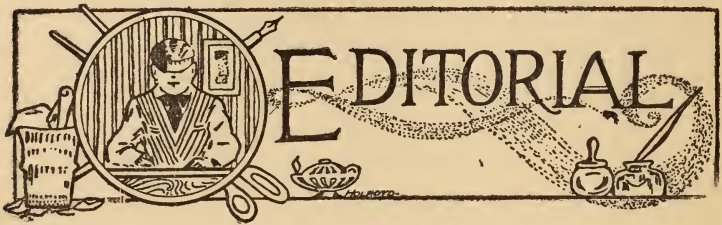
The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '20

COLLEGE EDUCATION—A PAYING INVESTMENT

"Does the college education yield a paying interest?" is the question about which many inquiries are being made. All over the land, boys who should be in college preparing themselves for the future welfare of the nation are working for themselves at fabulous salaries. A large number of students who are in college for one or two sessions become fascinated by the high salaried positions and quit school in order to make money. The capable student could not do his state more harm than the giving up of his college course. Too many young men are quitting school for the pleasure of making money when

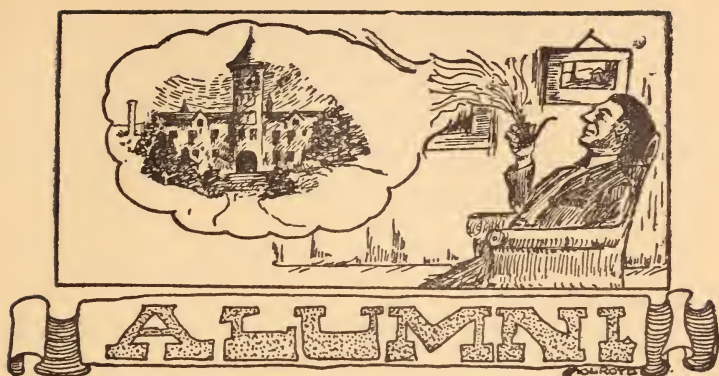
it requires such little effort on their part. These are abnormal times, and the unskilled laborer is receiving a salary equal to that of the college man; but it will not be long before the college graduate will be receiving a just compensation for his superior training. Making money is only a small part of real living. A good education is a much greater asset to any one than a proportionate sum of money. In order to have good government in a democracy, the people must be educated, so that they may be able to decide important issues for to continue their education for the good that it does themselves and the commonwealth.

PROSPERITY

Since the year 1914 the South has been growing more prosperous. Wealth is flowing into the Southland with a steady increase in volume each year. During this time of prosperity, it will be a misfortune if the people forget to save and prepare for times of depression. The present conditions cannot continue always; for there must necessarily come periods of want. Economy practiced now means considerable wealth for disposal in future times of stress. The loudest cry heard today is for increased production. Every surplus product is readily exchanged for its value in money, and with enough of this money saved, homes may be bought. The people should work longer and produce more during this period of high prices, so that the money received for the salable products may be securely invested in southern enterprises. It is important that over-production be guarded against. Organized marketing of products gives the producer a reasonable profit for his invested capital and his labor. An intelligent understanding between the producer and the consumer fosters a thriving business that results in peace and prosperity.

EACH SOCIETY TO PUBLISH ISSUE OF MAGAZINE

After the Christmas holidays, each literary society will publish an issue of the *Chronicle*. The Calhoun Society will publish the January issue, and following in alphabetical order, each one of the remaining societies will publish an issue. To keep up the standard of the magazine, a number of articles must be written in order that the best ones may be selected for publication. The members of the respective societies should pride themselves in publishing the most attractive issue. Competition among the societies will make the members show their true literary ability. It is very necessary that the members of the Calhoun Society get their material ready before they leave college for the Christmas holidays. The above plan has worked admirably, and no doubt it will meet with success during this session.



EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

A. L. Erwin, '07, was on the campus last Saturday for the first time since his graduation. He was very much gratified at seeing so many improvements around the college. Mr. Erwin is road supervisor of Florence county and for the past week he has been in the upper part of the state inspecting some of the roads which were recently built.

"Hop" Gandy, '14, was a strong supporter of the Tigers on the sidelines last week during the Clemson-Carolina game. "Hop" was on the varsity squad three years while in college.

C. E. Barker, '18, is teaching agriculture in the High School at Lake City, S. C.

O. P. Lightsey, '17, who was recently discharged from the army has accepted the position as demonstration agent of Jasper county of this state.

E. W. Long, '17, is in Columbia taking a business course at Macfeat-Bowen Business College.

D. T. Duncan, '16, has accepted a position with the State Highway Commission as Resident Engineer of Greenwood County. "Governor" went from here to Cornell, where he graduated in 1918, and shortly afterwards was commissioned an Ensign in the navy.

J. E. Parker, '17, witnessed the football game between Carolina and Clemson during the State fair. "Jimmie" says that he would like very much to come back to Clemson next spring and play baseball. We all remember "Jimmie" as being a star in this phase of athletics.

J. M. Neil, ex-'19, is a student at the Charleston Medical College.

A. A. Patjens, '17, is doing construction work in Savannah, Ga.

R. P. Jeter, '09, was a visitor to the State Fair last week. Jeter is in the mercantile business at Santuc, S. C.

C. H. Trott, '10, is doing draftsman's work at the navy yard in Charleston, S. C.

Dr. G. M. Truluck, '08, returned recently from France, where he has served some time as captain in the medical corps. Dr. Truluck is a graduate of the Charleston Medical College. We understand that he is to leave his home in a few days for New York, where he will take up some special studies at Columbia University.

F. M. Dwight, '19, is teaching agriculture in Eastover, S. C.

R. M. Simpson, who is working with the State Chemical Department in Columbia, is the Clemson alumni representative in Columbia. He put forth every effort possible during the State Fair to assist the football players in every respect.

C. C. Schirmer, '06, is the city electrician of Charleston, S. C.

It is reported that J. W. Stribling, '16, is to be married on Thanksgiving day.

T. W. Suggs, '18, is assistant agriculturist of the Barrett Company of Atlanta. He was in charge of his company's exhibit at the Fair.

W. M. Scaife and L. W. Burdette, '18, are working with the United States Coast Survey in Panama.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

The Y. M. C. A. has made an unusually good start this year. "Vesper" services have been better than ever and some good speakers have been brought to the campus. Services have been held practically every Sunday night and no little interest is being manifested in them. Speakers have been secured for nearly every Sunday from now until Christmas. Two very fine musical programs were given to the boys during the past two weeks. The Glee Clubs of Greenville Woman's College and of Anderson College provided the music, and the "Y" is greatly indebted to the young ladies of these institutions for their splendid programs.

Bible classes are now meeting every Sunday and a good number of boys have enrolled. The Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors have student leaders. Their textbooks are *Student Standards of Action*, *A Life at Its Best*, and *The Manhood of the Master*. The Senior class is studying the Bible and Rev. A. E. Driggers is their leader. The Seniors are taking a lively interest in their class and they expect to get a great deal of help from it.

An electrically operated Victrola and a number of good records have been placed in the lobby of the "Y". There is always a crowd around the big machine. The Victrola is by far the most popular attraction at the Y. M. C. A. A better selection of records can't be found and there is no better way of spending spare moments than listening to the Victrola.

The athletic side of the "Y" is making rapid strides. The game rooms are always full and one frequently

hears the rumbling sound of the bowling alleys. Basketball practice goes on daily and some good material is going to be developed for the varsity team. The swimming pool is out of commission at present, but it will be ready for use in the near future.

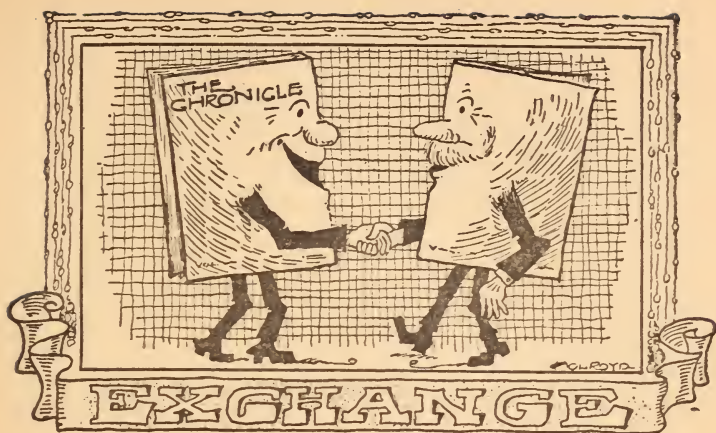
BLUE RIDGE

A fellow can't be urged too much to attend the Blue Ridge Conference next spring. Now is the time to begin preparations for that dandy trip. Clemson is going to have the banner delegation at the next conference, so get ready to join the happy crowd. The Y. M. C. A. is willing to help any man who does not feel financially able to go. If you want to work to help pay expenses, see Holtzendorff or Fox right away. You can't afford to miss the best ten days of your life by not being there. Ask anybody who has been there. Be convinced by going yourself.

CHARACTER

Very few of us really think what character is. Character has been defined as the quality of mind expressed by outward behavior. A man's character is revealed by his words and actions, and by the companions he keeps. As a man's character is, so will his conduct be. Our characters are revealed by our conduct both in the classroom and on the campus. Let's try to live in such a way that our characters can't be questioned. Our habits fix our characters and our conduct indicates our characters. Baynard Taylor wrote the following verse on character.

Fame is what you have taken,
Character is what you give;
When to this truth you awaken,
Then you begin to live.



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

For several weeks the exchange editor has been expecting to receive numerous exchanges from the other colleges. We were confident that magazines would be piled upon the desk to be criticised. We have had no such pleasure yet. Thus these few pages that belong to a discussion and to a criticism of other publications are necessarily devoid of material for the second time. This condition of affairs should not exist. Either the mail service is exceedingly poor or the staffs of the other publications are rather slow about putting out their magazines. Unfortunately some of the colleges can not successfully publish more than six copies a year, and several, even as few as four. Of course the work of these schools has not fully matured.

Every college that has a fair financial backing should devote enough money and labor to efficiently support nine issues of the publication. Varying conditions are found in every school, and it is impossible for every publication to be supported with the same amount of ease. If your college is one that can finance only four issues a

year, then make those four issues count for something. After having a success with a small number, you can easily add another to the list, and then another.

We are more or less inclined to put off our magazine work until the last minute. As soon as one issue is published the staff and the contributors should get busy on the next. Then the work will be more thorough; more material will be secured, and the necessity of sacrificing quality for quantity will be avoided. The old saying, "Procrastination is the thief of time," is just as true in its application concerning literary work as it is concerning other lines.

The Chronicle is expecting to make greater progress this year than ever before, and we are sure that you have determined to do likewise. Tho we can only imagine what other publications are accomplishing thus far, their improved plans and work will undoubtedly appear very soon. Remember that when you fail to circulate the magazine, you are harming someone else by keeping a number of new and valuable ideas to yourself. They are no good unless others are benefited also. Let the exchanges be a means of connection this year for mutual good. Amateur authors are waiting in suspense to see their productions mutilated in some exchange departments. It pays to help a beginner as much, if not more, than an old veteran. Criticisms and suggestions are for the benefit and for the improvement of the writer.

Let everybody be prompt in his work this year and make a record worth remembering. We are waiting for your exchanges.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Why is Boyle's Law like love?

The lower the gas the higher the pressure.—*The Percolator.*

Some Chemical Formulae

$\text{Ba (Na)}_2 = \text{Banana.}$

$\text{CH}_2\text{O} = \text{Sea water.}$

Prof. Calhoun: "Suppose, Mr. Smith, that you start to walk on a five-foot contour line from Charleston. Where would you go in order to stay on this line and return to Charleston?"

"Red" Smith: "You say you are walking, Professor?"

Professor: "Yes."

"Red": "Then you would never return."

How does Jack McKenzie keep his new cadet cap on straight?

Vacuum pressure.

A foolish cadet plus a dog not wanted = a kick-out from the college library.

Prof. Morgan (to Feeds class): "Most every nigger in the South raises some corn which they feed to the mules in the ear."

"Dave" Henry: "It's all over the barracks."

Kolb: "What?"

"Dave": "The roof."

Dr. Brackett (to Chemistry Class): "I wish to go a step further into osmotic pressure before I go into solution."

Colonel: "Well, Mr. England, I should think a young fellow like you should be thinking about your life's work and not keep such late hours at the hotel."

"Luke" England: "I am, Colonel, I want to be a night watchman."

If you sink up to your knees in mud, how much will Hoffmeyer?

How does putting a ring on a woman's third finger put you under her thumb?

Why is Louie Pitts baldheaded?

He ate so much beef when he was a "Rat" that when he returned home, his physician had to pour hot water on his head in order to melt the tallow from the roof of his mouth.

Colonel (to Rat at the head of column): "Pick up the cadence."

Rat (looking around very innocently): "Where is it, Colonel?"

Colonel: "Report under arrest immediately."

Little Rupert came to his mother with the following query: "Mother, what would you do if someone broke the large vase in the parlor?"

"I would whip him soundly," she replied.

For the space of ten seconds, Rupert looked at her seriously, and said, "Well, you'd better get ready. Papa has broke it!" Then he grinned.—*The Virginia*.

What is Jeter's grievance against the railroad company?

He has two grievances; one is that some trains don't stop at Santuc, and the other is that after he gets on board, the train loses time by stopping at other stations.

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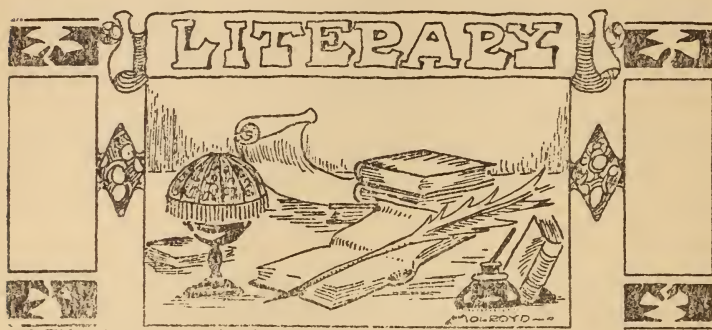


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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., December 1919

No 3



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

CHRISTMAS TIDINGS

One starry night long years ago,
A light shone out from heaven,
And on this night to every man,
The Saviour, Christ, was given.
The story old is known to all—
How shepherds heard the singing;
And peace to men o'er all the earth
This story still is bringing.

The story comes to each of us
And fills each heart with gladness;
And may no one this Christmas feel
A single note of sadness;

But may the joy that Christmas brings
Fill every hour with pleasure,
So that in future years you may
Each hour keep as a treasure.

So speak a word to those you pass,
Help on some one who's troubled
By brightening days for some one else,
Your pleasure will be doubled.
Rejoice that Christmas is for you;
Each day and hour be jolly;
Let candles burn amid the wreaths
Of mistletoe and holly.

But when your heart is filled with joy,
Don't e'er forget the reason
Why all rejoice and all are glad
At this, the Christmas season.
May no unworthy deed be done,
No act to cause you sorrow,
No deed to bring to you regret,
When dawns the coming morrow.

So here's to Christmas, may it be
To every one most jolly;
May hearts be light, and candles bright
'Mid mistletoe and holly.

—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto*.

JACK ALMOND'S DREAM GIRL

(Continued from last issue)

Three miles from Elm Grove, at the country club, the grand march was in full swing as May entered with her father and mother. Jack was there, looking his best. All thoughts of malice were apparently forgotten in the gay whirl of the night. Unfortunately, his adversary would not permit that. He was there, feeling like a conqueror. Jack had failed to carry out his threats, and now Hammond determined to heap insult upon injury. May's eyes unconsciously turned to Jack, and for the brief space of a moment both were unaware of the presence of anyone else; then Jack extended his hand in cordial friendship, and was met with an understanding which very few men ever experience. May was the first to speak.

"Mr. Almond, I hope you do not hold any malice towards me because of a fault of my father's. I know he is wrong, and have told him so, but he would not listen to me. You know, I am not responsible for his actions."

"Miss Hammond, your father is my enemy of his own accord; however, I would like to consider you as my friend. For your sake, I am sorry that all this has happened. If it were not for my mother, I would see your father in Hades before I would permit him to take my land in any such manner; but for her sake, I shall say nothing."

It was this last sentence that created in May a feeling which was little less than love. All men are capable of loving and revering their mothers, but few will submit to their honor being crushed to earth even for mother's sake. She realized that Jack was doing that very thing for his mother's sake.

May and Jack grew fonder of each other as the days passed into weeks. This was a bitter disappointment to

Mr. Hammond, and he was glad indeed when time came for them to return to the city. It was just the opposite with May.

You may forget for a while the cherished memories of a loved one, but your mind will inevitably return to its old channels of thought. Such was the case with May. She scarcely thought of William while in the country, but now that she is again in the city, she longs to see him once more.

"May, I have a telegram for you," chimed out Mrs. Hammond, as she entered the room.

"For me? I bet it is from William; and he is coming home." Oh, how her heart beat at the thought of seeing again the one that meant so much to her. Her countenance glowed with joy, only to be changed to the pallor of death.

"Mother, William is dead."

With that broken expression May swooned, clutching the piece of paper that brought such a cruel message to such a loving heart. She must never know the real cause of his death; she shall be spared that pain.

Young people have much to live for; therefore, we find May bright and happy again. Indeed, more lovely since her sad experience.

Fall retreats before the charge of winter, and May leaves for college. The school year soon passes, and May returns with the spring flowers which are representative of her blooming life, both mentally and physically. She again longs for the freedom of country life, where her spirits can soar in freedom and the dreams that come to the young heart may be nourished in the pure country air.

May would not be content in the city, after her return; therefore, her father very reluctantly consented to spend a while in the country. Last summer he was anxious to go there for May's sake; now he desired to keep her in

Glendale, away from Jack's company. He realized that Jack had a great influence over his beloved daughter. And now that William is dead who can tell what might come of their friendship? They arrived at Elm Grove and were given a cordial welcome from all the people in the surrounding neighborhood. Jack renewed his old friendship, and discovered her to be quite a different girl from what she formerly was—a girl of more reserve, but none the less lovely. The diamond that graced her finger the summer before, had been laid aside. It was now only a reminder of fond memories that had faded away. Jack was quick to notice the change. She was free to love and to be loved. Why should he not stand a chance? Would he allow her father to influence his love?

Soon Jack became restless. He was never satisfied except while in May's presence. He soon awoke to the fact that he loved her. She, also, experienced something of the same sensation, but would not admit it, even to herself. To be a friend to her father's enemy was all right, but to love him was an altogether different matter. They spent most of their leisure hours together, out riding, or in a quiet chat in the unfrequented spots about the place. Mr. Hammond was civil to Jack, but treated him with a coldness that was in itself an insult. Each refrained from entering into conversation with the other. Thus, the weeks passed like a hurricane. These weeks were destined to mean so much to Jack and May.

"Mother, I am going for a ride with Mr. Almond to Alono Park. We will be back by twelve o'clock."

With these parting words May and Jack passed out the door, May leaning on the arm of the happy young man. It was a lovely night for just such a ride. Everything was still, and there was no sound except the song of the nightingale, and the intermittent chirps of the crickets, to remind them that the universe still existed. It was not long until the vibrating of the motor, too, ceased,

and they alighted at their destination. Boats were gliding here and there on the lake, with no noise except that of the silver-tinted water trickling from the oars as they poised in mid-air preparatory to the rhythmic plunge into the pure white liquid. Such a lovely scene was so inviting that they were soon among the happy crowd. Jack paddled with all the energy at his command, until he was well out into the lake; then his oars dropped and drifted with the current. Two currents might be noticed in connection with their existence; one, that affected their material position on the lake; the other, the parallel current of thought. Jack was the first to break the silence, and that with a cruel question. His quivering voice betrayed a heart filled with love.

"May, of what are you thinking?"

With a forced laugh that was intended to throw him off his guard, she replied, "May I not ask you the same question?"

"Yes, you are at liberty to question me at any time and in any way. I am thinking of you, May."

With that simple expression, nevertheless, one filled with the hope of life, he caught her hands with an impulse of ecstasy and impressed a kiss on them that would be remembered by her even in the shadows of life.

"May, you are the girl of my dreams—I love you with all the passion of my soul. Can you learn to love me just a little?"

In answer to his question, he found an upturned face with eyes that magnified love and confidence. Never before had Jack experienced such joy. Their lips met as he enfolded her in his arms in a fond lover's embrace that pledged their lives forever.

On their way back home, both were wondering what Mr. Hammond would say when he learned the truth; nevertheless, they had resolved that his wrath would not

set up a barrier to their happiness. They loved each other, so what else mattered?

The next morning, May decided to tell her father and mother, and settle the matter once and for all. She could see no reason for delay. They would be furious, but would probably become reconciled after finding that it was of no use to rage. Therefore, acting upon her decision, she told her story, painting Jack's character in a way scarcely conceivable, and in a way only possible to a girl who has found the man that she has always been looking for. Mr. Hammond's eyes gleamed with rage, like a lion crouched, ready to spring for his prey. He realized that it was beyond human effort on his part to prevent her from marrying Jack. Therefore he decided to appeal to her better and nobler nature, rather than resort to force. If that failed he would then resort to force, for he was the kind of a man that usually has his way, regardless of the consequences.

"May, I have loved you, longed for you when you were absent. I have never denied you anything that was reasonable; now you have the audacity to tell me that you love a man that is my enemy. I would rather see you dead than married to Jack Almond."

"Nevertheless, I love him and I intend to marry him. Remember that it is your fault that you do hate him."

"Very well, young lady, the day that you become Mrs. Almond you cease to be a daughter of mine. You, a society belle, will make an excellent and charming wife for a penniless man. I beg you in making your decision to use a little reason."

"My decision has already been made and is final. Your money means very little to me, in comparison with a life of happiness."

Mrs. Hammond, too, was furious, but refrained from expressing herself, thinking that it would make matters worse, rather than better.

Jack and May decided to have a quiet little wedding in a little country church. There was to be no one present except a few of Jack's friends to witness the ceremony. There, among the decorative vines of the altar, two lives were made one. The beginning of a new day was born into their lives. They returned to his home, happy in their mutual love. There, May met a new mother—a mother as loving and pure as the snow flakes which rest at the top of the highest snow-capped mountain.

May left her home without telling her parents good-bye—it had been their request. Why should she not be as independent as they?

The second night after their wedding, as they sat in a fond embrace by a sparkling spring which had been worn out into the form of a basin by the ceaseless flow of water thruout the past ages, Jack noticed a small cloud rising in the west. A short time afterwards, the moon was entirely covered, and the earth seemed wrapped in a blanket of darkness. Realizing that no time was to be lost if they were to escape the swiftly approaching storm, they started homeward at once. Scarcely had they reached the house when the wind began to rush thru the tree-tops at a terrific rate. The lightning played across the heavens like a stream of liquid fire when it rushes forth from a burning furnace. When like and unlike charges of electricity met in mid-air, a burst of thunder would set the earth alive with tremors. As it echoed, and re-echoed, and finally died away in a rumbling noise in the distance, the rain began to fall in torrents. Never before had Jack or May witnessed such a storm. Fear gripped the hearts of both in a pitiless grasp. A seething flame of electricity crashed thru the window, melting the panes into a heterogeneous mass as it sought means to ground itself in the earth below. Jack, being nearest the window, received the full force of the shock and fell with a thud to the floor. Mrs. Almond and May were

both badly shocked, but still remained conscious, yet neither was able to render any aid to Jack. The sight was horrible. The lightning had set fire to a heap of rubbish in the cellar and the smoke was rapidly filling the house. Soon the flames would break thru to the rooms above, and cremate three helpless forms. Oh, God, was it possible that they were destined to die such a death? The flames had begun to sweep thru the door. In a few more minutes all means of escape would be cut off.

A father may condemn, but he is generally willing to forgive. So it was with Mr. Hammond. All the while during the storm he stood by the window of his home anxiously watching to see if all remained well across the way, where his daughter now lived. While standing there, he saw the lightning strike, but was unable to tell exactly where. Nevertheless, he was crazed with fear, and immediately set out thru the storm. As he approached the house, his greatest fears became substantiated. Could he reach there in time to save them? That was the only thought in his heart. Never before had his car seemed to run so slowly. At last it rolled up, and he rushed to the house, and thru the lashing flames. He ran to May first, and with much difficulty dragged her out to safety. He then rushed back and was able to save Mrs. Almond. Then the whole building caved in—Jack was beneath the flames. May turned her head in utter despair, and cried out, "Oh, God, what have I done that I must suffer in this manner?" Mr. Hammond could not bear to hear such a pitiful cry. He would save Jack if it cost him his life to redeem him. It was only possible to enter the room thru the window. Acting upon this impulse, he sprang thru the window into the midst of the seething flames and succeeded in bringing Jack to safety. He then sank down beside Jack, utterly exhausted—the strain had been too much for him. However, he had a

very strong constitution for a man of his age, and soon overcame his physical weakness, and started home, bearing with him his pain-purchased friends.

Mrs. Almond and May soon regained their original health, but Jack remained in a mental and physical stupor for more than a week, battling with the forces of death. At last, he issued forth from the valley of darkness and into the light once more, but there remained imprinted upon his face an expression of pain. He seemed to dread for the time to come when he would have to meet his father-in-law. Mr. Hammond did not neglect doing anything that would aid in Jack's recovery. He seemed very anxious to have Jack return to normal health again. Yet he refrained from entering the room.

At last, Jack was well once more. He awoke early one morning, dressed, and walked out on the lawn. There he met May and Mr. Hammond as they turned the corner at the end of a long vine-trellis. It was the first meeting of the men since Jack's recovery; even since his marriage. In breathless silence Jack's devoted wife watched the two giant intellects as they succumbed to the miraculous force of human fellowship. There, in the cool morning air, Mr. Hammond caught Jack's hand in a vice-like grasp and said,

"Son, you have won. I accept all the blame. It is quite a while 'till breakfast, so let's take a walk down to the corner-stone that caused our dispute."

It was just a short distance to the object of their visit; and upon their arrival, Jack looked across the stream and then turned to Mr. Hammond. But, before he could speak, Mr. Hammond began.

"Yes, Jack," as if in answer to his interrogative look, "All is just as you said. There is the millstone. It was uncovered by the flood which was caused by the storm. The reason that you failed to find it was not your fault, nor the fault of the surveyors. The surveyors did very

accurate work, and each time their plumb-bob poised immediately above the shaft-hole in the rock; so, that when you drove the crow-bar into the ground it went directly thru the hole and failed to strike the rock."

There, standing hand in hand, on the rock that had been the cause of so much trouble, May and Jack raised their eyes, and May cried out in a glad little voice,

"Look, there sits a partridge and her mate on the nest, just above that little cliff."

—S. J. H., '21, *Palmetto*.

LET THE IDEALIST SERVE

There is much idealism in the world at the present time. Today men are trying to live the ideals which have been dreamed of since man first caught the vision of a better world—one that is free from chaos and strife. Great thinkers are living in an imaginative state in which there is no pain or imperfection. The spirit of idealism has touched every land, and the people are inspired with hope in the new era in which we are passing.

This idealism is resplendent, but it casts a shadow. There are people who are groping in this shadow, and it is our sacred duty to instruct them that they may catch the vision that will lead them to live nobler lives. Man progresses in the proportion that he serves his fellow-man. The golden age of every nation comes at a time when the ruler of that nation serves the people. Why is President Wilson the greatest man in the world today? It is because he is striving to accomplish the desires and the aims of the people, not only the people of America, but the people of the entire world. The masses of Europe hail him as deliverer. They do not know how he can save them from wars and sufferings, but they do know that he is endeavoring to eliminate those damnable evils which have scourged them thru all the ages.

Idealists are a favored people when their ideals are working ideals. There is no credit for anyone who is a mere sky gazer, whose ideals are impracticable. The mass of humanity is crying for better social conditions and for fairer means of making a livelihood. Idealists cannot live upon an exalted plane, while far below them lives the mass of suffering humanity struggling and toiling wearily for a scant living. Ancient Greece tried this experiment, and her whole structure of government fell thru with the result of civil war. There must be an equilibrium established between the idealists and the

masses, and it is our duty to establish this equilibrium as high as possible in the scale of civilization.

Service increases faithfulness. We serve our government, because we have faith in its power to protect our property and our lives. The success of the Liberty Loans was due to the faith which Secretary McAdoo had in the American people. My friends, there never was a time in the annals of history that demanded greater faith than the present. The wave of social unrest that is sweeping over every continent will bowl us off our feet unless we are anchored by a steadfastness of faith in the ideals for which our government stands. But we in America need not fear, we are loyal to the government that serves us and our faith teaches us our duty. The people of America are a generous people; they give to the wants of people in stricken lands; they are the untiring workers for mankind; and in serving the cause of humanity, they have gained a fuller knowledge of the conditions under which oppressed peoples are struggling for existence. We have caught the vision of service, and we are not going to despair, until all subjugated peoples have drunk from the cup of freedom. We know our mission; the principle of democracy is going to be implanted in every nation, and autocratic might will tumble from its tottering throne. Long ago, the Anglo-Saxon people received the ark of democracy's covenant, and we must keep the faith as our fathers have done. We must dedicate our lives to service.

Service increases our love. It teaches us how to give and how to receive. Before this war the nations of Europe did not understand America. They thought of her as a nation of money-getters, a nation made up of a conglomerate mass of people with nothing to strive for but the Almighty Dollar. But today that delusion has been blasted by the sacrifices which America has made. Even before she entered the war, her citizens had given thous-

ands of tons of food and thousands of dollars to relieve the suffering of the people of Belgium and northern France; and, when the war did come, millions of her young manhood stood ready to offer their lives upon the altar of liberty for a just and righteous cause. It was the spirit of our fighting men that won the war. When their bodies became tired and sore, that unconquerable spirit enabled them to "carry on." When President Wilson sailed for Europe and visited the countries of France, England, and Italy, he received from the people of those countries the greatest ovation that had ever been given to mortal man. He had within his grasp illimitable power, yet he did not lose his poise; ever conscious of the wishes of the people whom he is representing, he settled down to the task of bringing peace to war-stricken nations. It has been thru the constant suggestions of the persecuted and oppressed peoples of the earth that our minds have been stimulated, that our reasoning powers have resolved to secure for the world universal harmony among the nations.

Already, as a result of our service and the advancement of our ideals, we can see the darkness disappearing on the distant horizon. There can be no excess to service, none to faith, none to love when we consider these attributes in the true sense of liberty and justice. These are the attributes that always affirm in man an optimism, never a pessimism. The manifestations of the daily life of an American citizen, the expression of his ideals are the factors that have made our country the shining light of the world. To her all other nations are looking for guidance. The zeal and enthusiasm that characterize our love for peace and righteousness are the essentials that will lead other nations to follow our example in the unselfish policy of government. America has proven that a democratic nation can exist and fulfill its mission under the stress of war and readjustments. The people of the

imperialistic governments of Europe have realized this fact, and they have overthrown the usurping powers and established governments of the people.

America has not reached the zenith of her power in her service to mankind. Upon the individual devolves the responsibility of immortalizing the traditions of our fathers and the policies of our free government. The present day presents an opportunity for service, which, unless our country takes advantage of, her power and position among the progressive nations, will be greatly impaired. The service of a nation for others increases its sovereign power. The fundamental truths in ethics and in history teach us this fact. One of the essentials of greatness is service, and as a man can only become strong thru service for others, so it is with a nation; if she is to become great, she must serve others. If America does her duty, she will act as a guardian to those peoples who are struggling to get on their feet that they might walk in the royal path of liberty and progress.

Upon America depends the happiness of the world. The responsibility is great, but this happiness can be secured by living a life of service to mankind and to God.

—M. C. J., '20, *Columbian*.

NIGHT

The light of day is waning; old Sol sinks low in the West.
Save the night-hawk, the owl, and the whip-poor-will, all
birds are gone to rest.

The silence is broken only by their weird uncanny cries.
The darkness deepens, deepens, and the earth in slumber
lies.

The heavens are thickly covered with racing, fleecy
clouds;
But the harvest moon, red in her anger, pierces the death-
like shrouds
And brightens the world by the glory of mellow, resplen-
dent light,
And issues a silent greeting to the lovers of the night.

The forests of towering redwood in beauty of silhouette
stand,
While the cedar, the pine, and the hemlock aid in keeping
watch o'er the land.
The gentle breath of the Zephyr, and the whispering
caused by the breeze,
Bring back memoirs of "forest primeval" and the grand
old "Song of the Trees."

Now, the moonbeams are fast disappearing, dissolved by
the thickening shade,
And the hours of deepest despondence in terrible sequence
are laid.
For the creeping chill and the stillness encompass the
taciturn world,
And nature in silence reposes—her garish banners are
furled.

But darkness is not everlasting, and the coming of morn
draweth nigh.

Old Sol, in glory returning, shoots his radiant beams
across the sky.

The nocturnal vigil is over, and the wary attendants of
light

Raise high, with labor unceasing, the shadowy folds of
the night.

—E. L. M., '20, *Wade Hampton*.

THE PASSING OF THE DERELICT

"Out of my way, beggar! How dare you approach a gentleman! And in broad daylight! Out of my way! Here, Bess, what are you doing? Come with me."

The tall, portly, well-dressed and obviously prosperous old man was convulsed with anger. That he, in broad daylight, should be approached by this contemptible bundle of rags was preposterous. And the behavior of Bess! What is this world coming to, that a man, a gentleman, accompanied by his seven-year-old daughter, can not even take an afternoon stroll without being subjected to such indignities, and by such a person!

The person was, indeed, a subject well fit to arouse anything but kindly feelings. Clothed entirely in rags, a figure stooped and expressive of despair, his bloated and flushed face deeply cut with the furrows of unrestrained dissipation, his whole appearance spelled failure, and a life wasted past recovery. His low forehead, almost hidden by a slouched hat, made an unfavorable impression, which his shallow, shifting eyes did not tend to lighten. He was a wreck, a derelict on the sea of life, and he knew it. His request for alms was made unhesitatingly, and without shame. Whiskey was what he wanted, and he intended, if possible, to get it. The idea of his being turned down by that crabbed old man! And the little girl! Ah, he had rightfully thought when she smiled that she intended giving him something; and when, after her cheerful, "Here, beggar-man, take this," he had greedily grasped the proffered gift and had smiled to himself, so innocent and gentle was her expression. But his expression changed when, on glancing down, he saw that it was but a penny that he held in his hand. A penny! What did he want with a penny? In a fit of anger he cursed the giver and, grinding the gift beneath his heel,

turned to cross the street to seek someone more beneficent.

Suddenly, above the noise and rush of the crowded street, was heard a yell, and the sharp insistent clanging of a gong. The hitherto surging, hurrying bustle seemed to hesitate and then come to a standstill. Over by the curb stood a tall, portly figure, breathless and pallid, excitedly calling and beckoning to the bewildered little girl who stood directly in the center of the car track, and utterly unaware of the excitement about her or of the clanging surface car approaching from the rear.

As suddenly as they had begun, the cries of warning that had filled the air were hushed. Apparently from under the very wheels of a passing wagon, a hurried figure had come. Stooped, frail, and ragged, it hastened forward. Determination for the first time marked the face of one who had never before answered its call. A quick run, a desperate jump, and he was there. Ah, but too late! No, not quite! His jump, made almost fiercely, had landed him directly in front of the onrushing car, but within reach of his object. With a wild push, he sent her forward out of danger, while, with a sickening crunch, the monster before him, catching him squarely between the rails, mercilessly bore him under; and a bunch of rags, stooped, and bloated, ceased to be a derelict.—W. S. M., '22, *Calhoun*.

PERSEVERANCE AND SUCCESS

One of the greatest assets that any one can possess is perseverance. Perseverance is the habit of continuing anything that is undertaken in spite of discouragements, in order to obtain the end for which one is trying. Perseverance is a combination of patience, determination, and industry. When a task is once begun it should always be completed regardless of whether the task is a large or small one. Many people begin a task, but they do not possess enough perseverance to keep trying, and consequently end in failure. Many people begin a task and they succeed, because they possess that necessary "bull dog tenacity," firmness of purpose, and determination, which is essential for success. Pronounced failures are caused by people undertaking large tasks and not having enough persistence to keep working when some obstacle tends to retard the progress of the undertaking. When one begins anything, he should possess enough perseverance and grit to keep working until he achieves his desired result. The very fact that a person starts to do something and gives up, shows that the person is weak and does not possess the "stick-to-it" purpose which is indispensable to success.

One should not let his patience become exhausted just because he does not get the desired results as early and as easily as he wishes. Many inventors have worked for years before they achieved the results for which they were striving. The worth of a thing is frequently measured by the difficulties with which it is surrounded. The things that are best worth achieving are surrounded by conditions that are the most difficult to surmount. When a task is once begun, do not give up in despair just because you are confronted by some obstacle, but collect all of your determination, put your shoulder to the wheel, so to speak, and remove the difficulty from the road of

success. One is absolutely certain of success if he has the indomitable "do or die" spirit. Perseverance is a requisite for reaching the goal. When difficulties or discouragements are presented, they should be incentives to greater efforts and more determination to succeed.

There is more satisfaciton to be realized from a result that is surrounded by difficulties, than from a result that is easily reached. Fewer satisfactions are keener than that of accomplishing a task requiring much labor and perseverance. A person appreciates the goal for which he is striving when obstacles and hardships lie in the path of progress. The work would not be very interesting if it were not hard at the outset. Wonderful things have been accomplished by people possessing much perseverance and determination. Had Christopher Columbus listened to the cowardly cries of his sailors and turned his ship back towards his home land, he never would have had his name written on the pages of history. Had George Washington given up his attempt to cross the Delaware when he saw the difficulties confronting him, the annals of history would read differently. Numerous other great things have been accomplished exactly in the same way that Columbus and Washington did; namely, they did not quit their undertaking until they accomplished their jobs. To make stepping stones of our stumbling blocks is the great secret of success. There is a great satisfaction in knowing that each victory won by wrestling with defeat will transform you into an abler person and you will be more capable of doing tomorrow what you are unable to do today.

To succeed necessitates much work and effort. A pertinacity of purpose to overcome all obstacles obstructing the road to success is a sure means of obtaining the great reward which comes as a result of hard and persistent trying. Knowledge is acquired only by the means of much work and persistent efforts. Why is it that so

many people fall by the wayside in utter failure? The answer to the question is simply that they do not possess enough perseverance to complete the task that they have begun. Now that the World War is over and the country is experiencing a reconstruction period, there are many problems to be solved. The problems will require much thought and labor in order to bring about a successful solution. It is the duty of every one to cultivate the habit of persevering, so that he may be able to help not only himself, but mankind at large. Impediments to success are easily removed by those who have enough determination to keep trying until they are rewarded with the goal that they are striving to reach. It is quite obvious that success is inevitable if perseverance is practiced, and everybody should cultivate the habit of persevering; so that they may be crowned with success in anything that they may undertake to do.

—H. H. K., '20, *Columbian*.

TO MOTHER

The twinkling stars are out, dear Mother,
The night comes slowly o'er the land.
The day's hard task is done and over,
And now I long to hold your hand.

The mind of youth is strange and troubled,
The mind of man more troubled still;
For strange thoughts come with haunting presence
And peace and youth they slowly kill.

The brown cocoon that swings so softly
Brings forth the lovely short-lived moth.
So youth brings forth a man, a wonder
Who lives for loss, or lives for worth.

The moth takes flight beset with dangers,
The man starts life beset with woes.
The moth soon dies; its life is ended.
The man must conquer all his foes.

And if the path of life be happy,
Or if my life be filled with tears,
I'll always come to thee, dear Mother,
To share my joys, or calm my fears.

And though sometimes I may be thoughtless,
And though sometimes I worry you,
Still know that there within my bosom,
My heart beats warm and ever true.

And if I win in life's great trials,
And with the men of fame I stand,
The world will know I climbed the pathway
Led upward by my mother's hand.

—L. G. P., '21, *Palmetto*.

THE FORTUNATE CONVALESCENT

There was a frosty tinge in the atmosphere, which caused the rosy cheeks of the nurses to glow as they came into the wards of the hospital to administer to our wounded boys from across the briny. Most of these boys had been wounded while in action. They had been in the hospital ever since being wounded, many of them for six months or more. As they gazed through their windows on the beautiful world outside all covered in snow, they desired very much to get out and to ramble around the country, to track the "jack" rabbit to his den, and to play over again the gerat old game of snow-ball. Also the Christmas holidays were not far distant, which fact give these young men many thrills of joy. These fellows had spent the Christmas holidays for the past two years on the battle-front in France, undergoing untold hardships in cold, rainy weather, without food or shelter, with all their surrounding shell-torn scenes of carnage and blood, bleak desolated and devastated. Thus our young wounded veterans, with every nerve of their bodies crying out for the happy peaceful scenes of the home fireside once more, were eager to be up and out in the world again, among the crowded happy throngs on the Atlanta streets.

Among these patients was our hero, "Bob" Reynolds, a member of the "Rainbow" Division. He was partially recovering from his wounds which he had received a few months before during the Argonne offensive. This Carolina lad was very tired of the monotony of the uneventful daily hospital life. He longed very frequently for the happy voices and for the companionship of the lovely young girls of Atlanta.

On this day, which marks the beginning of our story, he was questioned by the young man in the bed next to him.

"Are you from South Carolina?"

After Bob's reply in the affirmative, the questioner then introduced himself as "Chap", a "pill-roller," who was also from South Carolina. "Bob" and "Chap" took a fancy for each other and, being from the same state, they soon became fast, inseparable friends.

"Chap" was a member of the hospital corps then stationed at Fort McPherson, Georgia. He had not gone overseas, but had devoted his time in serving in America, caring for the sick and wounded boys brought back from the battlefields of France. He soon took a great interest in "Bob", and, on hearing from our hero of the great dangers and hardships he had been through, and the great deeds of courage and heroism that he had performed, "Chap" began to bring "Bob" books, magazines and papers, and to show him all the courtesies that he could.

In a week or two "Chap" was able to resume his duties. He had had his hand hurt and this accident had caused him to be in the same ward with "Bob". By the time "Chap" was able to go to duty, "Bob" had gained in health and strength to such an extent that he was able to walk around a bit. "Chap" assisted him on his walks and endeavored to make things a little more interesting for "Bob". By the time Christmas arrived, "Bob's" wounds were nearly healed, and he was able to go out for a large turkey dinner, where he met a host of friends.

The next day after Christmas, "Bob" was thinking of the good times he had had the past day and was drearily looking forward to the same monotonous daily routine of hospital life that had preceeded Christmas day, when "Chap" hurriedly entered the room and told him to cheer up and not be so down-hearted, for he had invited two attractive young ladies to come out to the hospital that afternoon. "Chap" then went into details about the anticipated pleasure of the afternoon, telling "Bob" that

the names of the young ladies were "Ginger" and "Ceil." "Ginger" was his cousin; and therefore, he would put her with "Bob" and he himself would go with "Ceil." He was on the road to defeat, having been hit by Dan Cupid's arrows, shot from the pretty eyes of "Ceil." "Bob", of course, spent the remainder of the day in happy expectation of meeting "Ginger."

When the young ladies arrived in the afternoon, "Bob's" heart filled with joy on meeting them. He immediately admired them very much, and he and "Chap" showed them the things of interest around the hospital. They also escorted them thru the wards and the girls had the pleasure of taking supper with the boys in the dining room. This was a very interesting experience for the young ladies, who enjoyed the novelty of this glimpse into one phase of army life. "Chap" and "Bob" went back to the city with them and then to "Ceil's" home where "Ginger" was visiting. The boys had a very pleasant time and were sorry indeed to hear the clock indicating that it was time for them to report back to the hospital. On their way back, "Chap" was enthusiastic over their trip. He was very much pleased with the program they had carried out, and more especially, since he had been with "Ceil," whom he was liking very much. "Bob," on the other hand, did not have so much to say, but he was very busy thinking of the same girl as "Chap."

After this meeting of "Bob" and the young ladies, he and "Chap" became very frequent visitors in the hospitable Atlanta home, "Chap" going to see "Ceil" and "Bob" going to see both "Ginger" and "Ceil". "Bob" had, by this time, began to notice the eyes and every little movement of "Ceil's". He was interested to no little extent. About this time, "Ginger" left for her South Carolina home, leaving "Ceil" with her two adorers.

The day after "Ginger" left, "Bob" called "Ceil" on

the phone and made an engagement for that evening. (He felt in regards to his devoted friend, "Chap", that two are company, and three are a crowd.) "Ceil" seemed glad to see him that night and gave him an evening of great pleasure. Many shy glances passed between them. "Bob" took great pains to bring out the most interesting points of his life, as this was the first time he had had an evening alone with an American girl since his return from France. He felt in his heart that "Ceil" was the dearest little girl in America, the home of the dearest and best women. His thoughts often carried him forward to the time when he might have the hope of calling her his own. He determined to win her or forever remain an eligible member for future bachelor clubs. As the end of the blissful evening drew near, he asked, in fear, for a few hours with her the following night, and to his great joy, he received a reply in the affirmative.

He returned to the hospital in a state of bliss and eagerly awaited the approach of the following evening. His dreams that night were filled with picturesque scenes of nature, adorned lanes winding between tall, stately trees of mossy limbs, extending their foliage overhead, and beneath the trees scattered here and there beautiful little flowers blushing into bloom. Down these lanes between the flowers and 'neath the trees he and "Ceil", hand in hand, were travelling in blissful contentment, towards a golden sunset, diffusing the heavens with an untold halo of beauty. Upon awakening the next morning, "Bob" felt as if he had been in a trance, and many times during the day he would pinch himself to see if he were indeed awake, and if the dreams of the past night were not the greatly desired realities after all. He was very forcibly brought to know that he was awake indeed when "Chap" met him during the morning and asked him where he had been the preceding evening. "Bob" frankly confessed that he had been to see his girl.

Thus learning that "Bob" was becoming like himself, very much in the hands of Cupid, "Chap" immediately called "Ceil" over the telephone and asked for an engagement, but only to learn that his devoted friend, "Bob", was the lucky fellow for the ensuing evening. He then asked for another on Sunday night, but it seemed that "Bob" had already planned for that night and for others also. "Chap" then realized that "Bob" had indeed been busy, so much so that he had a monopoly on all evenings. "Chap" little thought that "Bob" would gain favor with "Ceil" in so short a while to the extent that even he could not talk with her. "Bob" was always first.

This was indeed the case; "Bob", realizing that he loved "Ceil", took advantage of each moment with her. He became such a frequent visitor at "Ceil's" home that the time he was at the hospital with his old friend was merely a short visit of a few minutes each. The friendship between "Bob" and "Ceil" thus rapidly developed from mutual friends thru another to very dear friends to each other; and it is easy to predict (if "Bob" has his way) that at some time in the future there will be a beautiful little bungalow and a happy little home made by the two.

To bring this story home to us, we may glance at the members of the senior class to find our hero, "Bob".

—L. S. S., '20, *Palmetto*.

TO-DAY

“Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn;
Look to the Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and Realities of your
Existence;
The Bliss of Growth,
The glory of Action,
The splendor of Beauty.
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is but a Vision;
But To-day well lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day.
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.”

Yesterday has passed into history. Each deed that you have done, good or bad, has gone down beside your name in the Book of Fate. Yesterday will never return—it is but a dream, growing indistinct in the distance. Can you truthfully say that your yesterday was worth your while? Did you do some golden deed? Did you lend a helping hand? Was your yesterday a *success*?

Tomorrow looms before you in a great Vision of Hope. Are you equal to the task? Tomorrow offers great opportunities that someone is going to grasp. Is that someone going to be you? Tomorrow opens new ways to glory, and holds ever before you a higher conception of mankind. New worlds with new ideals are presented to you from every side. Tomorrow holds in store a great treat for you, if you will only make the best of To-day.

As the morning light breaks over the rolling mountains, sending the freshness of the early dews upon you,

you can see that it is the Life of Life. As the mountain majesties rise in unspoken grandeur, you can see the Glory of Action, and the Splendor of Beauty. Yesterday is forgotten—Tomorrow is lost in the tranquil tho'ts of Today. So much is placed before you in a single sweep of His hand that all else is lost in sight of the wondrous deeds that you *should* do. Bend over and raise a fallen comrade—nothing is nobler. Reach out and save a stranded friend—it is an act of charity for your soul. Help the weak and oppressed—it is your duty. If you do these things, every Yesterday will indeed be a Dream of Happiness, and every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to *this* day. Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.—M. C. S., '21, *Calhoun*.

A TYPICAL AFRO-AMERICAN

Down on one of the largest plantations in southern South Carolina, Captain John, as he was called by all the negroes, sauntered into his home, threw himself into a chair and called "Bill"! There was no response until the third or fourth call; then a kinky black head was thrust into the door and a voice said, "Heah I is, Boss."

"Come here, you little debble, where have you been? Take off my boots and get me some water, and tell the cook to hurry with dinner."

The little black came up to the chair with an expression of amazement on his countenance; then he suddenly reached out and took off the Captain's hat, and simultaneously received a rap on his head with a walking cane. Bill at once carried out the requests in the order in which they were given.

As soon as Bill was alone he sat down, rubbed the knot that had been made on his head, and began grumbling, "I ain't gwine ter stay in this drat place no more; I is free, white, and got two foots and hands and—"

Just then a saw mill laborer came along and offered him a job as water boy. Bill did not take time to consider all the good things that he was leaving, but at once packed up his belongings in a bundle and went to the saw mill, five miles away.

As soon as he was in sight of the mill, Bill could hear the calls for water boy, and so he had to begin work at once. At first he found great fun in racing up and down with buckets of water, but the job soon became tiresome and he scowled at everyone who happened to take the last drink in the bucket,

"You greasy ape, you drink mo water'n a camel on the des'ut when he is ain't had no drink fo' a month."

However, he stuck to his job, and within a year, much to his honor, he was promoted to the sawdust pit, and within another year Bill was receiving the wage of a

regular hand. Along with such a position there necessarily came brilliant colored clothes, pistols, liquor, "gals," and last of all, cards—the cause of so many troubles among the negroes. All of these things, as Bill thought, made up a sport and a gentleman.

One Sunday morning Bill was in a game of poker and losing fast, when he looked across the table and saw a card up the sleeve of his opponent. Then he said,

"Say, Nigger, what am dat you done got up your sleeve?"

"Wy, my ahm, ob course," was the glib reply.

Then Bill replied, "See here, Nigger Jim, I ain't after no foolin'; you done come across with dat card or I'll knock the stack out uv you."

Bill then grabbed his opponent's hand and shook the card from the sleeve. A wild scuffle followed, and Bill was almost choked to death; however, he managed to draw his pistol and fire; Jim dropped in a limp mass upon the floor as if he were dead, but it was only a flesh wound. Bill did not wait for anything, but struck out for the nearest swamp. The sheriff was called and the law-breaker was chased for a while, but with no result.

On a Saturday night about ten years later, as the crowd of negroes were loitering around the country store, near the above mentioned sawmill, a stranger appeared before them and of course many whispered questions of "Who's dat?" could be heard. At last the stranger was recognized and there was a jovial greeting of, "W'y, hello dere, Bill; w'at you doin' back here? How you know dey ain't gwynter 'rest you?"

"Oh, I'se heard 'bout dat nigger Jim not bein' hurt long time ago," replied Bill, grinning.

Then the store-keeper asked, "Where have you been all this time? Tell us what you have been doing."

Bill related the following story as the crowd closed around him.

"Well, dat Sunday morning when I left head, just befo' I got to de swamp, I got down in a ditch an' run up into a hornet ness an' w'en one pop't it in me, I begin to run; den I t'ot I heard de sheriff's bloodhounds comin', and den a bullet or two sizzle ober my he'd and go wop! wop! as dey hit 'mongst de trees. Now I know dat it was no sich t'ing, so I kep' on runnin' t'ru de swamp, fust in water an' mud up to mah knee and den up to mah neck an' den t'ru thick briaiah patches. Finally, I tripped up an' fell an' couldn't get up; so I had to lay here an' res. After a little w'ile somebody shot a gun 'bout twenty steps frum me, and I t'ought for shure my time had come at lass; so I jumped up an' run some mo', till I come to Savannah Ribber.

"I swum cross to the Georgey side, den I was safe. I walked till I cum to where dere was a watahmillyun patch neah de edge of de woods. I lay down in de bush to wait till dark befo' I'd try mah han' on a millyun. Dat night jus' as I got mah han's on a nice big un, two white fellahs come f'um somewhere and grabs me, and carry me to a barn and w'ip me mos' to deat'. Dey tol' me I had to work a mont' or go on de gang. I worked out de mont' and den stahted travelin'. Fust I went down to Floridy to work on a turpentine farm, from dere I went to a farm in Alabamy; den to Mississippi w'ere I settled down foh a w'ile. Afttr dat I went up No'th on one ob dem big cotton plantashuns—"

There is no telling what time this story would have ended if Captain John had not come in and offered Bill a good job and a house to live in. Bill accepted the offer and settled down as a capable farm laborer. He soon got married and is now living happily with his wife and about a dozen little kinky heads.

—W. T. F., '22, *Carolina*.

The Clemson College Chronicle

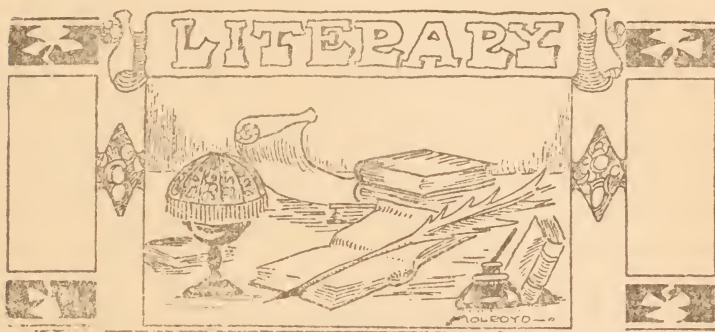
XVIII

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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., December 1919

No 3



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

THINK SERIOUSLY

Examinations are upon us. Not only our mental abilities, but also our characters are being tested. For those who have not been studying during the term, the testing is going to prove disastrous to their advancement in the field of knowledge. Procrastination is one of the biggest evils among students. We are in college to develop our minds by systematic studying; yet it is only a small percentage of students who train their minds to think consistently. It is when the examination questions are laid before us that we realize our utter unpreparedness. The student becomes somewhat frightened when he thinks of the "F" that will go home on his report and of his

failure to make his class—he takes the chance of using unfair means in order to pass the examination. When the student cheats on examination, he is hurting himself and most seriously too. After the offense is committed a few times, it becomes a habit that grows and grips its victims in its vile clutches. Every time any one uses unfair means, his moral stamina is weakened. Students make their characters while they are in college—habits formed while in school are the ones that will go with them thru life. The indifferent fellow thinks that after he has passed thru the college halls and entered the business world he will cast aside cheating; but it is too late then,—the habit has become a part of himself, and the two are inseparable. If the student will only think how immensely more valuable a good character is than an excellent grade, the use of unfair means on examinations will not be practiced.

DO SOMETHING

This is the last issue of our publication for the year 1919. The calendar year will soon end, but the college year is not half finished. There are many things that could have been done that would have benefited our magazine; but we failed to take advantage of an opportunity. It is perfectly human for students to seek the line of least resistance, to drift along with the current, and to regard living as only a search for pleasure. Indolence and indifference entertained by the students will cause activities to decrease to a minimum, and this fact is one that we must guard against. Every one should *do something*. The student possesses ability enough to do more for his college than to merely learn a lesson and make an average recitation. There are, perhaps, no literary geniuses among the Clemson students, but there are those

who can express their thoughts in an interesting and attractive style. The literary training that a student receives at Clemson is rather limited; but this is no reason why *The Chronicle* should not be the best college magazine in the South. We should not let other attractions keep us from doing our best to aid our publications with thorough efficiency. Enough material ought to be turned in to the editors, so that the best may be selected to publish in the periodical. What the editors ask of each student is that he will do something, whether the work be excellent or satisfactory. Do something and do it in the spirit that says, "If I fail this time I will do my dead level best on the next trial." The successful student is the one who knows that he can do a thing and then does it.

MAN TO MAN

Is it necessary for the United States to experience great industrial disturbances as are being felt in our country today? There is a way to make readjustments without crippling the industries and causing the public to suffer numerous hardships. The spirit of conciliation seems to have been dismissed from the minds of the contending parties. It was only a short time ago when arrogant capitalists would not meet the labor leaders in a compromising way, but now labor is the arrogant one and is disregarding the public in its contention for shorter hours and higher wages. Increased production is absolutely necessary in order to put down the High Cost of Living. The labor leader should lay aside some of his arrogance and the capitalist some of his dignity, and the two could then meet each other and compromise the points at issue. All strikes should be averted by settling the differences by arbitration. The people are too dependent upon one another for one class to quit work

and thereby cause the rest to suffer. Laws should be enacted to prevent strikes, and the labor leader and the capitalist should meet each other as man to man and settle their differences in a compromising manner.

BE PROGRESSIVE

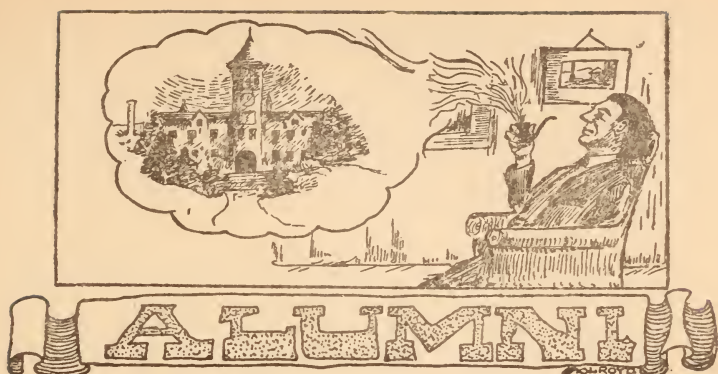
The world is ever moving on. Nature, the prime mover, keeps up the ceaseless trend of events—they follow one another in unswerving chronological order. Everything is strictly systematized. There is no lost motion or wasted energy anywhere; therefore, progression must, of a certainty, occur.

Man, the noblest product of Nature, should take the maximum burden upon his shoulders. He is superior to his varied surroundings and associates and should feel his responsibility—that responsibility which is inadvertently placed upon him by his irresponsible inferiors. If man is indifferent to his job and does not accomplish that which is expected of him by his Creator, then the world cannot go forward—civilization must needs stop where it is, and the higher pinnacles of success will never be reached.

What are you doing as your part in the great endeavor? Are you so ordering your life that others, as well as yourself, may benefit by your contributions to civilization?

Get into the current of the times. Don't be content to drift as a soggy log in the quiet waters near the shore. Don't allow yourself to be drawn into the whirlpool of the stream of civilization, for your ultimate end will be the maelstrom of defeat. Strike manfully for that place where the waters run swiftly, but smoothly, and you will, eventually, find yourself swept onward to where the shimmering ocean of happiness spreads wide before you.

—E. L. M.



EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

J. H. Pressley, '18, better known as "Buck," is doing government work in South Georgia. "Buck" is kindly remembered by all Clemson men of his day, and the people of the state at large, as the most efficient football manager and team supporter that has served in that capacity in quite a while. "Buck" is making good, and is ready to do anything in his power to promote "Tigerism".

o o o o

M. M. Brice, '17, or "Fridy", is the principal of the high school in Newnan, Ga. "Fridy" occupies a place in every Tiger's mind as a jolly good fellow. He used to thrill the crowd with his dry wit, and that same line has made him famous as chief executive in the school-room.

o o o o

W. E. Bowers, '13, is doing county demonstration work down in Georgia. His headquarters is Douglas, Ga. The government looks for Clemson men when it wants somebody to get out and actually show the public how to do things.

Maxy Dixon, '16, is a farm demonstrator down in Tifton, Ga. He is meeting with the same success down there that he did in college, that is, to conquer everything within sight or hearing.

o o o o

H. C. Sanders, '19, is teaching in Carrolton, Ga. "Rip" is paramount in every one's mind as a great Y. M. C. A. worker. He accomplished great things last year while he was president of this organization.

o o o o

Blish Breland, '17, the famous orator and statesman, is imparting his extensive knowledge to the people of Washington, Ga., while he is engaged as principal of the high school at this place.

o o o o

E. C. Young, '16, is teaching in Elberton, Ga. We all remember him favorably by his being on the scrub faculty and getting high praise from the "new boys".

o o o o

G. H. Aull, '19, is teaching in Statesboro, Ga.

o o o o

L. B. Altman, '11, is county demonstration agent of Greenwood County. He is noted for having his brothers follow him to college. He has had three in college since he left.

o o o o

John Brandon, '17, is county demonstration agent, with headquarters at Reidsville, Ga.

Lee Alford, '11, who is working with the Packard people in Detroit, was on the campus last week visiting his uncle, Mr. H. M. Stackhouse.

o o o o

J. L. Alford, '17, is manager of his own plantation near Dillon, S. C. He was a member of the football squad while at Clemson.

o o o o

A. E. Goldfinch, '12, is in business in Conway. He is well remembered by former Clemson men as having walked off with the Norris medal.

o o o o

M. W. Wall, '11, is doing demonstration work in North Carolina.

o o o o

T. L. Ayers, '18, is farming at his home near Nichols, S. C. He was at the State Fair promoting the good of "Tigerism" in every way possible.

o o o o

G. G. Harris, '16, is with the government in the horticultural department in Houston, Texas.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

During the past month the "Y" has been unusually active along all lines of Y. M. C. A. work. The religious side of the "Y" has been very good and quite a number of good speakers have addressed the students. The most appreciated number of the program for the past month was the music recital given by the students of Greenville Woman's College. An overflowing house heard the musical program and all pronounced it a great success.

Bible study classes have been held regularly and it is hoped that the interest already shown will keep up for the rest of the session. The Senior class is growing at every meeting. Mr. Driggers is bringing out some very interesting points and every senior will be well paid for attending the meetings.

Among the good speakers who have been booked for evening "Vesper" services, is Chancellor Barrow of the University of Georgia. Chancellor Barrow spoke at Clemson last spring and many of the boys pleasantly remember him. He is probably the most popular member of the Georgia faculty.

The motor for the swimming pool has at last arrived, and the pool will be heated as soon as the motor is installed. The pool is going to be kept in the best of condition. All members of the "Y" are urged to come down and take an interest in the cleanest of all sports. Begin to train for the swimming team. Be ready when the time comes.

The Y. M. C. A. has an excellent basketball team and

with the material they have, ought to put out a winning team. They expect to schedule games with the Y. M. C. A.'s of the nearby cities.

The Victrola motor is out of fix and at present the old machine is taking the place of the new one. The Victrola is very popular among the boys. There is always a crowd around the machine and it rarely ever stops for any length of time.

Kolb, Boggs, and Covin represented the Clemson Y. M. C. A. in a recent Student Conference held in Detroit. From what they say, they must have had a fine conference, as well as an enjoyable trip.

A National Student Volunteer Conference is to be held in DeMoines, Iowa, during the last part of December and the first part of January. It is hoped that Clemson will have a good delegation. Students will be there from nearly every college in North America. Anyone wanting to go should see "Holtzy" for particulars.

WATCH

The word Watch brings out some good points when defined.

W stands for Words. Watch your words and be careful what you say.

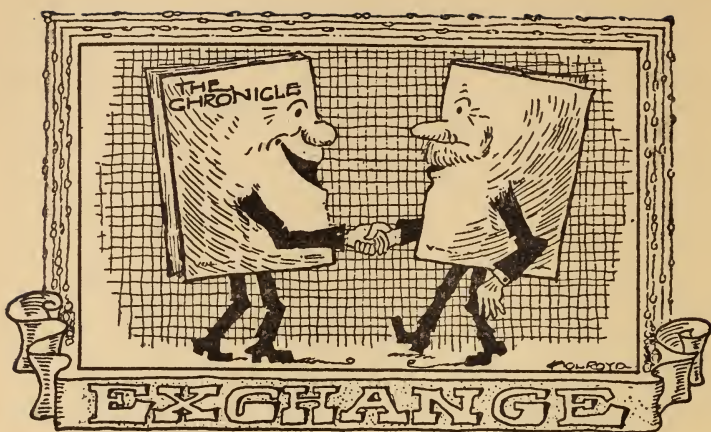
A stands for Actions. Watch your actions and you'll stay out of trouble.

T stands for thoughts. Watch your thoughts and keep them clean.

C stands for Companions. Watch your companions. Select your associates.

H stands for Habits. Watch your habits. Be sure to form good ones.

The man who has clean speech, unquestionable conduct, clean thoughts, good companions, and wholesome habits will not have any trouble in getting along in this world.



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

Your exchanges have at last begun to make their way into the the home of the Chronicle, and each member of the staff is glad to receive them. We wonder why the magazines are content to arrive at such a late hour. Wouldn't it be just as convenient and more desirable to plan an earlier visit? Is the delay due to the unavoidable fact that the Chronicle is so far out in the country or that you and your magazines are so hemmed up in the city? Neither of these suppositions is correct, for rumerous publications from other states have already been a source of interest to us for some time.

And now it becomes our task to comment upon some of the following exchanges, which have been received recently: *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Hampton Chronicle*, *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Collegian*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Le-noirian*, *The Wesleyan*, *The Carolinian*, *The Orion*, and *The Winthrop Journal*.

The Furman Echo was one of the first magazines to reach us. This fact should not be surprising, for the *Echo* is usually a punctual, as well as a very creditable, publication. The November issue, if it could speak, would undoubtedly say, "You should have given me more material." The variety is indeed noticeable, and it is evident that all minds do not run in the same channel. The first selection is not to be criticised, for it would be a sacrilege to consider any phase except the real sentiment. The short poems, "Be a Man" and "Twilight and You", are very widely separated in thought. The author of the former has a high ideal of manhood and expresses the ideas in a vivid manner, though he could have effected a more pleasing rhyme by using words other than "whine" and "vim". The latter of the two poems exhibits quite a reflective mood on the part of the author. The description is strikingly set forth and is impressive. The thought is apparently sentimental, but it has been truly said that a man's character is reflected in his writings. The interesting story, "The Silent Part", would appropriately claim a girl as its author, but this point shows the writer's ability to diversify the character of his conversation. The writer made a mistake by closing with such a childish ending. It is similar to "Let's play hide and seek". "Inter Nos" accomplishes more than merely filling in space, for it has as many good thoughts as it has lines. "The Seventeenth Century American Historians" is instructive without doubt, and it is also a good review for a beginner who is studying the early American writers. You have a bright future, Brother Publication, and we expect great things from you this year.

To criticise a sister publication is a delicate task, but recently we received a pamphlet called *The Hampton*

Chronicle. The magazine is pitifully devoid of material and variety. The author of "Fantasy", "In Jocular Vein", and "High Noon", would have been more successful had she concentrated on one line of thought, and refrained from jotting down the sentences throughout the magazine. The selections, however, reveal a vivid imagination. "For the Honor of the Name" is a story of considerable merit, tho the writer jumped from one idea to another rather abruptly. The story contains a great many incidents in a very few words. "Mary Johnston's Novel, Tervis Rand" is presented in an interesting style. The author of "Her Victory" is indeed familiar with the characteristics that make up an ideal girl, and she developed the short story in an admirable manner. It is no easy task to compose a meritorious short story, and we commend one who is successful. The appearance of "The Midsummer Night's Dream" gives evidence of the fact that the author has been recently studying Shakespeare. The production, however, is written in a clear form and is worthy of praise. The exchange editor realizes that *The Hampton Chronicle* is appearing for the first time in two years; but regardless of that fact, he withholds no reasonable criticism. The editor is to be praised highly for her energy and for her interest in the welfare of the publication. If she is given the proper support, the magazine will undoubtedly be an improved success. The department editors also seem to be enthusiastic.

The most striking quality of *The College of Charleston Magazine* is the interest which the editor and his assistants are displaying in their work. The editorials are very helpful. The magazine, as a whole, is well balanced, but it lacks entertainment. If the chief purpose was to present sound thought and instruction, then the purpose was ably executed. Longer verse and another story

would have made the issue more valuable. The outstanding production is "The Aim of a College Education." The author emphasized very forcibly the importance of a college education. His thought is clear and to the point. "The Son of the Soil" is a clear description of the toiler's life, but we trust that the author did not intend the poem to be connected and rythmical. "Japanese Music" is of interest, especially to a musician. Unfortunately most people are not inclined to appreciate such selections. "The Firefly" is a rather weird story, and the scenes are very plainly described. The line of thought, however, does not appear very original. A forceful tribute is found in the short poem, "To Woodrow Wilson." In closing this criticism, we suggest that the members of the magazine staff continue the interest and keep the standard they have set.

We must say a few words concerning *The Collegian*. It is one of those magazines which need more material. That deficiency is the fault of the contributors. The editor of *The Collegian* said very plainly that he hoped we would be dissatisfied with this issue—and we are. The writings in general seem not to have had sufficient thought. The opening poem, "Autumn", is descriptive to a certain extent, but of course no one can picture Nature's features as they really exist. The construction is rather irregular. "A Hallowe'en Story" would be interesting to little folks, as it was to us. The author seems to have an enviable ability for story telling—the art will doubtless be valuable in his profession. "A Box from Home" is a very timely theme. The writer seems to have been in need of words that rhyme. Why should the sight of a box from home bring "water to your eyes"? Rather to your lips! "All's Fair in Love and War" is characteristic of many present day misun-

derstandings and it is interesting. The writer, however, has no special system of placing pronouns, which fact causes a vague meaning in several instances. "A Song of a Sailor Lad" and "Nightfall", tho short, are worthy of praise. We are familiar with the responsibilities that a new staff assumes, and we are expecting *The Collegian* to make rapid progress.

In closing these brief remarks we see that the exchanges have been already a source of great help to the *Chronicle* staff. Helpful ideas are found in each publication, and thus this department is accomplishing its purpose. Let the colleges continue to be linked together thru the medium of the Exchange.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Prof. Rhodes: "What happened to Mr. Lachicotte?"

Sandy Childs: "While working on a Wheatstone bridge he fell off and was drowned in the current."

o o o o

Pat: "What kind of dog is that you are leading?"

"Boo": "He is half Irish, and half Ape."

Pat: "Faith, he is kin to both of us."

o o o o

Maj. Martin: "Prof. Houston, do you know of a tonic that is a good hair grower?"

"Hobo": "Yes sir, I have been using 'Herpicide' hair tonic regularly for two years and it is wonderful."

o o o o

"Rat": "Say, Jack, what is the difference between West Point and Clemson?"

Wise Soph: "The only difference I see is that West Point is on the Hudson, and Clemson is on the Seneca."

o o o o

Bob: "Why is Ford more religious than Billie Sunday?"

Lawhon: "That's easy, because a Ford can shake more 'ell out of you in one day that Billie can preach out of you in a month."

Dr. Ramsey (G. W. C.): "Sorry, young man, but we are not having a reception to-night."

Joe Frank Garner (in reception room waiting to see a young lady): "Thank you, sir, we have been to supper."

o o o o

Kolb: "I believe that all of the old maids and bachelors ought to be taxed to support the orphans."

Henry: "No, I don't think that the old maids ought to be taxed; for they can't help it."

o o o o

Jeter: "Professor, I object to your method of farming."

Professor: "What county are you from, Mr. Jeter?"

Jeter: "From Union County, better known as 'God's Country', Professor."

Professor: "Then I see why you object. Union may be God's Country, but it is the poorest agricultural county in the United States."

o o o o

To the Mess Hall
Went a cadet,
But there he got not a smell
For when he got there
The Mess Hall was bare,
Due to the H. C. of L.

o o o o

Major: "Why are you not shaved this morning, Captain Harris?"

"Jug" Harris (feeling his face): "Am I not shaved, sir?"

Major: "No, you are not shaved and I would like to know why you are not."

"Jug" Harris: "Well, sir, Lieut. 'Rang' Rogers and myself used the same mirror at the same time this morning and I suppose that I shaved the wrong man."

o o o o

Jack McKenzie (walking down street in Gerenville): "There is an old Confederate veteran wearing his uniform."

Jeter: "Why, Jack, he is not a Confederate veteran; he is a mail carrier."

o o o o

Rat (walking post on gangway between No. 2 and No. 3 barracks): "Halt! Who's there?"

Colonel: "Commander of the Post."

Rat: "Advance, Colonel, to be recognized."

Colonel: "By the way, who posted you here."

Rat: "No one; I'm just practicing. You see, Captain Jay Garvin is Officer of the Day."

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The Chronicle.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., January 1920

No 4



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YOUR NEW YEAR VISION

Did you ever pause and wonder,
As the old year was reaching its end,
Why life seemed a dreadful burden
And the mountains were too rough to ascend?
Did you ever reflect with great sorrow
Over the days that can never return,
To count the costly errors you made
And the lessons you failed to learn?

Since the old year has passed forever,
And the new year has taken its place,
Old problems have likewise vanished—
New trials will hinder your race.

But look to the new year for promise;
And tho clouds will darken your way,
Remember that behind that darkness
There is always a fairer day.

Each new day contains a treasure
That the wisest of men can possess;
But a vision without labor is worthless
If your dreams are to prove a success.
Then let your soul be awakened
To view a higher and nobler plane,
And may the value of greater visions
Ever in your life remain.

—F. U. W., '20.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL

Every nation has an ideal,—must have one, some common purpose to strive for and to live to. Without an ideal a nation would not be a nation; it would be an anarchial chaos. A nation's ideal is a kind of intangible thing. I should say that it is a composite of the higher thots, ambitions, and principles of the majority of the people of the nation and of the national leaders. The ambition of a nation as outwardly shown may be to excel in the deep sciences and mysteries of nature; it may be to dominate the commercial and business world; it may be to excel in the beautiful and artistic; or it may not be any clearly defined one thing. There are specific examples of each of these conditions of national ambition to be seen among the nations of today. The nature and character of the people has all to do with the ideal of the nation; and the natural environment is also vitally connected with the character of the people of the nation.

Our nation has been characterized by some as a nation of materialists, chiefly concerned with the acquisition of worldly wealth, careless, extravagant, independent, refusing to participate in any enterprise or activity of any moment except it promise to net us some personal gains or benefits. Who characterizes us in this way does not know the heart of a true American. He draws conclusions from a few conditions to be seen at a first superficial glance. It is true that the American nation is a nation of wealth, generally speaking, but that is no fault of the character of the people. It is not a true index to the character of the American people. We are a wealthy nation because our country is blest, as is no other country on earth, with an abundant supply of almost all of the natural resources necessary for the development of an independent people. We are dependent for existence as a nation on practically no one.

As I have said before, the natural environment is vitally connected with the character of the people. Our natural environment has been conducive to independence and self-reliance as a nation and as individuals. But we have never yet failed to stand together for right and justice to humanity and the world in every crisis that has confronted us as a nation and as individuals. If the casual observer will make a closer study of the character of America during its relatively short life as a nation, he may note a remarkable steadiness, loftiness, and direct progressive trend of our nation's character and ideals from the very beginning. I have also said that the nature and character of the people composing a nation has all to do with that nation's ideal. Our nation has a large percentage of mixed population,—people who are not true American at heart, and who care little for what the nation stands for, and this probably has something to do with the opinion of us held by some outsiders. But for the real American we must pick the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers and the French Huguenots and others who came to America with the original purpose and ideal of human freedom and liberty, both personal and national; and who can say that our ideal is not, and has not always been, one of personal freedom, liberty, human betterment, and brotherhood? Look at our Monroe Doctrine, our attitude toward Cuba and the Philippines, and our action in the recent great crisis, when every true American man and woman rose as one and stood four-square for humanity and all that is high and holy. Who, then, can say that our ideal as a nation is not one of freedom, justice, liberty, human brotherhood, and Christianity? This was the original dominating purpose in the hearts of our forefathers, held to strongly by every generation since, fostered by every favorable natural condition, and watched over with pleasure by the eye of God. Long live, America!

—O. E. B., '20.

A MOUNTAIN FLOWER

The Christmas holidays were rapidly flying by, and Harry Roberts was already thinking of the day when he would have to leave for college for the last time. One-third of his Senior year had quickly passed by, and the few days of rest at his home in the little city of Greenville was indeed a real rest—especially for one who had not seen an idle moment for over four months. It was great to be at home again and to enjoy the comforts and the luxuries that were not so numerous at school. Harry was, without doubt, the pride of the family. He had been very studious at college and led his class in every subject. There was nobody who was loved more by the classmates, and certainly no one had such a bright future. When Harry left his chums at the beginning of the holidays, it was a common thing to hear one say, "Well, good-bye and a merry time to you, old man—and you must rest quite a bit so you will be ready for your many duties after the holidays." This advice he took, all but the resting part.

There were in Greenville two young men whom Harry knew to a certain extent. They were wealthy and intelligent, but that was all. They had been so unwise as not to choose the proper associates, and had thus fallen into many traps. Their standard as ideal young men at college and in their home town was anything but high and admirable. Easily influenced to attempt underhanded schemes, they had become victims of many outrages and were saved from absolute disgrace only by the kindness of their wealthy father. Mr. Roberts was very thankful that his son was of such a different type.

"Harry," said Mr. Roberts one day, "you are a son to be proud of, and this is the first time I have ever told you. You have seen the disgraces the Edwards boys have brought upon their family and upon themselves. Take

them as a warning and remember the consequences of bad associates."

Harry's eye flashed at this admonition, for he had been thinking all day. "Why," thought he, "should two splendid specimens of manhood be given over to the world and nobody help them at all? And who can better help them than I?"

Harry thanked his father for the advice, but said nothing more.

That night was full of restlessness for him, but he had definitely made up his mind by the next morning. When Harry met the Edwards boys on the street next day, he stayed with them for quite a while. Several days sped by, and people made many remarks about Harry and his new associates. Some would say, "That boy, Roberts, will soon be no better than anyone else, for he seems to be growing careless." But Roberts cared very little for others' remarks, and thus his parents and his friends were becoming more uneasy about him. They could not understand why the Edwards boys had not been in some kind of trouble of late, but everyone predicted that very soon they would inflict the usual anguish upon their parents. Then indeed Harry would be drawn in to share the consequences of folly.

Meanwhile Harry had become more and more attached to these two boys, and gladly he was beginning to see the effects of his influence. They had many talks together; and instead of wasting the time in recklessness, these two young men were becoming more like their new companion. It was a great satisfaction to Harry to know that he had probably been the cause of such an admirable change. But nobody knew of this alliance except the three members themselves, and they determined to let outsiders think of their association in the accustomed way.

The Christmas vacation was soon gone; and when these men were together in Harry's room for the last time,

Harry could not help but detect a changed expression on each face. Presently, John, the elder of the Edwards brothers, who was lounging on the bed, mustered up courage to say a few words.

"Harry," he said, "you do not know what you have meant to us. You have not preached a sermon by any means, but your influence and our association have made us see life in a different light. It is an easy thing for us to be influenced for good or for bad, and we feel that only your presence for a while longer can make us safe."

This remark overwhelmed Harry for a moment, but he soon thought of a solution.

"I'll do anything for you fellows," he said earnestly; "and listen to my plan. You are partial to your college and I to mine, and neither of us would be willing to leave one and go to the other. But if each of us should not return, I'm sure we can find a common meeting ground. Then let us enter the University of M——— and begin a clean record in class and among students. Your former associates will no longer hold you under their detrimental influence. Each of us has a bank account and nobody need know our plan. It may be wrong, but let us sever relations until June with this part of the world. How does the plan strike you?"

"Harry, that's exactly what we had thought of, but would not be so unreasonable as to make such a request of you."

"Then it's a go," said Harry, "and tomorrow we leave. We'll take the risk of getting in."

With that settled the party was disbanded, and the two boys rode home.

"Mother," said Harry as he walked out on the porch, "this is my last night here and I've seen Margaret but once during the entire time. I must see her a few minutes tonight."

"Yes, son," said Mrs. Roberts, smiling, "she does not

like the way you've neglected her. Just yesterday she wondered what you had been doing ever since you came home."

Margaret Harrington was a lovely girl of nineteen, and Harry was never happier than when with her. They had been together on many picnics, swimming trips and automobile rides, and Harry knew that Margaret was an ideal girl.

When Harry rode up in front of Margaret's home that night, he felt somewhat a stranger at first; but when a welcome face greeted him at the door, he felt entirely different. As the two entered the parlor, Margaret was the first to begin the conversation.

"I've been enjoying your company greatly during the holidays," she said sarcastically, her cheeks coloring somewhat. During the course of their little quarrel Harry could not convince her of his sincerity without telling his plan, and this he did not see his way clear to do.

"You have been with those Edwards boys time after time, Harry, and I can't see where you get any pleasure by associating with them."

"But Margaret—"

"There's no explanation needed. You know how everybody has been talking about you, and there is no excuse for your behaviour that I can see."

Harry was very much astonished because of these harsh words, and he could not understand such an attitude.

"When you enjoy the company of two—well, outlaws, more than that of anyone else, I think it's time to give all of your attention to them and to them only."

In spite of Margaret's remarks, Harry could see in her eyes a certain look that was almost concealed by her unintended temper. Harry's assuring words had no effect that night, and every sentence seemed futile. When he rose to leave, he held out his arms and said:

"Margaret, I'm leaving tomorrow and we will not see each other until June, won't—"

"No, of course not. You are not like you used to be."

When they shook hands and parted, Harry saw in Margaret's eyes something that touched his pity. He knew nothing of the tears after he had left her. He was very much worried over their last conversation, and almost wished he had told Margaret the plan. But he reassured himself that he could have a more lasting influence over his new friends by keeping everything to himself.

The train left the station at ten next morning; and as the three boys bade goodbye, they wondered whether or not they were doing a wise thing. It took only a short while to make the trip, to become adjusted to their surroundings and to begin work in earnest. Each of the three entered the Senior class, and each displayed a remarkable determination in all branches of work. If they could have taken a view of their old colleges, they would have seen wonder and regret among their friends because of their failure to return. The anxiety of their parents was so great that even the purpose of the scheme seemed not to justify its being carried out.

But as the months crept by, the novelty of their seclusion soon wore away. Harry and his friends could hold out no longer; and one night while Harry was writing to his mother, he thought seriously about the worry he had caused. But when he beheld the success of his efforts, he knew that the sacrifices were not in vain. He gave a full explanation to his mother and asked her to forgive such an apparently useless undertaking. It seemed great to be in close touch with home again, and a letter from Mrs. Roberts brought mingled happiness and sorrow. In every letter that Harry received from his mother something was said of Margaret. As he had requested, Margaret was told nothing concerning him. The haughty disposition that Harry had seen so many times has disappeared, and instead a sensible girl was beginning to bear the qualities of womanhood.

One day when Margaret was at Mrs. Roberts' home, the usual question, "I wonder where Harry is now?" did not seem to express her feelings. The months had passed by slowly for Margaret, and foremost in her memory was a keen desire to forget her unkind words to Harry and to be with him again. The beam of sunshine in her face was hardly visible, and each smile seemed to be a burden. She had been thinking for quite a while how she could forget about Harry and where she could go to expel his image from her thought. It was hard to believe that he cared nothing for her, but this she attempted to do.

"Mrs. Roberts," she said at last, "I must go to some place where I can forget about him. It's all more than I can endure."

On the fourteenth of June a train rolled into the little village of Black Mountain, North Carolina. The queer little mountain village, nestled among the hills, was different from most towns. Husky mountaineers were standing around to gaze at anyone who happened to get off. Automobiles were ready to carry the few passengers, and wagons were rambling along the narrow streets towards the mountains. This change of surroundings caused a strange sensation to steal over Margaret Harrington as she stepped from the train. In the distance she could see the place that would be her home for a while. Almost hidden back in a corner of the picturesque Blue Ridge mountains, Margaret could see a number of white dots against the wooded background. These were the Blue Ridge buildings, and in a very short time girls from the various colleges would gather in conference for recreation, pleasure, association and devotion. Margaret took a car and was soon winding around the hills to the beautiful scene on the mountain side.

Day after day passed, and as Margaret mingled with her many friends, she felt the joy of each new day, the tie of friendship, and the promise of the future. The at-

mosphere was filled with inspiration, and each girl was securing from the conference more than she could dare wish for. The athletic fields and the pools were sources of fun; the woods and the streams offered a place for recreation and rest; the mountain breeze was full of life for youth. Nobody enjoyed these plans of amusement more than Margaret. As she participated in each event, she could not help but realize her ability to surpass all the other girls. On mountain hikes she was always the first to reach the top, and never displayed the least sign of weariness.

But Margaret remembered the days when she and Harry used to love the outdoor life. She tried to forget the days when they were chums together—tried to banish every memory of the past, but the truth was too real for such an attempt. Many afternoons Margaret walked by herself thru the dense woods, sat by the mountain stream or sought seclusion in another place. It was only in the late afternoon that she seemed so distant, and her friends could not understand. No one could hear her sigh, "This is the time Harry and I were always together. If I had only—"

"Margaret!" called one of her friends.

Margaret was in the swing on the little cottage porch. As she awoke from deep musing, her eyes fell upon the bright faces of two or her new friends.

"Tomorrow is the last day of the conference," said Helen Moore quickly, "and in a few days the college boys will be here for the same things we have been having. The matron has asked for five more girls to stay and act as waitresses in the dining hall. I'm sure it will be fun; and tho we'll call ourselves 'Poor working girls', it will be a real treat to stay at this lovely place for two weeks longer."

Margaret hesitated in her decision but just a moment as she thought: "Well, what's the need of hurrying home? I may as well decide to remain here."

Time seemed to fly away almost too rapidly for these girls, for surely they could not spend the summer in a more beautiful place nor in a more pleasant way. The boys had already been at Blue Ridge over a week before they found that the "Poor working girls" appreciated a word or two even if such a privilege was forbidden. The dining hall was a place of talk and laughter; and as the college yells echoed thru the building, one could not help but notice the happiness that ruled supreme. After each meal the appreciative waitresses had more assistance than they could manage. Unskilled hands were ready to remove dishes, sweep floors or to do anything that resembled work. It seemed strange that many of the boys were so late in leaving the hall, but there must have been some reason.

The last day of the conference soon rolled around, and everybody was planning to see an interesting athletic event that would take place on the field in the afternoon. Everyone had assembled in the dining hall for the usual mid-day meal. The girls, who had changed from their regular places, seemed to be in an unusual glee, and everyone else was compelled to catch the same spirit. Margaret attracted much attention from the guests as she waited on the table, for certainly no one could be more graceful than she. Margaret picked up a tray; and as she started out, she almost screamed in surprise. Sitting at the next table she saw a figure which she thought was Harry. Suddenly he turned his eyes toward her and met her wondering gaze. Almost overpowered by such a situation, Margaret dashed out of the room.

"He must have recognized me," thought Margaret, as she walked out into the woods. "Why is Harry here, and where has he been for these many days?"

Every afternoon Margaret had followed a certain winding trail until she came to a little mountain stream that crossed in her way. She would venture no further by herself, for one could easily be lost on such a dim path.

The last day at Blue Ridge was no exception, for she was soon sitting on a rock by the sparkling stream. She felt that she had done a kindness for Harry by disappearing from his sight. Margaret was almost lulled into a dream by the music of the water. As she gazed upon the falling spray, she could see the bright colors playing among the drops. Rocks of curious shape and hue were being bathed by the glittering sheets. The little stream, as it carried its song down the mountain side, seemed to send words of comfort to the restless heart. Margaret was looking at Nature's handiwork—almost forgetful of the outer world—when suddenly footsteps nearby caused her to spring to her feet.

"Margaret," said Harry, tenderly, "are the mountains big enough for two of us?"

"Yes, Harry," she said softly—and as they clasped hands, there seemed to be a mutual understanding.

"Margaret, the trail does not end here—but maybe you would rather not go further."

"I've always wanted to go beyond this stream," she said joyfully, "but dared not by myself."

As the two young people climbed the mountain side, Harry told Margaret everything that had happened since they were together. When he told of the Edwards boys—how he had labored with them, advised and planned for them, Margaret, with tears staining her cheeks, looked up and said, "Harry, can you forget my temper and my attitude toward you during the Christmas holidays?"

A smile crept over the manly face, and Margaret knew that her question had been answered.

While Harry was talking about his friends, he could picture them as real men in the little city of Greenville—and everybody knew to whom the credit belonged.

The sun was sinking slowly behind the tops of the highest ridge, and the shadows were stretching across the entire valley. Margaret and Harry suddenly came to a spot

that seemed a real garden. The green mantle above was waving in the breeze, and the murmur of the wind thru the leaves carried the tone of a human voice. Pink flowers of the rhododendron were seen in every direction, and mountain laurel was interspersed with shrubs, all giving an abundance of gay color and fragrant odors. Far below stretched the valley, and toward the east a field of wild daisies covered the hillside with a mass of white. The characteristic blue was spread against the mountains—the rays of the setting sun only changing it to a deeper blue.

But the landscape and the beauties of nature were not enough for Harry. He looked into Margaret's eyes and beheld his ideal. The words that Harry uttered were hardly audible; but as he embraced Margaret in his protecting arms the clear words, "Yes, Harry, with all my heart," filled his life with happiness.

Slowly they turned to descend the mountain; and as they crossed the busy little mountain stream by the big rock, they paused a moment on the edge. The rippling water toppled over the precipice, sped on its way down the mountain side, and then on its endless journey.

"Margaret," said Harry joyfully, "I have gathered the loveliest of the mountain flowers."

—F. U. W., '20.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

How'd you like to meet yourself? What kind of impression do you think you would make? Would you care to continue the acquaintance? Would you introduce yourself to your mother or your sister? And would yourself live the life you would have your son live? Do you realize that for the remainder of your life you are going to live with yourself?

Ask yourself these questions and be frank in the answering. If your answer is in the negative, remember that *now* is the time to change your ways and habits of life. Remember that you are in college, and that the habits you form now will remain with you throughout life. Statistics have shown this to be true. *Now* is the time to begin all over again. It is never too late. The new year is here. Start it off in the right way. If you have no confidence in yourself, in your ability, give a thought to the many wrecks one sees scattered along life's highway—victims of distrust and timidity, who are always underestimating their own ability.

If you have been a "follower", start the new year with the determination to be a leader; with the determination not to have others plan for you, but to forge ahead on your own volition. Straighten your shoulders and say, "I will!" Doubting, wavering, vacillating men, uncertain of themselves, seldom attain the mark of success. And, above all, learn to believe in yourself firmly, vigorously, and strongly. A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself. Do not let anyone cajole you out of your self-confidence, or weaken your faith in yourself; for, in proportion to the strength and vigor of your self-reliance, will be your achievement.

If at times you become disheartened, think of the following:

“There are thousands to tell you it can’t be done;
There are thousands to prophecy failure;
There are thousands to enumerate one by one,
The dangers that await to assail you;
But just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just stand in the ring as you tackle the thing
That ‘cannot be done,’ and you’ll do it.”

Now is the time to begin. If you never have done so before this, make a few resolutions for the new year. But do not make them if you are not going to stick to them and live them. For would you make them, break them, and forget it afterwards? Make up your mind to accomplish at least one thing, and then “do your derndest”. Be careful not to make a blunder. And when you have attained that for which you have been striving, be sure not to fall down on the job. And, if in attaining your goal, someone helps you by giving you a lift, have the courage to acknowledge it. If you have convictions worth while, let others know them. All that the world asks is, “frank expression, and open confession.” If you cannot be frank with others, at least be frank with yourself. You may be able to deceive the former, but the latter—never.

—W. S. McD., '22.

THE FOUR CYCLES

A braw, braw laddie,—at least his name was Scotch,
Fell in love with a damsel fair.
'Twas Christmas night, ages long ago,
When he said, "Sweetheart, I care."
Those little words fixed the Scotchman's fate.
He thought he had just begun,
He thought he had won a lady's heart,
But, lo! His cycle had run!

Next came a jolly good fellow,
A King he was in his land,
He fell for the snares of the fair sex,
And paid suit for the lady's hand.
But he was just a mere, mere man,
So he spoke for the hand of the lass.
But soon the Christmas bells rang out,
And then did *his* cycle pass.

With three there's luck, so some folks say,
But three times three is better.
An Irishman was third of the doomed lot
Who was tangled in the fair one's fetter.
His road ran smooth for most a year,
Maybe a year and a day.
But he soon came to the turn in the road,
And now his heart must pay.

The time of the fourth is now at hand:
He is running the race of fate.
Will the Gods be kind to this fair lad,
Who sports the bare, bald pate?
Or will they class him with the other three,
The three who played heavy and lost!
And when the cycle of favor has run,
He too will pay the cost.

Take a hint from one who paid,
One who thought he had won,
But he had only played the fool,
For lo! *His* cycle had run.
Keep your eyes away from the fair, fair maids,
Keep your heart in your own old breast.
For if you fall for their winsome wiles,
Your cycle will be like the rest.

—“The Owl”, '20.

A MOUNTAIN TRIP

Back across the cycle of the seasons, in the winter of another year, Jack turned his horse's head towards the bleak mountains of North Carolina. He had planned a trip across the Blue Ridge, where he anticipated joining a scouting party to visit his grandfather's homestead in Tennessee. To a man, such as Jack, imbued with a feeling of love so inseparably intertwined in the annals of Tennessee, this old homestead was an object of devotion.

How many legends and traditions, true and fabulous, how many songs and ballads of love and war were associated with this dear old place!

The country over which Jack was to traverse had become filled with a meddlesome, lawless population. Smugglers availed themselves of every opportunity to carry on a wide and daring attack upon every person who might happen to pass through.

As Jack rode on, the melodious tune of a guitar was often heard and the whereabouts of moon-struck lovers loitering about in the Southern climate could be ascertained. The moon soon began to sink low in the western sky. To his right, the swelling mountains of the Blue Ridge were robbed of their ruggedness and they appeared as gleaming silver clouds against the deep blue. To his left, lengthening valleys extended themselves in various directions and the stream courses were without systematic arrangement. Slopes of herbage covered the mountain base, where cattle and goats browsed during the winter months.

After three or four hours of traveling, Jack reached a frightful pass. So narrow was the defile that before reaching it, the road seemed to enter directly into the mountains, it wound around the edge of a horrible chasm which would cause anyone to shudder. Now and then Jack would bestow a hearty thwack on the flank of his faithful horse.

Suddenly Jack saw a flash of light in front. How could he evade mountain robbers? The road was narrow and no thought of turning around was considered. He thought of trying to pass them at a rapid speed. Meanwhile the mountain rogues were hastily approaching. Jack could not escape; because they were already surrounding him. The masked men instantly struck him such a severe blow that he fell unconscious upon the hard narrow road. His faithful horse was taken and his other personal property was stolen. He was left alone as the band hurriedly left the scene.

Jack gradually gained consciousness and soon he wandered around in the dark thinking of the loved ones whom he had left back across the mountains. The next day about dawn, he straggled to a farm house which was the home of a typical mountaineer.

These kind mountain people were used to seeing unfortunate travelers who had been preyed upon by the outlaws. They gave him the very best care possible under the circumstances.

Warm indeed were Jack's feelings towards the mountaineer's daughter, Cecile. Her figure was the perfection of female grace and beauty, and as he watched the glow upon her cheeks, each feature seemed as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her hair, of the deepest black, fell in natural ringlets over her shoulders.

As Jack had no further means of traveling, he decided to help the old man for a few days on the farm. One day while "trout hunting" he saw his faithful steed grazing in the distance. He hurriedly threw down the fishing apparatus and went for the horse.

Cecile was very much surprised to see Jack on horseback, and she showed signs of sorrow when she learned that he was going to leave that afternoon for his own home.

Jack returned to his home without any trouble. After several years, the arm of the government began to strengthen. Jack was called upon by the authorities to lead a band of men in order to relieve the country of the mountain rogues. The country was thoroughly sifted and the deserted caves were real signs that peaceful rest was again in the mountains.

On one of these expeditions Jack agreed to enter one of the caves with another member of the band. At a late hour they groped their way over stones and through brushes by the faint light of a torch. In breathless suspense they descended into a vault. A great chest stood in the corner. They were millionaires immediately!

Jack found his way back to the mountaineer's home and after a short chat, he departed with Cecile to their future home across the mountains.

—D. A. S., '20.

THE HONOR SYSTEM

The adoption of a college honor system is an issue of the most vital importance, not only to the efficiency of the intellectual and moral training given to the student, but also to the prestige of the college as a whole.

First, let us attempt to get a clear conception of what is meant by the term *honor system*. A college honor system is a scheme by means of which every student is put upon his honor to refrain from dishonest practices, in so far as they pertain to student activities. The extent to which such a system applies is governed, of course, by the conditions under which it is adopted.

We can truthfully say that, in a way, a college course really gives nobody anything; it merely opens an opportunity to those who are willing to grasp it—an opportunity to train the mind; an opportunity to build character. When a student comes to college and squanders a large part of his time, only slackly preparing his lesson, and depending largely upon dishonest means for his standing in the class, he robs himself of half the good to be derived from a college course. Now an honor system does not remove or even lessen the opportunity to use dishonest means as an aid in daily recitations, or on an examination, or on the athletic field; in fact, it enhances the opportunity, but it also imposes upon the student the consciousness that he is violating his honor when he does so. Although this is only a moral restraint and is not one of the more or less mechanical checks which are necessarily used in colleges in which the honor system is not in practice, generally it has been found to be more efficient than the latter means. If the honor system did no more than to habituate the student to depend entirely upon himself in his academic work, its adoption would be well worth while.

The benefits which may be derived from the operation of an efficient honor system have also another aspect; that is, the moral aspect. The psychological effect which the operation of the honor system has upon the student is to cause conscientious scruples to spring up in him in regard to dishonesty in the class room, and, if he is true to this incipient conviction, the effect upon his life will become very marked. His aversion to dishonesty may, at first, be very slight, but if he tries to always live up to his pledge—and the student's part in the adoption of the honor system does signify that he has given his pledge—his convictions become so firmly rooted in his nature that, in the course of time, he has been made habitually honest and straightforward in all of his dealings.

The conscientious observance of the conditions of the system not only inculcates honesty in the student, but it also develops moral strength in him—and it is this invaluable quality, I think, which has made the honor system the factor of such extreme importance that it is in the best college student life. It is not the *big* things that count most in our training for life—"Action, looks, words,—steps from the alphabet by which you spell character." Do we ever stop to think of the truth embodied in this old saying? Do we ever stop to think that words do not end with the enunciation of them; that thoughts live, in effect, after their passage through the mind; that actions are eternal? All leave their traces, whether for good or for bad, upon our nature. "There is no action, however trivial, but has its train of consequences, just as there is no hair but casts its shadow." The honor system would play its part, and a very large one, in shaping the thoughts and in governing the actions of the student; hence, it would play a most vital part in moulding the character of the student.

—A. G. G., '21.

A PROUD HEART BROKEN

One cold wintry morning of the month of November, in the year nineteen hundred and twelve, a well-dressed, middle-aged man walked briskly down the frozen street of the little town of Lawton, South Carolina. As he passed one of the hardware stores of the village, he was greeted with a pleasant "Good morning" by an elderly gentleman of kindly countenance. In response to the cordial welcome the old man received an abrupt cold stare and a very cold, harsh salute.

This prosperous, grouchy, handsome, unscrupulous citizen was no other than the president of the large cotton oil mill located in the small town. The name was familiar in business circles and, because of this man's wealth, it was respected by society. Henry Leon Rentz was about forty years of age. He was a widower and had only one child—petted and adored. But, aside from his love for his daughter, he was a proud, reserved, heartless man, and was often called "Heartless Harry."

As Rentz passed thru the poorer sections of the village, he held his head contemptuously high. It was seldom indeed that he was not whirled thru these sections in his handsome coupe, but the icy morning had made him decide to walk. He passed several people whom he did not recognize, and those that he did recognize, he did not see.

He turned from the street to the cemented walk, leading to his offices. As the door opened for him, he saw a small boy, perhaps eleven years of age—but exceedingly small for his age—lying on the floor, sleeping. With hardly a thought, a conscienceless foot shot out and the boy awakened with a start and began to cry.

"Please don't kick me so, mister; I ain't done nothin' to you."

"No, but what are you doing here; how did you get here; and where did you come from?"

"My papa died last night and Mama told me to come here and bring the president of this mill to her, as she wanted to talk to him."

"Ah! you must be mistaken—you little rogue—get." And with his foot he pushed the little child into the merciless weather.

It was about two hours later that he looked up from a pile of papers to see standing before him his daughter, Masie. She wore a troubled look upon her face, and it was in a shaky voice that she asked her father a single question.

"What do you mean by treating a child as you treated that little fellow back home?"

"I beg your pardon, Masie, but I don't know what you are talking about." And for once the man spoke the truth, because to kick a person out of his way was not an unusual occurrence with him.

"From the mouth of a little child I learned where your long lost brother was located, and from the lips of a dying mother I learned the base history of your life." Her voice had a fine touch of scorn in it that sent a chill thru the body of the man. But she continued.

"I know, at last, why I have had the privilege of enjoying all the joys of life, while others have suffered because you stole from them to give to me. But here is my uncle's wife's story:

"Fifteen years ago I married Frank Rentz, a wealthy mine owner in Alabama. He sold out his interests there and moved to Olanto, South Carolina, twelve years ago. I met his brother, Henry, there. My husband went into business with his brother, and for a while they made money. But soon Frank began to lose money—and then, in one big sweep, it was all gone. He tried to investigate his losses, but, after spending the little money left, and upon the advice of his elder brother, he gave it up. We moved to poorer and poorer quarters, until we have

reached—this. Our child received no education, except what I could give him at home—and I did not have very much time to do anything except to work. We had a hard time to obtain food, and then, on all of this, my husband went down on a bed of sickness. It was by trying to find some way to provide for him that I learned thru a friend that his brother, Henry Rentz, had moved into a beautiful mansion and was the president of a mill. It was in the same news that I learned that my husband had been robbed by his brother—and now it was costing him his life. We determined to see Henry Rentz and ask for food—and a home for our little boy. We arrived in Lawton yesterday, but Frank passed away before morning. I suppose it was best, because I could read vengeance in his eyes. I will not live many hours, the doctor tells me, and I sent little Bobbie to the office of the mills this morning, and, as yet, he has not returned.’

“That ended her story of a broken life, and after she heard who I was, and I had promised to take care of Bobbie, she sank down in my arms in an unwaking sleep.”

There was a moment’s silence broken only by the shrill whistle of the steam engine in the mill nearby. The man’s head had dropped into his hands, and silent sobs shook his body. The girl’s defiant face relaxed, and, raising the drooping head, she said:

“After coming from your office this morning, little Bobbie was directed to our home by a kindly neighbor. He is there to stay—and he is going to have, from now on, a childhood—if wealth and love can give it to him. Come, Daddy, cheer up. I forgive you; and you can help me give Bobbie what he has not had for eleven years.”

As the eyes of the man lifted to those of his idolized daughter, they had a different light in them. The cold, passionless stare had given way to the kindly look of love.

Father and daughter went home together. As they entered one of the sunny bedrooms, the girl drew back and the man entered alone. Within, lying on a snow-

white bed—the first clean bed he had seen for a year—was little Bobbie.

Rentz walked to the bedside, and, stooping over, he kissed the pallid forehead and murmured:

“Bless you, little child. God forgive me for what I did to my brother, and for the wrong that I did you. From now on my ways are changed—not only toward you, but toward mankind. You, little Bobbie, have reached your home and you will stay as long as I can induce you to stay. You broke my heart, and I am glad that it is broken, because I am now free.” —M. C. S., '21.

MOONLIGHT REFLECTIONS

'Tis night—the darkness sends deep shadows,
As the day slowly fades away;
And man forgets all the trials of life
To bid farewell to the dying day.

The veil of darkness now covers the earth,
And you long for the vision of light;
But you're glad to lose the monster of day
When you behold the wonder of night.

Silently it rises from behind the hill
And ascends into the field of blue.
You wonder, while gazing at the beautiful light,
If God made it for a being like you.

'Tis the work of Nature's skillful hand
That beautifies the land and the sky;
And you regret, as it suddenly sinks to rest,
That the night flies so quickly by.

How often your thoughts have wandered
To some moment in the distant past;
And of all the thoughts that linger now,
The memories of moonlight will ever last.

How often you've walked with a dear one
And peered into the mysterious skies,
Then found that the heavenly beauty
Was reflected in her trusting eyes.

Thus the wonders of night will forever
Fill the soul with a mystic thrill,
And you'll find that your love of Nature
Is only the result of His will.

—F. U. W., '20.

DISAPPOINTED

It was on a bright, clear morning in the month of June, 1919, that Agnes McFall and I stepped into a small canoe, which was tied beneath the willows on the sandy banks of one of our beautiful southern rivers. The air was pure and balmy, and a gentle breeze stirred the leaves in a forest that was just budding forth in the full radiance of the summer months, so characteristic in this dear Southland.

I untied the boat from its moorings, and in a few moments, we were gliding thru the rippling waters, sparkling in the glow of the morning sun. Agnes and I were both bent to the oars to keep our bodies from becoming chilled. We rowed rapidly, and when noon came, we were far down the river. I turned our little canoe toward the land, made an easy landing, tied it securely, and we stepped ashore.

The object of our outing was to hunt muscadines; and then, too, we just wanted to enjoy the ride. We set off in joyful glee to perform the task that we had set out to accomplish. We walked far into the woodlands before we found any of the juicy fruit. We soon pronounced a good day's work completed, and sat down to eat a light lunch that Agnes had prepared. The meal was greeted with enthusiasm, and I must confess that I did justice to my share of the cookies.

Then I pulled my watch out, and to my surprise it was almost five o'clock. We did not think of the lateness of the hour, remembering that the evenings are long in the month of June; but soon I realized that I had many miles of water to cover, pulling up stream, and pulling by myself, for Agnes had become very tired.

We rushed off and six o'clock found us moving swiftly up the stream, with my strength almost spent. Seven o'clock found us moving slowly, and at eight o'clock, we were very close beside the bank, dodging the swiftly mov-

ing current. I began to become uneasy. I looked at Agnes; she was sitting still and bravely trying to smile. I knew the seriousness of the situation. I had been on the river dozens of times at night, and I knew that it was filled with rocks and snags. But to be in a canoe with a frightened girl to care for was a very embarrassing predicament.

I pulled and pulled, and at last, I was rewarded for my efforts as I rounded a bend in the river and saw the familiar landscape. It was with relief that I relaxed and let the canoe drift along in the eddying waters. I knew that the water would carry us to our landing place, so I ceased rowing and drew a long breath of relief.

The moon had just peeped over the horizon. I gazed at its wondrous picture, then at the girl in the canoe. She had bravely withstood the strain of fear of being on a black, treacherous water at night. She looked at me a moment then she came and sat beside me. The moon always has an enchanting atmosphere when Cupid's shadows chase one another on the gently moving ripples of the flowing water, when the willows are filled with the plaintive cries of the whippoorwills, and when in the distance the whispering pines are heard; it is then that love manifests itself to youth and maid. Nature is too grand in its simplicity to permit of anything else. Agnes leaned her head and kissed me as she said, "Brother, don't you wish I were your sweetheart?"

—M. C. S., '21.

"RAT" LIFE

I take as my subject, " 'Rat' Life," not because it is the subject which I am best fitted to discuss but because I think I owe it to myself to make a short summary of the difficulties which a freshman is likely to encounter. In the first place, let me give a short retrospect of days preceding my entrance into this college. I think the things that come to my mind most vividly, as far as I can recollect, are the stirring and warm things which a person just entering Clemson, as narrated by predecessors, would have to be combated. Other things were athletics, religious surroundings, etc., discussed in detail by persons who had already been here.

It was about ten days after the upper-classmen had arrived that the class of '23 began its career at Clemson Agricultural College.

Since then this class has experienced all the joys and misfortunes of the average "rat" class. It is no secret but that this class has been the largest, best or worst "rat" class (to be judged by predecessors) that has been at Clemson College.

It is not necessary for me to give a very detailed account of a freshman's history at this institution, as every one who has been here has one of his own to judge by.

About the hardest thing a "rat" has to deal with is the question of being on time at formations. Every one knows that it is necessary to be there on time; because one has to get "busted" very few times to get a ticket home for himself.

The difference between being a "rat" at a military college and at a school which has not military discipline is about as great as night is from day. At the school which does not have military training, a freshman does not hear the very familiar expression, "Here, Rat, take this gun up to room — on the third floor." It's familiar enough around here on drill days.

Some boys whom I have consulted on this subject told me they thought "rat" life was a "dickens" of a life; and when I asked one of them why he thought so, he showed me a small pasteboard which had on it, "Veni, vidi, busti." It might be true of the reporting officer, but he must have lost sight of the fact that it was himself alone whom he could blame if he got "busted." Over half of the freshmen don't look at it from the right angle. When a fellow has been here a year or two, then he is more than likely to have a different idea about it.

The only way a "rat" can keep from getting on the delinquency report is to stay out of trouble, for if he gets caught, very rarely a reporting officer overlooks his misdemeanor. Nine times out of ten a freshman is "out of luck." Wait a while until you have learned to get out of a large part of the mischief you get in unless you decide to try out the adage, "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

—C. T. Y., '23.

THE RACE

The mother fox turned her weary feet homeward. It had been a hard day, indeed, upon her endurance. One little partridge, which hung limply from her mouth, was the only result of an all-morning hunt for food. She now had to do all of the hunting to feed her cubs as her mate had been killed lately by a big hound which lived at a farmhouse nearby. This special dog was a source of constant worry to the little mother. She had been forced to move her cubs from time to time in order to escape his ever-watchful eyes and keen nose. She knew that men followed the dog, and that if the men found her den her cubs would be killed.

Slowly and slyly the mother approached her den in the hillside. Suddenly her ears cocked forward and her body became tense—she smelled a dog, *the dog*. Creeping forward she saw her enemy, who was nosing about not far from her home and it was plain that he would eventually find it if he continued in his search. Something had to be done, and done quickly, or the dog would surely find and destroy the cubs. Without any hesitation the mother fox did the only thing that could have been done. She stepped out into the sight of the dog with the determination to lead him away from her cubs at whatever cost to herself.

The race was on. The hound forced the pace, coming on in long ungainly leaps but covering the ground at a tremendous rate of speed. The mother fox could hear the joyful yelps of the dog as he pressed eagerly after her. Steadying her gait, she fell into an easy lope which carried her over the ground with good speed. Though she could easily outrun the hound in a dash, she could not shake him off her trail. The fox knew also that the long hunt of the morning had taken much of the speed out of her legs, while, on the other hand, the hound was com-

paratively fresh. With quick determination, the fox shot ahead, gaining a section of thick brush where she circled with sly cunning. Finally, stepping into a shallow stream, up which she waded until she thought that she was safe for a time at least, she threw herself down to rest.

The respite came to an end even before the fox had expected. It had not taken the hound long to unravel her trail, and now as he came into sight, he seemed determined not to allow her to get out of his sight again. Barking loudly and throwing himself forward with all of the energy of which he was capable, the hound pushed after the fox. The race could not last forever,—the fox was already panting, although she tried to save a little speed for the crisis which she knew must come. Just as it seemed as if the hound must overtake and kill her, an idea—a last hope—passed through the mother's head. She remembered a bridge across a deep gully, a bridge composed of a single rotten plank. That very morning she had heard the plank crack beneath her weight as she crossed. Could she gain that bridge? There was a possible chance. Straining herself mightily, the fox was enabled to still keep the dog to her rear, while she headed straight for the gully. Two minutes of hard running passed, and still the fox was in the lead. Then, just as the limit of her endurance had about been reached, the gully came into view directly in front. Could she gain that plank? Would it serve her purpose? The fox's breath came in short gasps as she struggled forward. She *must* make the gully. Gathering her feet beneath her in a final effort, the fox skimmed gracefully over the plank, barely touching it in the center. To her great satisfaction she heard the plank crack beneath her weight as she bounded across to fall exhausted to the earth? Would the hound endeavor to follow? Or would he circle to take up her trail again? She could not run again.

This she knew. Turning, with desperate cunning, she snorled at the hesitating dog on the opposite bank. Would he try it? Would the plank hold? Her life and the life of her cubs hung in the balance. The snarl, however, was more than the hound could stand, he launched himself forward on the plank. There was a crash—a splintering—and with a loud wail the dog crashed to the bottom of the gully twenty feet below.

Arising and peering down into the gully, the fox saw the dog below her. He was not dead, for he was making too much noise for that. However, the hound had broken his legs; and this the mother knew, as she turned thankfully homeward, would insure freedom for herself and her cubs against their old enemy.

—H. A. W., '23.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '20

KEEP SMILING

In becoming readjusted to student life after the freedom of the holidays, it is easy for one to become dissatisfied and to have a frown on his face. The trivial inconveniences will become a source of worry, and the grouchy look will take the place of the smile. When one feels that he is becoming grouchy and everything seems to go wrong, then it is time for him to look himself squarely in the face and see what a ridiculous object he has really become. Why should anyone ever wear a frown when to wear a smile makes one feel so much more like living? The person who cannot smile and cannot even look pleas-

ant is sure to live a miserable life. If for selfish reasons only, the smile is one of the best investments that anyone can make. The smile has done more for the business man than all of the planning of the subtle schemer. Every employer wants those people who can smile to work for him. The grouchy person soon loses his job, and it is seldom that he has any friends. The one who cannot smile soon becomes distrustful, and people begin to shun him. Each one should cultivate the habit of smiling, for its value cannot be overestimated.

FACE THE FACTS

It is easy to do nothing—anyone can perform so simple a task. It is fairly easy to do what you have to do, but it is a task to do voluntary work.

At the beginning of this New Year, we should take an inventory of our lives and see just what things we have done that have caused us to make progress. Invariably, we will find that the work we performed of our own initiative is the cause of our advancement. We all have potentialities of greater or lesser degree; yet in the majority of us, there is a lack of individual initiative and dynamic force to transform these potentialities into products that are useful to ourselves and to our fellow men. If we make progress in any direction, we must carry along with us all of those with whom we are closely associated. There is always a tendency to establish an equilibrium in every movement, whether it be intellectual, moral, or spiritual. In order that the equilibrium may be established on a high plane, it is necessary for us to have a purpose so big and so noble that it will command our constant thought and our every worthy effort. It is simply the plain, old-fashioned work that gives us the assurance of success. Genius is of valuable assistance; but

work must be performed in order for one to be successful. For college students especially, it is our duty to face the facts and realize while we are yet in school that work and sound judgment are the only means by which success can be attained. The best policy to pursue is one in which you work and accomplish all that you can, and then work and accomplish something more.

WHY FRATERNITIES?

Clemson has no fraternities, for the very obvious reason that to have them is a violation of the State law. Were it possible to have fraternities, would the student body as a whole derive any real good from them? No doubt there would be a few students who would be benefited by membership in a fraternity. We are pleased with the fact that Clemson is a democratic school. This fact is proved by our wholesome college spirit and the loyalty of the alumni. Clemson College is the only thing at Fort Hill, and for the reason that practically all of the students live in barracks and are closely associated, fraternities would scarcely be of any aid. The military discipline would intensify the antagonism that would naturally arise among the members of the different fraternities. The student body is fraternally bound together to support and encourage a greater Clemson. In those years when organized social clubs existed, there was ill feeling between the club men and the non-club men to such an extent that there was a split in the student body. It is human nature for those students who have the same ideas and the same inclinations to want to band together; but the evil lies in the fact that these same students will become selfish and will isolate themselves from the student body. A few students who go to college for the purpose of joining a fraternity usually think more of the fra-

ternity than they do of the college, with the result that the college work is neglected. If the college were located in a city, and the students did not have to live in barracks, then it is possible that fraternities would be beneficial. The concensus of opinion among parents is that students do not derive a great deal of good from Greek letter fraternities.



ALUMNI

EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

Lt. F. H. McDonald, '14, was married in Bennettsville, S. C., on December 30th. Lt. McDonald was severely wounded in 1918, while fighting with the 30th Division at Bellicourt, France, and is still under treatment in an army hospital in New York. The corps wishes him a speedy recovery and a long and happy married life.

o o o o

J. W. Wofford, '18, who is in the Senior class at West Point, was at his home in Laurens, S. C., on furlough, during the Christmas holidays.

o o o o

J. W. Stribling, '16, has a position with the Judson Mills of Greenville, S. C. "Strib" was a football and basketball star while in school.

o o o o

P. M. Burns, '18, has a position as fertilizer inspector in the lower part of the state.

o o o o

S. Williamson, '16, is a civil engineer with the Southern Power Co., now located in Anderson, S. C.

A. H. Johnson, '18, was married recently. "Rastus" has a position with the Brill Electric Co., of Spartanburg.

o o o o

M. L. Zimmerman, '18, is working with L. L. Allen, cotton broker, in Spartanburg, S. C.

o o o o

L. W. Verner, '16, is a civil engineer with the Southern Railway Co., now located in Macon, Ga.

o o o o

G. M. Lupo, ex-'19, was recently discharged from the navy where he has had the rank of Ensign for some time. Lupo expects to return to Clemson next year and complete his course.

o o o o

S. C. Jones, '19, was married a few days ago to Miss Catherine Russell of Florida. "Swifty" is teaching agriculture in Pendleton High School.

o o o o

S. R. Finley, '18, was a visitor on the campus last week in the interests of The H. L. Doherty Co., of Toledo, Ohio. "States" is taking an engineering training course with the above named company, and while here he made a very interesting talk to the Senior engineering students as to the nature of this training.

o o o o

R. M. O'Neal is farming in Anderson county.

o o o o

J. J. Wolfe, '19, is teaching agriculture in Batesburg, S. C.

o o o o

J. T. Crawford, '08, is the superintendent of Riverside Manufacturing Co., Pendleton, S. C.

"Bill" Thompson, '18, is a civil engineer with H. Beebe & Co., Spartanburg, S. C., and at present he is working at Kings Mountain, N. C.

o o o o

R. S. Plexico, '19, is working as a draftsman with the Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C.

o o o o

R. W. Webb, '18, is at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. He will receive a Ph.D. degree from this University in June.

o o o o

Q. B. Newman, '01, was recently appointed Chief of Engineers of the Coast Guard.

o o o o

J. A. Britt, '17, and F. E. Mackin, '18, are working with the Selma Creamery Co., Selma, Ala.

o o o o

R. H. Berly, '19, is teaching agriculture in Alabama.

o o o o

W. A. Barnette, '10, is the city health officer of Greenwood, S. C. He is also a practicing veterinarian.

o o o o

S. W. Graham, '18, is a government entomologist located at Batesburg, S. C.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

The Clemson Y. M. C. A. was well represented at the great Student Volunteer Conference held in Des Moines, Iowa, during the first week in January. Five delegates represented Clemson in what was without a doubt the greatest religious gathering ever brought together since the beginning of time. Our representatives were Secretary Holtzendorff, Assistant Secretary Fox, Vice-President Boggs, Mr. Mills and Mr. Newman. They all seemed to have had a most delightful time at the conference.

O O O O

Probably one of the most interesting Sunday evening meetings ever held at Clemson took place January 11. It was conducted by the Clemson delegates to the Student Volunteer Conference. Each of them gave a short talk on what took place at the conference and what they got out of the meetings. Before the speeches began the Clemson College quartet sang "What Shall It Profit a Man". Mr. Boggs, the first speaker, told of what it meant to be a missionary, and the qualifications a missionary should have. His talk was very instructive, and he brought out many new points on mission work. Mr. Newman was the second to speak, and he showed the need of missions in the New World. He gave some interesting statistics about the countries of South America. After Mr. Newman's talk, the quartet sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." Our Assistant Secretary, Mr. Fox, then told some of the points that he got out of the great conference. He said that only thru Christianity can we hope to establish a lasting peace in the world. Mr. Mills gave

a good description of the trip. He told how the delegates began to assemble long before the train reached Des Moines. He said that he never met a nicer crowd of people in his life. "Holtzy" was the last to speak and he defined the Student Volunteer. He gave a good explanation of the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Holtzendorff said that there were over seven thousand delegates at Des Moines, and that they represented about six hundred colleges. From the reports made by the delegates it was a joy to have been there.

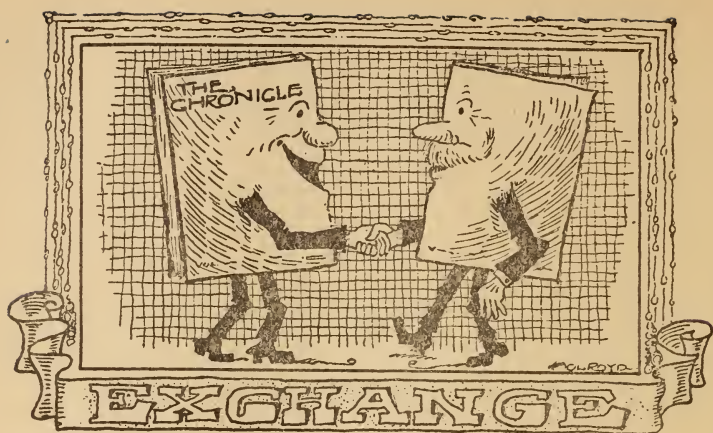
o o o o

Great interest is being taken in class basketball. Secretaries Fox and Holtzendorff are in charge and they are putting out some pretty good teams. The Seniors won the first series and they will play the winners of the second series for the championship.

o o o o

"ADHESIVENESS"

Do you ever feel like you are ready to give up and quit? That feeling comes to all of us at times. Wouldn't it be a bad state if everybody had that feeling all the time? When you are tired, don't give up, but grit your teeth and see if you can't force your map to put on a smile. Where would the world be today if everybody who were discouraged had quit the job. "Stickability" is what counts in this world. Every time you are tempted to quit stick on to your job and that temptation won't come to you so often. Every time you overcome a temptation you won't be molested by that kind of a temptation soon. Overcoming temptations makes us strong. Try it once. Won't you? Don't be one of those fellows who is always afraid something is going to happen. Get ready for something to happen and you will have an easy time overcoming obstacles. The man who meets troubles with smiles won't stay down long. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

As this issue of the Chronicle begins its journey, it seems to be our misfortune to have received a very small number of December exchanges. Maybe some of the magazines were deficient in quantity and quality to such an extent that it was unwise to make a wide circulation. We trust, however, that the Christmas issue of your magazine was creditable and that you received all the benefits therefrom. The publications that honored us with a December issue are: *The Carolinian*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Georgian*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Orion* and *The University of Tennessee Magazine*.

The Orion for December contains several productions of admirable qualities. The sentiment of the entire literary department bears generally upon Christmas themes; however, one or two selections are apart from this topic. One is naturally impressed by the amount of material the issue contains; but after carefully observing the material, one finds that the greater part consists of department news. It seems that the purpose of the magazine is to make a display of departments instead of literary pro-

ductions. Such a magazine is of course of considerable local interest. In criticising the literary material, we place in one group the three pieces of similar sentiment and thought, "The Song of the Star," "A Christmas Gift," and "The Christmas Eve Choir." The second of these, "A Christmas Gift," more nearly approaches a degree of possibility than the other two. The three selections deserve praise, for they are entertaining and contain valuable ideas. "A Vital Problem" impresses one at first thought as a newspaper article or as a prescription, but in the end it reveals a different phase by pointing out reasons for education and enlightenment on all vital topics. "Christmas Spirit" is a poem of admirable sentiment, but it seems that the writer was compelled to search for words that rhyme. "Twilight Reverie" shows deep thought, and the writer is to be commended for storing so much in a short production. "A Message of Love" can easily be classed with the other two poems. "The Burial of the Dead Language" is probably the exact sentiment of the author. The story shows that the author is familiar with negro dialect. Many people would like to have attended the burial! The editorials help *The Orion* considerably, but it seems that the other departments attempted to effect a monopoly. We hope that the using of a singular subject and a plural verb in the Exchange of *The Orion* is the fault of the press and not of the editor.

Probably the most incomplete and uninteresting of the magazines that we have received during the session is the November issue of the *Wofford College Journal*. There is not even a single story in the magazine, and the deficit in quantity was not replaced by quality. It seems that several men tried to put out the issue by themselves. The greater portion of the material is not original. Such a yell as "With Us Once Again" is more suitable for a weekly newspaper than for the literary magazine. It seems that the students were uninterested in the welfare

of their journal. The Christmas issue of the *Wofford Journal*, however, shows a marked improvement.

The Christmas number of *The Carolinian* shows a great amount of work and interest. The magazine is attractive and well balanced. We notice this time that it was not published entirely by the "Co-eds." Without entering into any lengthy criticism, it is enough to say that the *Carolinian* staff and the contributors are to be commended. The editorials are always interesting.

We are glad to note the reappearance of the *Erothesian*. With continued effort the staff can place the magazine where it belongs, and that place is among the best publications.

Two other outstanding magazines for December are *The Wake Forest Student* and *The Furman Echo*.

It is true that every staff tries to make the Christmas issue somewhat of a specialty. Thus one cannot always place the proper estimate upon a publication by reading a single number. We trust that many of the December numbers will be used as a standard.

Thank you for the exchanges!



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

A cadet walked into Sloan's Cafe and slapped down his last quarter as he called, "One hamburger sandwich." He made one hard bite. "Say, you waiter, what is this piece of automobile tire doing in my sausage?"

Waiter: "My dear sir, the motor car is replacing the horse in everything."

o o o o

"Froggie": "Let's fix this petition to the faculty up swell, so that they will think that we are smart."

"Jew": "Naw, let's write it out simple so that Dr. Calhoun can understand it."

o o o o

An ex-Clemson man was dictating a letter. "Tell Mr. Williams that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell 'Schenectady'?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c—s—er—er, oh, tell him that I will meet him in Albany."

o o o o

A Visitor: "What does Dr. Calhoun teach?"

"Aggie": "That stuff nobody else can teach."

o o o o

Wolfe: "Why do they use knots instead of miles for measuring distance on the ocean?"

Kolb: "In order to keep the ocean tide (tied)."

"J. Square" Snow: "What is the shape of a kiss?"

Mary: "Kiss me and I will call it square."

Cullum disagrees—He thinks it will be in the shape of an X.)

o o o o

Sammy Givner wants to know how much is Hollingsworth?

o o o o

Latest burden: "Hoots" Walker has women on his brain; but it is a fact that he has none on his hands.

o o o o

Henry: "Bill, here's a Waterman's fountain pen that ought to be all right."

"Bill" Moore: "You say it's a Waterman's? Well, what is it doing with 'Ideal' on it?"

o o o o

His Girl: "Lonnie, do you know why I refsued you?"

Sansbury: "Too much for me; I can't think."

His Grl: "Exactly; that's just the reason."

o o o o

"Big Boy" Thomason: "I hear that in Seneca they are going to stop automobile drivers from throwing out their arms when they turn corners."

"Bill" Moore: "Why is that, 'Big Boy'?"

"Big Boy": "To keep Fords from running up their sleeves."

o o o o

Some of the latest books by local authors:

"Why Love and 'Hobo' Do Not Go Together"—"Jim" Gandy.

"The Harder You Are Kicked, the Harder You Get"—Dr. Calhoun.

"The Miseries of a Sophomore"—Dr. Brackett.

"Winthrop College Blues"—L. K. Boggs.

"Why Men Should Beware of Girls"—"Hoots" Walker.

"Just Any Little Girl"—R. F. Kolb.

"How to Vamp the Ladies"—J. "Pegasus" Allison.

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The Basketball Team

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THE Chronicle.

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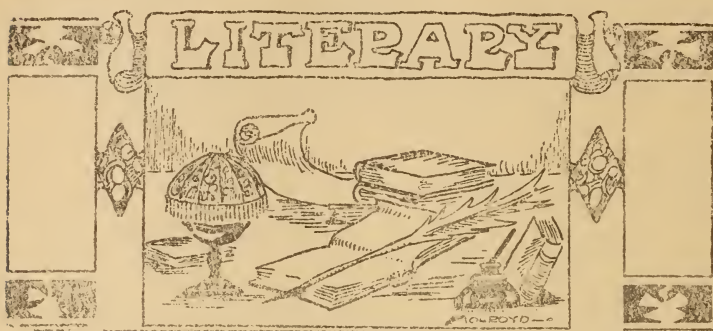
The Clemson College Chronicle

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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., February 1920

No 5



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

AN APPLIED LEGEND

They sat at the foot of Isaqueena Falls, a beautiful, sparkling waterfall, set in the edge of the mountains of upper Oconee County. As they sat alone with each other, watching the pure, clear water leap over the great rock and become white foam as it dashed against the rugged granite and then flowing off again clear and tranquil, they thought it was wonderful. The lovers had no thought for the others of the picnic party, but were naturally transported in their contemplation of the picturesque scene in front of them.

"Why is this called Isaqueena Falls?" she asked rather vaguely.

"Oh, haven't you heard the legend of Isaqueena?"

"No; do tell it, please; because I love old Indian legends, and I'd like to hear about this one especially."

"The legend, as handed from father to son for several generations as a true story, says that Isaqueena was a princess of the tribe of Cherokees, who owned all the land in this section of the country. They were hostile to the Creeks, who lived just across the mountains in the land of Kentucky and Tennessee. Among the Creeks there was a young chief—brave, strong, and handsome—who was admired by his people for his prowess in battle. It was he whom Isaqueena loved and worshipped. His thoughts were always of the sweetest and fairest of Cherokee maidens. Torture at the stake was punishment for any Creek brave who should marry a Cherokee maiden, and a like sentence awaited the Cherokee brave or maiden who should marry a Creek. This fact only made their love for each other more intense and un-failing. They decided to flee to the friendly tribe of Catawbias, where they might live in peace. However, there was among the Creek braves an enemy of the young chief who was about to marry Isaqueena. This brave learned of the elopement which was about to take place, and informed his tribe and the Cherokee tribe in order that he might take his long-sought revenge upon his enemy. As soon as the old Cherokee chief heard the unwelcome news, he set out with a band of warriors to find his daughter and capture her lover. The pursuers had almost caught up with Isaqueena and the Creek chief when they came to this waterfall. They were just above the fall hemmed in on both sides by the steep mountain cliffs, and they could not go back into the hands of the enraged Cherokees. Isaqueena at once proposed that they unite themselves in a marriage of unbroken peace by ending their lives in each other's arms. The band of braves was upon them, but, before the lovers could be siezed, they had thrown themselves into the roaring chasm with their arms entwined. Thus ended the life of the beautiful Isaqueena, from whom Isaqueena Falls gets its name."

When the young man finished telling the legend, he looked at the beautiful girl by his side. He saw the expression of admiration and reverence in her face as she gazed up at the beautiful scene above them.

"Do you," she said as she pressed to her bosom the band that held hers, "think we might take the leap into the chasm of life together?"

For it was leap year and she was a girl who believed in keeping up with the times. No answer was needed, for, as he gathered her into his arms, it was evident that his heart was hers.

—W. J. S., '22.

MEMORIES

Long and tall
The shadows fall
Over land and sea.

Soft and slow
The breezes blow
Thoughts of yesterday.

And at night
Thru the fire-light
The dreams of youth I see.

But 'tis in vain
I wish again
For the days that used to be.

—I. C. C., '21.

DRIFT WOOD

As an introductory to a recital of a personal experience, may I ask the kind reader to "bear with me a little in my folly" while I will speak of some of the vicissitudes incident to a season spent in the wheat fields of Oklahoma and Kansas.

The vacation period of 1919 was drawing nigh, and groups here and there over the campus were not infrequently discussing the subject of summer work. Sensational rumors concerning the fabulous wages being paid the wheat harvesters in the west reached us, and the call to the great plains became irresistible; so, on June 20, we shook the dust of Carolina from our feet and hit the long trail which carried us by way of Birmingham, Memphis, Springfield, and Kansas City. From the latter place, we were directed to a little village in Oklahoma, where, before we alighted from the train, the farmers, panicky from the dire lack of labor, were heard yelling at the top of their voices: "I want two men," or "I'll give five a day and board," or "Come with me, boys, and you'll have it easy."

That little ride out to the grower's cabin will never be forgotten. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"One mile south, one east," was the reply.

That was specific and needed no further elaboration. At last, he turned into a field and drove his "John Henry" through a growth of grass and weeds standing about two feet in height. There was not the slightest danger of hitting a stump; so why slacken the speed? He put us out at his little two-roomed bungalow, a structure of similar architecture to that of our well known "Reliable Shoe Shop."

I saw that man walk to the horse trough and attend to the usual toilet preparatory to eating of meals; and, desiring to appear as "an old hand at the business," I summoned my last courage and proceeded to imitate; and, while we rubbed and lathered, the wiggle-tails did

their most acrobatic stunts, the horses came up to drink; and I said, "Surely, we are close to nature's heart."

The day was Sunday, and the dinner had been finished. My friend and I strolled out near that kind and loving trough where we might review what appeared to us as a desolate waste. There were no trees to the east, nor west, nor south, nor north. No hills challenged us for a climb—only ceaseless stretches of the golden grain. We were alone in the center of a colossal circle, the circumference of which was the horizon.

But the worst was yet to come. On the day of June 23, 1919, while it was yet night, the unwelcome sound of a "Big Ben" broke the stillness of that little household, and we arose and fluttered. We were soon in the field, and what a memorable morning! It was a severely unhappy occasion. I even close my eyes when confronted with its ghost. An almost perpetual breeze is ever astir (they said), but to my certain knowledge, on this particular morning, there wasn't enough breeze to raise the dust. Old Sol never greeted the sons of earth with greater warmth than he did us during those minutes of unspeakable torture. We'd drink water and perspire, and perspire and drink water. My palms became nigh skinless, my brogans got the advantage of my understanding, my neck and face blistered, my lips cracked open, and I was in such straits that I am not sure but that I even prayed that something might happen to that machinery. Something *did* go wrong, and I fell out at once under the wagon, not caring whether repairs were ever completed.

I think our boss felt cheated; so he told two of us one day just after dinner that he wouldn't need us any longer. We thanked him for his frankness, got our pay, and decided to go to the city and try it in the shade. The water, mosquitoes, and the air were bad around that place anyway.

We traveled in to Wichita, Kansas; and hundreds of

farmers were there to carry us back to the country. We tried to evade them, but it was of no use, for we were forced to go again.

As an illustration of the great need of laborers, we will recite an instance: A big western farmer approached a group of prospective laborers and offered them work.

"Is your land rolling or level?" they asked.

"Rolling," replied the panicky man.

"Well, roll it in here, and we will harvest it for you," they said, and the farmer, disappointed, turned away.

That evening, as we stood in the Union Station, each wearing brogans, khaki breeches, khaki hat with the Montana peak, a blue shirt, and a red bandana, I noticed that a well-dressed civilian stared me in the face. Not in a particular humor to be the first to quail, I marched forward to a position directly in front of him and said, "You seem to be unable to place me, old fellow. Where did you and I ever see each other before?"

"You were in my company during the war," was his come-back.

"You are wrong, brother," I replied, "for you were not in mine."

Our only alternative was the wheat fields, and to them we went and remained for the rest of the vacation.

It may be well to say that labor in those regions is always transient, for the few month's employment would not maintain one throughout the year; therefore the harvesters have to put up with the very crudest accommodations, except in the matter of fare. Our trundle bed was either a wagon body, or a hay loft, or a granary, or a vacant cabin, or even the open field where nothing but the stars were overhead and only mother earth beneath, for the whole length of our stay. The sensation is not at all pleasant to wake at the midnight hour and find a pawing Hereford making as though he intended overturning both you and the wagon, or to listen to the weird hoot of the owl.

The western woman (I speak only of those on the farm) is an independent, energetic, dauntless, and usually unpetted personage. She has necessarily been compelled to assume heavy responsibilities; and, when rigged out in her bloomers, it is no uncommon thing to see her kick a calf out of the yard, or handle with perfect skill that species of work animals "which have neither pride of ancestry nor hope of progeny." This is even true in those homes where there is abundant wealth and opportunity for "sweet-doing-nothing," but custom is not easily changed.

One morning, upon commencing our first meal at a new place, the most realistic piece of buxomness among the females of the species that I had even seen came springing in. My Southern nature prompted me to speak, and I politely said, "Good morning." The only reply was a toss of the head, a contraction of the lips, and a long, sharp, shrill whistling spell. After that, when in her presence, I was as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.

But the time came when I felt bound to return to the best old state in the Union; so, one fine morning I rolled into my own home town; and, like Ulysses in at least one respect, I was almost unrecognizable by my own household. Another has expressed my sentiments quite exactly:

An Irishman who once lived in this country had gone back to his native land, but had become dissatisfied again and was returning to America. When he came in sight of the Goddess of Liberty, which faces toward the sea, he said, "Well, Old Lady, if you ever see me again, you'll have to turn around."

—J. A. H., '20.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

A few days after the end of the Spanish-American War, a shipload of sick and wounded soldiers arrived at a small port on the eastern coast of the United States. These soldiers, practically all of whom were wounded, or suffering from fever contracted while in Cuba, were immediately sent to a temporary hospital which had speedily been constructed just outside the city.

Among the soldiers was a sergeant, a young man of about twenty-two years of age, who had the appearance of having once been a specimen of perfect manhood, tho the suffering from a gun-shot wound in his side, and the ravages of fever had left him almost a skeleton.

This young man, along with the others, was carried to the hospital and given the best of attention. The best doctors were sent to the hospital by the government, and Red Cross nurses were always on hand to attend to the wants and sufferings of the soldiers. Under these conditions many of the less seriously afflicted soldiers soon recovered; but not so with Sergeant Vernon, the young man of our story. His wound was a serious one, and only his iron constitution kept him alive during his struggle with blood-poisoning and fever.

After he had been at the hospital for several weeks, his case was given up as hopeless. The young nurse who watched over his bed during his delirium would often hear him cry out in the agonies of his suffering: "Oh, mother, my dear mother, can you forgive me?" "Oh, mother, where are you? I have wronged you, but won't you forgive and come to me?" These words were from a heart that seemed to be torn with agony and remorse over some wrong that had been racking the young man's conscience.

The grave doctor who was in charge of young Vernon would shake his head sorrowfully when the nurse told him of these things. One day he said, "If he doesn't see his mother soon, he cannot live two days."

But where was his mother to be found? Sergeant Vernon was known to have graduated from a well-known military college, but nothing further was known of his past history. Therefore the poor doctor was at a loss as to what to do. His medical skill had failed, but he believed that if the young man's mother would come, there would be a chance for him to live. Who was Sergeant Vernon? Why was none of his past history known? Where was his mother, for whom he constantly called?

.

In a small village located in the eastern part of southern United States, lived a very poor widow, and her only son. This poor woman, whose name was Mrs. Vernon, earned a livelihood for herself and her son by doing the laundering for the people of the village. It was very hard work, for she was over the tub from morning until night. But as she was sending her boy to school, and earning a fair living for both of them, she was happy. The hard work over the tub was lightened by her love for her boy, and her anxious interest in his progress. She had dreams, as every mother has, of her boy's being a great man, and she had from the time of his birth regularly each week laid by a small sum of money, from necessity, a very small sum, which she hoped would aid him in getting the college education she coveted for him.

Meanwhile John (for this was the boy's name) grew to be a bright manly lad. He loved his mother very much, and after he was old enough hepled her in every possible way. He too had a vision of being a great man, and did everything in his power to help toward the college education.

At the age of seventeen, he received his diploma from the village high school, leading his class. The future looked bright to him then, as it does to every young person of that age, regardless of circumstances. And it was with a confident heart and a determination to win, that he stood the examination for a scholarship to the state

college. He won a scholarship, and with the aid of the money his mother had saved, and by practicing the strictest economy, he was able to pay his fees at the college for his first year.

Once at college his will soon found a way, and it was not long before he found enough work, that did not interfere with his studies to a great extent, to aid materially in defraying his expenses. His aptness made it easy for him to keep up with his classes, besides doing the other work.

During his freshman year at college he went out for football. He was of splendid physical build, and as circumstances had prevented him from forming any injurious habits, he easily made the freshman team. His work was of such a nature as to allow him to take the time for the games; therefore, he was in every game that the freshman team played. His playing soon attracted the attention of the varsity men and the coaches. They saw in him good material for the future varsity team.

He finished his freshman year well toward the head of his class, in spite of the distractions caused by his other work and football. After the close of the session he returned home and spent the summer with his mother.

While at college he had come in contact with the best of people, and had been entertained in some magnificent homes. During this time his ideas had changed. He no longer loved, as he once had, the little unpainted cottage that he called home, and his mother's poor English was a source of constant annoyance to him. He often openly corrected her, much to her confusion and grief, for she did the best that her knowledge would allow, and, too, somehow she sensed the change that she feared would come over her son with his education. Alas, how often is this the case!

However, he worked hard, and by his frugality saved enough money to enter college again in the fall. Im-

mediately upon his arrival upon the campus, he was urged by the other students to go out for football. He declined, however, saying that he did not have time, as he was working his way through college. But the college had a system of helping football men who were unable to play otherwise; so they offered to pay all his expenses not included in his scholarship if he would make the team. He immediately accepted these terms, as they would not only enable him to play the game that he loved, but would also relieve his mind of its greatest burden—the paying of his expenses.

He not only made the team during his sophomore year, but made a splendid record as a player. His bright intellect quickly grasped the details of the game, and his physical strength made him a man to be dreaded on the gridiron. He played in all the games, and ended the season wearing the block letter of his college. His class work, however, did not suffer, for good class standing was required of all football players; and too, he still had his ideal of a great man before him.

But his poor mother did suffer. The terms under which he played made him independent of her financial aid, as he still did a little work which brought him enough money for incidental expenses. Under these conditions he soon began to neglect his mother. The memory of her poor English and blunt habits, common to all people, especially women, who have had their dreams drowned in hard work, and of the little dilapidated cottage were still fresh in his mind. He neglected to write to her, and it was with a feeling bordering on disgust that he thought of spending another summer at home. Therefore, at the end of the session he, with the aid of friends, procured a good job for the summer, and only went to see his mother for a few days before returning to college.

His junior year was spent much the same as his sophomore year. He earned new laurels on the gridiron, and

was mentioned for the all-Southern selection.

This glory succeeded in completely turning his head. His poor mother was entirely neglected. His only desire was to cover himself with glory, and to do this he would have sacrificed almost anything. He did not visit his mother at all during his vacation after his junior year, but worked at the job he had held the previous summer, and visited some of his wealthy classmates.

This was the last straw for the poor mother's heart. In vain did she write to him, letters full of love and forgiveness, which would have melted a heart of stone, but he only ignored them. The ideal of his present surroundings, and the memory of his last visit home keeping him obdurate to her entreaties.

The crowning moment of his degradation came when upon returning to college for his senior year, not having seen his mother at all, she came to see him. Her poor appearance shamed and angered him, and nothing could have induced him to meet her as his mother, before the eyes of his classmates. Therefore, he arranged a private meeting. This was too much for the poor mother, who returned home to drag out a miserable existence.

With John Vernon's senior year came his greatest success. He was made captain of his team, and his skill piloted it thru the most successful season in the history of the college. He was unanimously placed on the all-Southern team, and to end it all, he graduated with high honors.

After graduation, he was offered a responsible position with one of the largest industrial corporations of that time. It was a great opportunity for him, but having accepted an invitation to go on an extended pleasure trip with one of his wealthy companions, he declined the offer.

While he was on this pleasure trip, the Spanish-American War broke out, and he, with a love of excitement born on the gridiron, enlisted. The military training he

had received in college now stood him in good stead, and he was quickly advanced to the rank of sergeant.

The hardships of camp life and the thoughts of going into battle, however, made him think of himself. In the army he saw a greater degree of equality among men than he had seen before. His football career was forgotten in the excitement of war, and he had nothing to fall back on to support his pride and self-esteem. Then, too, when the other soldiers received mail from home, he received none. This caused a great loneliness in his heart, and when he thought of his poor mother, a great feeling of remorse came over him. This constant pang in his conscience soon became almost more than he could bear. The very thought of his unworthiness kept him from writing to her and begging her forgiveness.

At last the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to Cuba. This afforded him temporary relief from the memories and thoughts which were assailing him. The fights with the Spaniards and the constant effort to avoid fever occupied most of his time. Then one night on the battlefield he was wounded.

During the following days in the poorly equipped hospital, he contracted fever. It is impossible to describe his sufferings during this time. His physical agony alone seemed enough to kill an ordinary man. During the hours in which he was conscious, one thought filled his mind, that thought being of his mother. His remnant of honest pride kept him from appealing, even now, to her, whom he had so basely wronged. Little did he dream of the agony that this poor woman was suffering, as she prayed for her wayward son.

Soon he was transferred back to the continent, along with many other sick and wounded soldiers. Their arrival we have already described in the opening of this story.

As he lay in the hospital unconsciously facing death, he constantly cried out for his mother. The good doc-

tor, who had taken a great interest in his case, would often say, "If I could only locate his mother! Does she know he is here?" '

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Poor Mrs. Vernon returned home from her visit to her son at college utterly crushed. She had never dreamed that the son for whom she had given her all would thus openly deny her. We will not try to describe the days and nights of suffering and agony that she spent. It would be useless. It is needless to say that in her true mother's heart she never loved her son more than she did now. She forgave him, even as he did the deed. Only sorrow was in her heart, and that sorrow was almost more than she could bear.

John had not written to her in a long time, but she learned of his joining the army, and had all a mother's fears for her dear son who is going into danger. One line from him would have meant more to her than life, but it never came.

At last one day while feverishly scanning the names of the dead and wounded she came upon the name of her son. The newspaper also gave the name of the place where he had been sent. In a moment the mother was transformed. She no longer hesitated, fearing rejection and denial. Her son was sick and wounded, and needed her. She must go to him. He might die in the hospital, without her ever seeing him again. By selling her meagre stock of household goods, she obtained the money necessary for the trip. Having done this, she immediately set out, with a great hope in her breast that once more her son would be her own.

It was but a day's journey to the city where the hospital was located, but to her that day seemed ages. At last, however, the train stopped, and she was directed to the hospital. She approached the building in which she knew her son lay, with a heart bursting with suspense. At the door she was met by the doctor. "Is my son

alive? Oh, my boy! Tell me he's not dead!" were the words that she sobbed to the physician, at the same time almost fainting at his feet.

The doctor's eyes filled with tears, "Thank God you have come," he said as he led her down the row of white cots. The mother's eye quickly caught sight of her son's wasted face, white against the pillow, and it was with main strength that the doctor kept her from throwing her arms around him.

"Oh, my boy! My boy! Don't you know me, your mother?" she cried to the apparently almost lifeless man. The words seemed as an electric shock to John. He opened his eyes, from which all traces of delirium had for the moment vanished, and seeing her he cried: "Oh, mother, can you forgive me? Oh God, I have suffered!" He tried to raise his arms to her but with the effort lapsed again into unconsciousness.

The mother dropped on her knees beside the bed, and sobbed out a prayer of thanksgiving.

The next morning, after making a careful examination of the young man's condition, the doctor turned to the mother, who had refused to be separated from her son even for an instant, and with a beaming face, said, "He will live."

—T. W. M., '22.

VALEDICTION

Nevermore may we meet together,
Friends and companions, classmtaes dear!
And now within our minds we gather
Fond memories of school days here.

Quite happy days have these been, friends,
How great our joys, we little knew.
Yet we are glad our Father sends
Now greater things for us to do!

We're glad our college days are o'er,
But love the school we leave behind,
For we must go forth, each a sower,
And each one reaping after his kind.

Let us go forth with might unbroken,
Let us learn to work and learn to wait;
Let us conceive a love unspoken,
But let us yield not unto hate.

Let us fight on and win victory;
Where there's a will there's e'er a way.
And then let each his trophies gather,
And build himself a home, some day.

—C. A. Q., '22.

THE MAN OF TO-DAY

In ancient times there was a class of men who were seemingly ahead of their time. There was a middle class, and then came the plebians. Then, as now, there was a great demand for energetic, efficient and honest men to take hold of and to run the business affairs of the various countries. It is remarkable to note that, even at that early date, there was much time spent in the training of a young man's mind so that he would be capable of giving his country the very best service. There was a degree of seriousness, both mentally and physically, that permeated the minds of young men and encouraged them to give their very best for the welfare of their land and for the betterment of humanity.

It is hard to believe, but it seems a fact that the young men of today are not proportionately more energetic and enthusiastic over their mental and physical welfare than were the young men of several hundred years ago. Do men grasp every opportunity when it presents itself as they should? The facts are evident that they do not. Is it not a fact that the opportunities of today are greater than they have ever been before? If young men of ancient days were far-sighted and thoughtful enough to devote years of time and *wolds* of energy in an effort to reap the benefits of one opportunity, is it not a fact that the young manhood of America should go forward with redoubled effort to become a light that will illuminate the minds of future generations? The world is full of opportunity and patiently awaits the efficient man. Are you one of the few efficient, or are you one of the throng of inefficient?

Our great nation is now entering upon the greatest economic and scientific eras of recorded history. The gigantic forces of nature seem to be converging upon the American nation; these forces must be harnessed and utilized for the welfare of mankind. And who is to man

these forces, The answer comes back with a dynamic force: *the efficient man*. It matters not what part you play yin this great game; any part is an honorable one if it is an honest one, but you must be efficient.

The man of today can not be a slacker in any phase of his career, for the world is looking to him for his best. It is true that a man can foot the crowd for a while, but the cold truth will eventually rise and then he will be "down and out." Success is not attained through false representation or by one sudden leap; it is a slow process, and by going thru this process, one should so fit himself that, in the end, his prize will be secure.

The great question then naturally resolves itself for the man of today: *What am I to be?* That should be the outstanding thought in the minds of every young man. Life is too short to deliberately stand aside and let the golden opportunities pass by unheeded. Everyone must have an ideal, and this ideal, based upon the physical, mental, and spiritual truths of modern times, should be the height of all human ability. The prize of the present day is inestimable, the competitors are many, the trials and difficulties are great; but the man with high ideals, an efficient mind, and a will to "do or die" will win—he is the man of today.—W. D. M., '20.

THE FAIREST FLOWERS

Would we ever win life's battles
In this day of great unrest,
Were it not for the lovely flowers
With which our land is fully blest?

Man grows weary of the struggle,
And at times, falls by the way;
But always, those smiles of sunshine
Turn the darkness into day.

God gave them laughing eyes,
And flowing ringlets of golden curls,
So that man would learn refinement
In the presence of beautiful girls.

How we love their graceful charms
That give us strength for every need.
They are the source of our aspirations,
The constant reminder of a noble deed.

They are so gentle and so tender,
So like the angels from above,
That at times they seem to vanish
Out of the realms of trustful love.

They are the best of all the gifts
That make our hearts rejoice;
The fairest flowers of our land,
Selected by a heavenly choice.

—M. C. J., '20.

A MEMORABLE CHASE

Suddenly I sprang from my bed; and, with the aid of a few fat splinters, I soon built a roaring fire. "Fred," cried I, "it is now five o'clock, and we promised Ben and Jack that we would be at Gates' Mill at half-past five."

Soon we were dressed and had our pockets filled with all kinds of goodies, which mother had fixed for us. On entering the yard, we learned that the "Eleven" were as anxious for a chase as we were.

A few minutes passed, and both horses were saddled. We mounted, while Uncle Ned, an old negro, turned the "Eleven" out of their kennel. Such dashing up and down the road I had never seen before! We struck off in a gallop, as we had only fifteen minutes in which to make the three miles.

It was an ideal morning. Numberless stars were shining as brightly as I had ever seen them, and away off in the west was the pale-face moon, which appeared to be resting upon the naked hills. The wind had checked its howling, and as a wild horn rang, the echo could be heard returning from the swamps near by.

Ben and Jack are true sportsmen, as well as great teasers; in fact, they are both difficult to describe. The humor that they always display while hunting is worth going miles to hear. Ben has seven "Pot-lickers" that go to make up the "Eighteen." To hear him express his vague imagination of those "Seven," whose great virtue and fame is extended to the fireside of many inhabitants of our locality, one would think they were equal in speed to the latest model aeroplane. There are a few among the "Eleven" that always hold their own, and quite often have I been made to feel proud of them, especially a certain one, called Boston. The "Eleven" consists of two red dogs with white tips, four beautiful blue speckels, and five white and black, touched with tan around the head.

Gates' Mill was only a half-mile away; and as foxes ramble quite a bit at this season of the year, I was ex-

pecting to hear at any time one of the dogs strike. After a few minutes of breathless anxiety, I suddenly stopped, and then heard in the distance the musical voice of one of the dogs. It was Boston; he had struck near the old mill, and was now headed around "Bay Branch." I knew by the way he was moving that Mr. Fox was up and stirring. Soon the rest of the "Eleven" began falling in, until their voices mingled like bells in the frosty air. Suddenly, we heard the "Pot-lickers" a quarter of a mile down the cove; they were coming like thunder-bolts. For a while the "Eleven" could scarcely be heard, but quickly they came from behind the hill. They were now running northward. Instantly they began a straight course up the hollow; this change enabled the "Pot-lickers" to join the pack at intervals along the ridge. Just then, I heard a voice cry out, "A merry Christmas to you both." It was Ben and Jack. Ben exclaimed, "Where have you been all of this time? Why my dogs have been running that fox for the past quarter of an hour." That explained it all, because I knew Boston had started off extremely rapidly, which speed was due entirely to the trail's being hot when he struck. After those few words, we led off in full speed. The dogs were then making great headway up the swamp toward Mosses' pasture, which was five miles away. Six or eight minutes passed, and we found ourselves parallel to the swamp, which the "Eighteen" seemed to be tearing wide open. Soon they would reach the pasture, and we knew it would never do for Mr. Fox to get among the hogs and cattle, for if he did it would take only a short while for him to throw the dogs off his trail. With the object in view to outrun Brother Fox, Ben and I turned our horses' heads westward and into the swamp we plunged. The defences were many, as we advanced; but, this being our only chance, we made the best of it. At times our horses were up to their knees in mud. On reaching the other side, we led off across an oats field to the hog barns. On arriving at the barns, we found all of the hogs and

cattle up in the lane. The dogs were coming straight for us. Quickly we got between the swine and the music, and gave a few loud yells. This noise made the fox change his course directly east. The dogs were running for dear life. Never before had we witnessed such a chase. Ben and I undertook to follow them through the woods, as we were determined to get a glimpse of the fox, but our efforts were all in vain. On dashing out of the woods, we saw a huge ball of fire creeping from behind the trees in the east; it was the sun. We made a dive for Long Branch, as we imagined he would pass along that route on his way to Whetstone's Bay, which was some two miles away. On arriving, we dismounted to let our horses rest for a few minutes, as they were about exhausted. Ben's trousers were torn; I had lost my cap. In fact, we both looked wild, but we did not care. As we listened, we could hear those perfect "Eighteen" still clamoring on the winding trail. Then my excitement was uncontrollable, as we listened to one dog that appeared to be running several hundred yards in the lead. Soon we would recognize the leading dog, as they were making railroad time up the creek. Just then Brother Fox slipped through a crack in an old rail fence about one hundred yards in front of us. As he glided along an old blind road, we at once recognized his weariness, because his brush was almost touching the ground. He was a handsome old fellow, one of the largest I had ever seen. His great frame of muscle and keen built legs pictured to us his ability to lead a pack of hounds. He carried on his back a beautiful gray covering of winter fur, while his ventral side and his slim legs were covered with a pale red coat.

Brother Fox had scarcely got out of sight, when Boston cleared the rail fence—followed by Ranger, who was about sixty yards behind. Then came Patsy, followed by Sport, one of Ben's "Pot-lickers." He was running so swiftly that he was unable to deliver his entire tongue. Ben cut his eye around at me, and a broad grin covered

his face as he said, "Watch that Sport dog." He grasped his cap in his hand, mounted his horse, and gave a few loud whoops. Soon all "Eighteen" had passed, though Boston was leading the last one about a quarter of a mile.

On reaching the other side of the bay, we found Fred and Jack standing up in their saddles, trying to get a glimpse of Reynard. They knew he was coming, for the dogs were only a short distance through the thicket. He must have seen or heard them, because he kept close to the ridge, which was very thick. Quickly the dogs passed; Boston was still in the lead, and it seemed that he was saying, "How old is he?" while Ranger, a short distance behind, was saying, "Twenty-one or twenty-two." The fox made a straight dive for a part of the bay which it is impossible for a man to get through. We knew by this act that his life was limited. He then began to tuck, turn, side-wheel, fox-trot, and every other movement that nature had taught him. But in the meanwhile, those "Eighteen" had learned a trick or two, and he could no longer stand the punishment. We heard him coming; he was panting as if he were taking his last breath. Next we saw him as he passed quickly a few yards in front of us, and suddenly the "Eighteen" sprang from the thicket. The sight race was then on. Boston and Ranger made rings around the rest of the pack. They were steadily gaining, when quickly the fox made a wheel toward an old leaning persimmon tree covered with vines. The two leaders of the "Eighteen" were only a few paces behind—Mr. Fox made his last effort to escape from his enemies by springing upon the tree and starting upward. But it was too late. Ranger was grabbing at his bush, and at the same time he made a leap upon the tree, and seized his foe by the leg. Both fell to the ground. The fight lasted only a few seconds, for the "Eighteen" soon had him stretched in the air. The pack won a name that day which still holds fast in the memories of the hunters who witnessed the perfect race.

—D. K. S., '20.

SUCCESS

Very soon all the classes of '20 are to be given their long-looked-for diplomas; and then, the members are to be turned loose upon the world. Whether the said classes, taken as a whole, are going to be parasites upon society and upon the business world, or whether they are going to be *pronounced* successes remains to be seen. But, in all probability, is it not very likely, and, in fact, won't it be an unusual occurrence if there are not many individuals that, in a few years, will be classified under one or the other of the above headings? Their degree of success or failure will automatically consign them to some group of human beings. It seems rather strange, and it is a pity, that such is to be true. Why is it that some members of the class are to go out to make pitiful failures, and others to be transforming powers for good? And why will some be simply recipients of the fruits of mediocrity, and others the receivers of great rewards for their noble and worth-while contributions to their community, state, or nation?

What is *success*, anyway? And what are some of the essentials that go along with success? When a person has high and worthy aims, ambitions, and hopes, and makes a complete accomplishment of them, such a person is said to be successful; and the act of reaching the desired goal is *success*. There are many kinds of success: Material, social, spiritual, numerous others, and combinations of these.

Regardless of what kind of success we choose to strive for, it is essential that we have an *ideal*, and it must be the right kind, towards which to climb. When would our nation ever have had the magnificent buildnigs, the wonderful bridges, and our many other architecutral achievements and scientific inventions, all of which stand as monuments of success to the hands of their builders, if

there had not been ideals? And an ideal is just as important to the ordinary individual who expects to do any worthy thing in life as it is to the architect and the scientist. But an ideal, alone, can never accomplish anything; there is something else that must necessarily accompany it—and that something is *work*. There never has been constructed a spring board at the bottom of the ladder of human achievements from which a person can leap and reach the top of the ladder in a single, easy bound. The Pinnacle of Success is reached only by diligent, persevering work.

Before starting out in life, it is not only necessary that we know some of the rules governing success, but we must also be very, very sure that we get on the particular road that leads to the *right kind* of success. Many a man has set out with the sole ambition of acquiring worldly possessions, forgetting about almost everything else. But when his aspirations were reached, he found that he had miscalculated terribly the comparative value of things in life. Today there are many laborers who are making more *money* by far than the average school teacher or college professor. But can there be any possible comparison as to their degree of success? There is no reflection whatever upon the honest laborer—far from it; but is his contribution to society at large anything like that of the teacher? The true measure of real success is expressed not in terms of wealth, but in that noblest of all things—service. And if we would enjoy the superlative things of life, we must find that place which affords the greatest opportunity to help our fellow man. For the man who finds such a station in life, and there does his best, there awaits the inexpressible joy of *real* success.

—R. F. K., '20.

ONCE A CHEAT ALWAYS A CHEAT

I had just arrived in the small town of Dale, South Carolina, and was looking for my new place of employment, when I was tapped on the shoulder by a young boy. He said, "Is there anything that I can do for you, sir?" Then he took my suit case and showed me my new place of employment.

This boy was a handsome young fellow about six feet tall and well built. He looked as if he weighed about two hundred pounds and was all muscle. He carried himself in a military manner and had square shoulders. One could see that he was an all-round athlete. His cheeks had a ruddy complexion, his eyes were blue, his hair light, and his appearance was that of a Greek god.

The next day as I was in front of the store with some boys, this young man passed in front with another young man. He gave a cheerful "hello" to which I replied, "Hip, ther." As soon as they passed I inquired who they were. One of the boys told me that the one who had met me the evening before was Sam Mott and the other one was his brother Jim.

Now, I was greatly impressed with these two boys and wanted to find out all that I could about them. Here is what I learned from others and also from my own observations:

Sam was the older of the two brothers and was about eighteen years of age. He was looked upon as a "sissy," because he was always with the girls. He would not associate with boys who used profane language or who played rough. And as for playing cards or gambling, he would not go near any of these. If you ever went into a pool room, he would not have a thing to do with you. None of the boys would have anything to do with him, and the girls only when they wanted to get something out of him. His father owned several large tracts of land and was one of the richest men in the state. His

home was the prettiest in the town, and for these reasons Sam thought, "I am it." Everything that has been said regarding Sam could be said about Jim, who was only sixteen years old. They looked like two peas out of the same pod.

Mr. Mott soon took sick, and I began to notice that Sam and Jim would stay out late in the night. I often saw them on the street as late as *ten* o'clock. They would often come into the pool room and watch us shoot pool. (The pendulum had begun to swing in the opposite direction.) After talking to them for a while, I could see that it was through fear of their father that they were so good. After a few months of illness, Mr. Mott died.

Soon after the death of their father, their mother's health broke down under the strain, and she had to go to bed. Sam and Jim now stayed out until four and five o'clock in the morning. They began to drink whiskey and also to shoot pool. Both of them were always shooting pool and soon they were experts at the game. Then they began to gamble, and won lots of money. They would cheat just a little in a game. They would *work* together, and soon they were professional crooks.

One morning they came home about five-thirty. Their mother was standing in the doorway awaiting their arrival. Both of the boys were drunk and they shoved her aside and went into the house. This was more than the old lady could stand, for she had heard all about her sons and their disgrace. She died the next day of a broken heart.

After the death of their mother, Sam had charge of all the estate, Jim being only twenty. It was not long before an expert pool shooter came to town and Sam began to play with him, and of course the expert won all of Sam's part of the estate. Sam even sold his beautiful home. After losing all of his money, Sam began to gamble with Jim's share and after he had lost practically all

of it in an endeavor to win his own back, he suddenly left town without anyone knowing it.

Jim was very much affected by the death of his mother and took a turn for the better. He quit gambling and began to work. As soon as Sam left, Jim went to the bank and found out that he had only twenty-five thousand dollars left, and that the house and all of the land were sold. This made him very angry and he decided to win all of the money back. He could not resist the temptation, so he began shooting pool with this expert. He began to drink again and soon lost all of his money.

It was one cold December morning about three o'clock that I was returning from a dance, as I walked up the steps to my boarding house that I stumbled across the body of some one. I turned the face up and recognized it as the face of Jim. His clothes were thin and torn. I took him to my room and took good care of him. The next morning I took him to the store, dressed him up in a good suit, gave him some extra money with which to leave town. He said, "Well, old chap, thanks! I'm going to the West. If I make good, I will pay you back for all of this." That afternoon he left for the West.

Five years had elapsed when one morning I received the following telegram: "Come to Tusca, Arizona. I have made good and I have a good proposition to offer you. Will pay all of your expenses to come here." It was signed Sam Mott. As my vacation was to begin the next day, and I had always desired to go West, I wired, "Will come at once."

I arrived at Tusca three days later and was met at the station by Sam (who was now Sam Green) and a crowd of cowboys. I received a most royal welcome. That night after being introduced to his family and eating supper, we went into the parlor. He asked me what had become of Jim and how he had taken everything. I told all that I knew. Then he told me how he had gotten to Tusca and began to work on a ranch. At first he

had had a hard time to learn how to ride a horse, and had not liked the life, but soon he became accustomed to it. The owner of the ranch saw how willing he was to work and so he gave him ten acres of land. The owner had a beautiful daughter, whose life he had saved, and soon they fell in love with each other and were married. The owner died, and Sam became owner of the ranch. The ranch was an enormous one, and he had been making a large sum of money from the cattle every year. Now he had a substantial bank account and he wanted to pay back to his brother all of the money that he had stolen from him. He offered me a job as book-keeper, so I decided to stay with him. Sam had become a very heavily built man, and he was also very rough-looking. I suggested to him that we take a drink, but he refused. Then I said, "Let's go to town and shoot a game of pool." At once he became furious.

In January, just as we were getting ready to "round up" the cattle, a tall, lean, lanky man applied for a job, and as we needed help just at that time, we decided to take him.

The next morning all of the cowboys were out to see the stranger ride a horse. The boys caught the wildest horse in the lot and bridled him. With a quick leap the new cowboy was on the horse and to everybody's surprise the horse was unable to throw him. He locked his feet under the horse's girth and, regardless of the horse's prancing and bucking, he stayed on. This incident pleased Sam and me very much.

The next three weeks were spent in "driving in" the cattle. We drove them into the cattle cars and shipped them to Chicago. It took about one week for the cattle to reach Chicago. They reached Chicago in safety, not a single head dying.

On February the twentieth Sam received a check for all of his cattle and went to town to deposit it. He went to the hotel and put in an advance order for a big dinner

for his men. This dinner was to be on George Washington's birthday.

On the twenty-second we all left for town early in the morning. On our arrival we went to a cabaret and ordered a "round" of drinks. Even Sam took a drink, for he could not resist the temptation. Then we went to a pool room and everybody participated in the game of pool.

Sam was playing against the stranger. They soon began to bet on the games. Both of them began to cheat and Sam caught the stranger, and asked him to stop, though Sam was cheating, himself. The stranger cheated again and Sam saw him. Immediately was heard the report of a pistol and the stranger dropped dead on the floor. Sam bent over him and said, "Lord! I have killed my brother. Have mercy on me." He recognized Jim by a scar that he had over the left eye. I noticed in the stranger's pocket a letter that was addressed to me in Dale, South Carolina. I opened the letter and it was signed Jim Mott. Sam knew now that it was a certainty that it was his brother that he had killed.

Sam's conscience now began to hurt him and he rushed to his room at the hotel. I followed close behind. As I reached the door of his room, I heard a pistol shot, and as I opened the door I heard him say, "Once a cheat, always a cheat."

—H. L. K., '21.

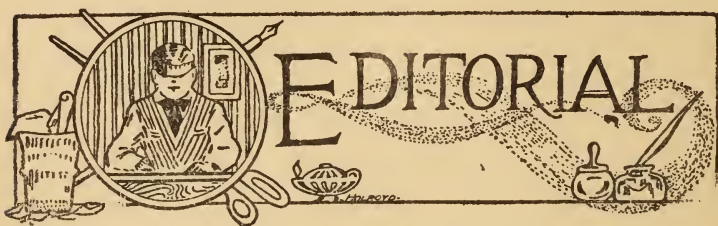
The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '20

SELF-PUBLICITY

If we could see our own faults, probably the society of the human race would be far in advance of its present status. The factors that enter into our daily living to show our culture are neither burdensome nor cumbersome. The close observance of the effect of one's company upon others is all that is necessary for one to detect whether or not his conversation is pleasing or displeasing. There is nothing more boresome to people than to hear a garrulous person praise himself and his accomplishments. When anyone gets into the position that he cannot express himself except in the first person, singu-

lar, his conversation becomes obnoxious, and he would show sound judgment by keeping quiet. It oftentimes happens that a few people become so afraid that their work will not get due praise that they take the responsibility upon themselves of publishing their personal successes. This is a fact that can be depended upon: that someone is always watching the activities of someone else; and if anyone does anything that deserves praise, the deed will be commented upon in due time. Be patient and modest and some day the reward will be yours.

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THAT ABOMINABLE "LINE"

Anyone who has no imagination is usually intellectually stupid; but it is not necessary for the one who has imagination to let it lead him to say things that are absolutely incoherent and out of order. The continuous use of slang expressions and imaginary probabilities will cause one to forget how to express a simple truth in a few sane words. The majority of facts can be spoken in a few well chosen words. A large number of students, when trying to say something, use phrases and clauses that have no connected meaning whatever. The local expression, "Shoot 'm a line," is one upon which a great deal of reliance is placed, regardless of its detrimental effect upon facts. There seems to be a general tendency among college students to fill space by extending their vocabulary into the realm of "big words." The most essential truths are expressed in the simplest words. Exaggerations are to be avoided; for they add nothing to the thing spoken or to the speaker. How many times during the day do we hear the expression, "If I had a line like his, I never would study." Undoubtedly the word "line" is being used too much. Too often when we hear a lecture that is filled with fundamental facts and good advice, our comments are such as, "Well, he's got

a pretty good line," or "He can shoot the 'bull' all right." Such comments tend to cheapen the value of the sayings that are worth while.

"Abuse is no argument against proper use."

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THE LITERARY SOCIETY ISSUES

It is encouraging to the magazine staff to see the number of articles that are being written for publication. This fact shows that the members of the literary societies are interested in the publication and are willing to work for its success. Both the Calhoun and the Columbian societies have published good issues, and now, the Palmetto society will keep up the standard in its March issue. The Carolina society will publish the April issue, and the material must be turned in to the editors by the last of March. We feel that the plan by which each literary society publishes an issue is working admirably, and that a large number of men are writing articles for their first time. All of the material cannot be published, and those students whose articles failed to appear in print have helped to raise the standard of the magazine just as much as those whose articles have been printed.



ALUMNI

EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

P. G. Langley, '96, has resigned his position with the General Electric Co. in order to go into business with his brother in Greensboro, N. C. Mr. Langley has been in charge of the switchboard work with the above named company for nineteen years.

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T. S. Gandy, '03, is in charge of the large direct current dynamo department of the General Electric Co. During the war Mr. Gandy went from place to place looking after the motors which were used in the submarines.

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L. B. Martin, '06, has a position as chemist with the Hartford Rubber Co., Hartford, Conn. Perhaps it will be of interest to know that he is brother of "Major" Martin, head of the mathematics department of this institution.

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H. S. Harris, '17, was a visitor on the campus last Friday. Bill expects to go into business in his hometown, Union, S. C., in the near future.

J. M. Brown, '17, is superintendent of the dyeing department of a cotton mill in Greenville, S. C.

o o o o

J. M. Eleazer, '16, is the farm demonstration agent of Saluda County.

o o o o

H. C. Wannamaker, '16, is secretary of the Orangeburg Post of the American Legion; he is also secretary and treasurer of the South Carolina Chapter of the Rainbow Veterans' Association. At present Harry is in the insurance business with his father, Mr. H. C. Wannamaker, Sr., Orangeburg, S. C.

o o o o

Major H. C. Tillman, '03, was recently elected as a member of the board of trustees of Clemson College.

o o o o

C. G. Harris, '17, is studying law at Columbia University, N. Y. Harris made a distinguished record for himself while in France. He was decorated three different times.

o o o o

J. W. Parler, '19, is in the wholesale grocery business with his father in Batesburg, S. C.

o o o o

M. L. Barre, '16, has a responsible position with the Bell Telephone Co., Savannah, Ga.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

The Y. M. C. A. is growing every day from almost every standpoint. Great interest is being taken in every department of the "Y" work. The secretaries are working daily to make the Clemson association one of the best and most serviceable associations in the South. Although it has been hard to get speakers, the "Y" has had services every Sunday night. Several speakers of note have been brought to the student body. One of the recent speakers of note was Dr. Keesler, Dean of the School of Religion at Vanderbilt University. Dr. Keesler spoke on race questions, and his talk was well worth while.

o o o o

Bible classes are progressing splendidly both in numbers and interest. The senior Bible Class is growing every week and the boys are getting no little good from the study of the Bible itself. At present the seniors are studying the books of the Old Testament. At the last meeting there were twenty-three men present.

o o o o

Owing to a leak in the side of the pool, the water has been let out of the swimming pool until repairs can be made. It is hoped that the pool will be ready for use in the near future.

o o o o

The Victrola seems to be the most attractive piece of the "Y" equipment. Crowds are always around it and it is always playing.

The Association has been fortunate in making an appointment with the "Engineer Evangelist" to conduct a Sunday service in the near future. His real name is "Dave" Fant and he is an engineer on the Southern Railroad. He is widely known by all who live on the Southern and he comes to us well recommended. Another speaker of note, who is to speak at "Vespers," is Mr. Horace L. Bomar of Spartanburg. He is a very successful man and is one of the popular lawyers of the Spartanburg bar.

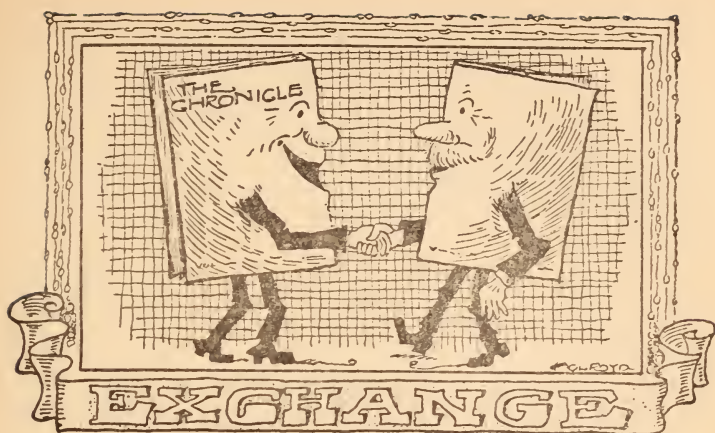
o o o' o

Efforts are being made to get the movie, "Fit to Win." The picture is controlled by the State Board of Health, and it is hoped that the picture can be obtained.

o o o o

BE WHAT YOU REALLY ARE

There are a whole lot of people in this world that come under the heading of "Two-Faced". Everybody knows what that expression means. Are you that way? Ask yourself the question and if you are, don't give the answer out loud. Everybody admires the fellow who is the same all the time no matter whom he is with. Try to be that kind of fellow and your friends will be numerous. Don't be like a thermometer and change with the temperature. Stand for what you think is right no matter where you are or whom you are with. Don't be like the crowd for you may get in a bad bunch. Do not strive to be a "goody-goody" boy when with good people and the ring leader of the gang when in bad company. It may be hard at first, but you will win out if you have the will power. Be true to yourself and it will be impossible for you to be false to anybody else. If you want to be trusted, *be what you really are.*



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

Again we launch upon the task, yet pleasure, of reading a number of the exchanges. And again we find that our collection of January exchanges is very limited. Our sole connection with the other colleges consists of *The Wake Forest Student*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Right Angle*, and *The Bashaba*.

One cannot help but notice the lack of material in *The Right Angle*. It is true that a small college is handicapped in securing material for a publication. This fact is taken into consideration when we say that the magazine should have been more complete. "The Right Road" is an admirable little poem. The metre is very good, and the sentiment is out of the ordinary. "Franklin's Philosophy in the Twentieth Century" is a helpful review of some of Franklin's sayings. It is written clearly and concisely, thus making the thought of valubale interest to the reader. One is forcibly impressed by the sentimentality of the little poem, "At Summerland." Of course the author cannot be given credit for the nature of the metre, but she deserves commendation upon her slection of words. We wonder if the words are really

true. Such an inspirational production as "Seeking Lost Jewels" is worthy of praise. The author showed very vividly the value of having a purpose in life. We are glad to see *The Right Angle* in the circle of college publications, and we will be glad to see a continued improvement.

As a whole the January *Bashaba* is a very creditable publication. A number of the productions are rather brief, but nothing can be said against the quality. Quite a few interesting points can be found in "Egyptian, Phoenician, and Early Ionian Mathematics." The sketch would very likely be uninteresting, however, to one who cares little for mathematics. The poems, "To Autumn", and "Sunset," are lacking to a noticeable degree in meter and rythm, but they are very decsriptive. The short story, "The Fool 'That Thought by Force of Skill'," is a light, yet interesting story. Many such incidents often happen, thus one cannot call the story impractical. "The True Artist" is a production of considerable merit. The language and the descriptions are well selected—this fact showing the author's ability in the use of words and in the clearness of thought. It is pleasing to note that the departments are full of life, yet they do not occupy the greater part of the magazine. We wish the *Bashaba* greater accomplishments in the future.

The January issue of *The Hampton Chronicle* is an improvement over previous issues, especially concerning the number of contributions. Many of the productions are rather brief, but yet contain valuable thought.

The College of Charleston Magazine is not holding to its usual standard, as is clearly shown by a recent issue, but it is far beyond the average. The most valuable change that can happen to a college publication is improvement. It is evident that such changes are occurring in a number of the magazines.

Thank you for the exchanges. We are waiting for yours.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Patrick: "Is Nellie Sue's name on the mailing list of the Chronicle?"

Froggie: "No, it is not."

Patrick: "Never mind; *I* will take a Chronicle down to her."

o o o o

"Fung" McKenzie (debating the Mexican question in literary society): "I wouldn't have those Mexicans killing my children."

I didn't know that "Fung" was married, did you?

o o o o

It has been announced that "Cosmopolitan" (L. K.) Boggs looked in all the stores of Liberty, S. C., hunting for "Third Lieutenant" bars.

o o o o

Why is "Jug" Harris as a baseball player the biggest coward in the world?

Because he strikes and then runs for home.

o o o o

Louise: "When will the alphabet be a letter shorter?"

Froggie: "When you (U) and I are one."

o o o o

What member of the Senior Class does not know enough to know his own name?

Ask Professor Calhoun.

Mother: "Son you have been going to Clemson almost a month now; have you gotten any marks yet?"

Rat Russell: "Yes'm, but they're where you can't see 'em."

o o o o

Bill Hollingsworth: "Dear, please let me hold your hand a minute."

"She": "How will you know when the minute is up?"

Bill: "Oh, I have a second hand for that."

o o o o

A PREAMBLE

One bright morning, when the Martin was singing, a *Young Earle Riggs* up his *Birch* canoe, and leaving the *Stoney* shores of *England*, sets out for *Africa*, there to try his luck as a *Hunter* of wild animals. He had aboard all his equipment, including his *Baynard* and *Cannon*. During the voyage, the canoe was overturned by a sand-*Barre*, but as the *Earle* was a strong and *Berly* man, he soon righted it. On arriving at the shores of *Africa*, he found there were no *Rhodes* and, believe me, he was a *Crossman*. However, he reached the jungles and ate some *Jensen* weed by mistake, but he was cured after a *Long* illness by a cordial prepared by the natives from a peculiar species of fern called *Redfern*. On entering the jungles, the *Earle* found that all the animals were as tame as the lions in *Daniel's* den. So he killed a *Hare* and a little *Doggett*, which resembled a *Fox*. Then he said, "By my *Foster-parent*, I will *Sease*. In all my *Cummins* and going I have never had such luck." So he entered his canoe again and by mistake came to this country. He boarded a train but the conductor kicked him off at *Calhoun* for being a "*Hobo*", and here he is today. He left all the poor *Dukes* in *England*.

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THE Chronicle.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valent Potest

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., March 1920

No 6



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

THE TWO PATHS

The God above can only know
The tumult of a human heart;
Can only see the battles there
In which no one can take a part.

This strife within each mortal's life
Is waged each day through all the years.
The man decides who wins the fight;
The end brings smiles or bitter tears.

Each morn a man must stop and choose
The path his feet must take that day.
One leads o'er easy pleasant plains;
The other climbs the rocky way.

Two paths in life there always be;
The one is smooth but leads to naught.
The other gives success and joy,
But many battles must be fought.

A *man* will take the hardest road,
Will win the prize by hardest strife.
The sluggard goes the easy way
And lives a useless, worthless life.

—L. G. P., '21.

DONALD'S REFORMATION

The sun had nearly reached its zenith when a pale, haggard-looking, young man struggled down the streets of Lowdon, South Carolina. It could be plainly seen by his appearance that he had only a short time before shuffled off the strong arms of a drunken sleep. The step that now lagged in its onward march was once the pride of the little village, and used to draw the admiring eyes of all the people because of its great alacrity. This turpitude of what once bade fair to be a type of manly perfection was none other than Donald Heath, the son of the rich banker, Henry Heath, who was in a large way owner of the town and director of its leading activities.

Donald had enjoyed opportunities that are privileged to but a few of the great mass of people. He had come of good heritage, he had been given everything that a youth could desire, and he had been trained under the best instructors that could be procured. He was very brilliant intellectually, and, being the only son in the family, was the pride of his parents' hearts; but he had one human weakness which threw a pall of blackness over his sterling qualities as the dark clouds cover the sun; he had the failing of being easily influenced by his companions.

This bright youth, filled with glowing prospects, had entered the University of Ohio, and during the first year had led his class in all phases of work; but, because of his abundant flow of spending money, he had been gradually drawn closer and closer into the clutches of the group commonly known as the "fast set". This crowd of young men employed the greater part of their time in various forms of dissipation, but each day of bold adventure was usually ended in a drunken midnight carousal.

The leading of this dissolute life had a telling effect on the life of young Donald. His professors noticed the

decline in the efficiency of his classwork, and they, knowing the road traveled by the crowd with whom Donald associated, warned him of his imminent danger; but he had become too absorbed in his fascinating life to turn back to the paths of earnest endeavor.

As time passed, poor Donald's condition became graver. He saw the scorning eyes of disrespect being fixed upon him. He awakened to the fact that his health and strength were fast failing; he found it practically impossible to get passing marks on his studies, and he realized that the chances of his getting his diploma were very slim. However, thru the influence of his father's tremendous prestige in the money world, he finally secured his degree.

Donald had come back to his home town disheartened with his career, and to add to his adverse condition, he was met with a cold reception in the very place that he had expected to find encouragement. Viola Pearson, the charming daughter of the mill president, Jerome Pearson, had heard of Donald's infamous conduct, and had coolly told him that he would have to prove himself to be a true man before she could consider having him call to see her again. This steel-like refusal of the only girl Donald had ever loved, linked with the announcement by Mr. Heath that his son must get in business and make a living for himself, caused the heart of Donald to form a resolution that he would succeed.

Acting upon this firm resolve, Donald traveled to the smiling West and secured a job as an ordinary day-laborer in the orange groves of southern California. The invigorating mountain air, together with an abundance of outdoor exercise, soon brought the glow of health to the young man's cheeks. Because of his ready intelligence and leading ability, he was soon associated with Jake Hutto, the owner of a large grove. It indeed looked as if Donald was coming into his own, and could soon return to his life's ideal and present himself as a real man.

Just at this time there entered into the life of Donald another person, whose coming cast a different aspect upon his future career. This person was Louise Hutto, the daughter of Donald's partner. She was a girl of perfect mold, and her golden hair, blue eyes, and rosy cheeks were the very images of beauty itself. It is no wonder then that Donald felt the tender cords of his heart vibrating once more. But the show of affection was not at all on one side, for Louise believed that her dream of a perfect young man had been realized in her father's young partner.

Many were the moonlight nights that this wooing couple, perched upon a rock, and listening to the trickling waters of a nearby mountain stream, breathed out the words of true and undying love. It really seemed that Donald was destined to become more closely related to the Huttos than merely as junior member of the firm of Hutto and Heath.

Yet thru all his stimulating environment, Donald could not cast from his mind the vision of the girl he had left back East. He felt that somehow he owed her the first fruits of his rejuvenated life, since she was the primary cause of his ever amounting to anything worth while. He knew full well that his greatest source of happiness lay in uniting his life with that of Louise, but he determined to go back to his home town and to lay his life a sacrifice at the feet of the girl he had first loved.

Donald sold out his interest in the firm, and, in the face of much protestation from his wide circle of friends and his own lovely Louise, he packed his belongings and made ready to leave.

The ticket had been purchased for the eastern trip, and Donald had only a few minutes left in which to enjoy the refreshing atmosphere of the little western village that had meant so much to him, when he was handed a special delivery letter. He noticed that it bore the postmark of his home town, and he was naturally puz-

zled to know what could be the trouble to cause him to receive a letter at such a peculiar time; but upon opening it he only found an invitation to the marriage of Miss Viola Pearson.

The question that naturally came from the quivering lips of Louise was, "Donald, are you going East now?" Donald cast a searching look into those two blue wells of happiness and replied, "Yes, if you will consent to go with me." The blushing maiden said "Yes," as she fell into the outstretched arms of the rejuvenated Donald, and they did come East.

—G. B. P., '20.

A SKETCH OF CALHOUN'S LIFE

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

Catherine Calhoun with her four sons immigrated from Ireland to America in the middle of the eighteenth century and settled in Virginia. The four brothers, James, Ezekial, William, and Patrick, the mother Catherine, and her sister, Mary Noble, either the wife or the widow of John Noble, constituted the family. They lived in Virginia for about ten years and then moved to South Carolina. They resided in the Long Canes District, now Abbeville County. After living at this place for several years, the Indians killed almost half of the settlers, the rest removing to Augusta, Georgia. There is possibly some evidence that Patrick Calhoun was married three times, and that Martha Caldwell was the third wife.

John Caldwell Calhoun, son of Patrick Calhoun and Martha Caldwell, was born at Long Canes settlement on March 18, 1782. He was only about fourteen years old when his father died on February 15, 1796. He was quite old enough to retain many of the memories of his father. John C.'s schooling in the younger years was meager but in later years he attended Waddel's. There was a log cabin school house near the Calhoun home. He was interested more in history than any other subject. His schoolmaster informed John C.'s mother that his health was impaired by diligent study, and his eyes becoming weak, and his mother sent for him to come home. He remained four years at home and this is where he gained most of his knowledge till he entered Yale.

It was in 1800 that the turning point came in Calhoun's life. This was made possible by his brother's managing the farm, while he went to school and prepared himself for a learned profession. This time, after he returned to Waddel's, he applied himself assiduously to work. After a short time of two years, we find him

entering Yale in 1802. He entered the Junior class and found himself the equal of some who had ten or twelve years of preparation and then two years in Yale. Calhoun graduated on September 12, 1804, with distinction. In the latter part of August, the same year, a serious illness "weel-nigh put an end" to his life.

Calhoun studied law under a lawyer named Bowie, at Abbeville, and then decided to attend Litchfield to secure a degree in law. He entered there July 22, 1805, and his degree dated July 29, 1806, certifies that "during that period he has applied himself to no other regular business, and he has attended diligently and faithfully to the study of law." The method of instruction at Litchfield was by lectures given by Judge Reeve and James Gould. John C. disliked the profession of law but he continued to study and practice it. He had great success, but probably the reason he disliked the practice was that he was in love. He corresponded with his future wife thru her mother. The mother, daughter, and family would spend the winter in the South and the summer in the North. John C. and Floride were married on January 7, 1811. An old man later remarked that, "It was a grand affair, that wedding, an old time wedding: everybody was there." They had a large family, and to the household was added for some years the mother-in-law, Mrs. Calhoun.

John Caldwell Calhoun entered Congress as a representative from South Carolina in 1811. He at once took a prominent place before the country as a supporter of the measures which led to the war of 1812 with Great Britain. In 1816 he supported a bill for protective tariff and for creation of a national bank. In 1817 he joined Monroe's Cabinet as Secretary of War, and in 1819 at the request of Congress submitted a plan for internal improvements. He was Vice-President under the presidency of John Q. Adams (1825-1829) and that of General Jackson from 1828 till he resigned in 1832. Calhoun

accepted the compromise tariff of 1833. He left the Senate in 1843 and became Secretary of State under President Tyler in 1844 and in this capacity, he signed the treaty by which it was proposed to annex Texas to the Union. He resumed his place in the Senate in 1845 and strenuously opposed the war of 1846-1847 with Mexico.

Henry Clay, after paying a tribute to Calhoun's private character and to his patriotism and public honor, said: "He possessed an elevated genius of the highest order. In felicity of generalization of the subjects of which his mind treated I have seen him surpassed by no one, and the charm and captivating influences of his colloquial powers have been felt by all who have conversed with him."

On March 17, 1850, Calhoun was taken sick and it has been reported that he dictated a portion of a speech for the Senate. The report seemed to be an erroneous statement. On the night of March 30, he had his clerk, Seoville, to read to him a part of his "Discussion on the Constitution" and seemed to have no idea that death was so near. At about four A. M. on March 31, he told his son: "If I had my health and strength to devote one hour to my country in the Senate, I could do more than in my whole life." The end came quickly after this. His son asked him about five o'clock how he felt, and Calhoun answered, "I am perfectly comfortable." He died at half past seven on the morning of Sunday, March 31, 1850, at the age of 68 years and 13 days. His death was due to pulmonary trouble.

—J. D. J., '20.

I MUST

When your studies seem the dullest,
When your pleasures seem the fullest,
Pray, do not betray your trust,
But tighten up and say, "I must."

When your road seems far the roughest,
When your task seems far the toughest,
Pray, do not betray your trust,
But tighten up and say, "I must."

When your road seems far the longest,
When your foe seems far the strongest,
Pray, do not betray your trust,
But tighten up and say, "I must."

When your life seems far the bluest,
When your friends seem far from truest,
Pray, do not betray your trust,
But tighten up and say, "I must."

—R. M. B., '20.

A YANKEE DOWN SOUTH

At last I had reached the end of my tedious, anxious journey. As I watched the fast-disappearing train, a vague feeling of fear seized me. I had no idea what awaited me, and my fear-stricken mind pictured a gruff, cold-blooded old man with fiery eyes who would thunder "no" and unceremoniously compel me to leave his home. You see, I am a Yankee, and it was my first trip below the Mason-Dixon line. My object in coming south was to ask a certain old gentleman, whom I'd never seen, for his daughter's hand. My friends in New York, with serious sympathetic countenances, had warned me that I would have to perform marvelous physical feats before I would even be worthy of consideration. I had laughed away their fears, but now I seriously considered them.

My musings were suddenly interrupted by the sound of someone scuffling up behind me. I turned and beheld a short, white-haired old colored man. His face literally beamed with good nature. A high collar encompassed by an enormous checkered tie, concealed his throat and chin. His coat was of the swallow-tail type, while his trousers, probably two sizes too large for him, contained patches in both knees. His feet were of mammoth proportions, and I noted, as he stood before me, that they were pitched at an angle of sixty degrees.

"Good ebening, suh," he greeted. "Is you Mr. Johnstone?"

I replied in the affirmative. As I did so, he bowed very sedately, and, in the most dignified tone he could muster, said,

"Well, suh, I'se Tobe."

I felt very grateful for this information.

"Well, Tobe, I'm glad to meet you." '

"Yes, suh," he continued, with a chuckle, "dat's me. Mas' Ben ax me for to git you to 'scuse him for not

comin' heself. He hab to go see Mas' Joe Bryan who been powerful sick."

He spoke in such a peculiar manner that I failed utterly to grasp the meaning of his words. At my request, he slowly repeated what he had said. I then endeavored to translate, and succeeded.

"Now," I asked, "what do you mean by 'Mas', and who is 'Mas' Ben?"

"Why, Mas' Ben Ansley, suh."

At last my stupid mind was able to understand. Mr. Ansley, my prospective father-in-law, had sent his servant for me, being unable to come in person.

"I understand now, Tobe," I said; "Shall we hire a machine and drive to the residence?"

My new acquaintance fairly quivered with suppressed anger. He drew himself up to his meager height, and, again assuming a dignified mien, he quietly remarked,

"Ise got de best pair ob hosses in dis yere country, suh, waitin' roun' de corner ob dat dere station. Mas' Ben tell me to fetch you in de surrey."

"Of course, Tobe," I apologized. "I far rather ride in the surrey than in the best machine in town. I did not know that you'd brought a team."

A few moments later we were driving up what might be called the business street of the town. Boasting only perhaps two thousand residents, Cameron possessed only one wide road, flanked on either side with a few stores. A few residences were scattered here and there. A group of negroes, comfortably seated upon huge bales of cotton, were discussing the topics of the day. Several farmers were engaged in an animated discussion in front of one of the stores. Fords, here and there, waited patiently for their owners, while a larger car passed slowly up the road in front of us.

As we neared the outskirts of the town, which was little or no distance from its center, I said:

"This is the residential district, I suppose. Why doesn't Mr. Ansley move into town?"

"Boss," my companion replied, "I kin 'splain dat in a few words. Nuttin' but white trash stay right in de town."

"'White trash'," I mused aloud, "you mean—er—what do you mean?"

"Simply dis, suh," he returned, "Mas' Ben is a man ob family and dese 'white trash' in town ain't nuttin' but cracker. People ob family stay *near* de town on dere plantation."

I still could not interpret his meaning, but I remained silent, for I feared that I might incur not only his disrespect but also his enmity by further display of ignorance. My companion soon became very talkative, and, before reaching the conclusion of our journey, he had informed me of everything that pertained to the Ansley family.

I shall never forget the delightful trip from the station to the Ansley mansion. As we entered the driveway leading to the mansion, the very beauty of the scene fairly took my breath. Huge oaks grew on each side, their branches draped with moss. "The Avenue" was probably one-quarter of a mile in length. Thru the oaks on our right could be seen a meadow in which fifty or more cows were lazily grazing. On our left, a forest, chiefly composed of tall, stately pines, was extremely impressive. The sky above was spotlessly blue, save for a few white clouds here and there. I could refrain from contrasting this with the scenes which had so recently greeted my eyes in the North. In the midst of the long, dreary winter months, the South was retaining some of its summer beauty, while in the North there was nothing but snow and ice.

My first impression of the mansion was one of profound admiration. It was typical of the South. Stately columns extended from the roof to the ground; large windows opened upon a broad, low porch; and handsome marble steps added inestimably to the beauty and dignity

of the structure. An elderly gentleman, apparently six feet in height, and the possessor of an erect figure, appeared in the doorway. His hair was snow-white as well as was his large mustache, and I noted that his eyes were blue and merrily twinkling.

"Good evening, sir," he greeted; "presume you had a comfortable trip."

"Yes, sir," I replied; "and I certainly am glad to be here."

"Well, sir, I assure you that you are heartily welcome. Come in."

As I followed him to the roaring fire in what appeared to be his den, I experienced a joyful sense of relief and softly chuckled as I recalled my fears at the station.

As we sat conversing and smoking some fine Carolina cigars, he suddenly ceased speaking and then as suddenly asked, "Is 'Lou' as pretty as ever?"

"If it were possible, sir, she is even more so."

His eyes twinkled merrily, and then he assured me of a fact which I knew only too well.

"Lou is a great girl, Mr. Johnstone."

I thoroughly concurred, but thought the adjective "great" inadequate to fully describe Lois. One could only see and know her to fully appreciate her. My host remained silent for some time apparently in deep meditation.

"When 'Lou' left for Cornell," he presently said, "everything seemed to go to pieces. Every ducky on the plantation misses her immeasurably. When her mother died, Lois was only ten. Naturally, we became even more close to and dependent upon each other than before. Some time I feel as if I can no longer live without her. She was the life of the place and would take care of me as—but there I go again, talking as if I'd lost her for ever. When she has been gone only two months."

"She is extremely homesick for you and the plantation, sir. Why not return to New York with me and see her?"

"I've been thinking of it a long time—well—it seems a long time at any rate."

Tho he had not fully decided to pursue that course, I felt assured that he would, and I pictured myself conducting the old gentleman through the various features of New York.

Later in the day, he proudly led me to view that portion of the plantation, in the vicinity of the mansion. His various belongings provoked sincere admiration. When we came to his dog pen, his countenance would have assured the most casual observer that he was to witness a scene worthy of note, and he would not have suffered disappointment. My host opened the large wooden gate of the dog pen, and, as soon as we had entered, he stood back and alternately looked at me and the dogs. Immediately, I perceived his idea in doing so. He wished to see if I cared for dogs. Tho I had never taken an interest in any dogs save "Jack" and "Jill", my great Danes, the beauty of the twenty or more hounds was unquestionably impressive. He began by informing me of the various breeds.

"You can see the Kentucky Blue in that group on my right," he explained. "Pomp, over there, is 'Pot Licker'."

I lost the remainder of his words while pondering over "Pot Licker." "Pomp Liquor", I mused. "Pot Liquor Pomp—funny name that," and, finally being unable to associate *Liquor* with a dog, I concluded that *Licker* was the word and that the cognomen of Pomp "Pot Licker" had not been unjustly given. Indeed, Pomp "Pot Lickers" enormous size guaranteed an appetite of like proportions, and his long red tongue seemed ever ready to prove his ability as a pot licker.

"Here Sing," Mr. Ansley called; "Red Head,"—and as the creatures thus addressed threw their fore paws upon him he continued, "Sing," Redhead," and "Dave"—the dogs you are petting are the fastest in the pack. Uncle Tobe swears that they have to run on two legs to keep

from flying, (I chuckled), and some times I am inclined to believe him. That Blue puppy over there will soon give them a hard run for first place. 'Joe', sleeping over there, is slow, but has a 'cold nose', which explains his presence in the pack.

I walked over to Joe and received a very cold greeting. He indignantly objected to my intrusion, and I was therefore unable to ascertain if my host's statement was authentic. I then recalled that therein lay one of the peculiarities of the dog,—all dogs' noses are cold. Afraid that expressing my feelings might result in an argument I remained silent. Mr. Ansley, however, soon gave a satisfactory explanation. He asserted that when a dog possessed the admirable ability to follow the trail of a fox long after the said fox has departed for other parts, (the trail thereby rendered old or "cold") the dog was said to have a "cold nose".

I listened with increasing interest to my host's explanations of the innumerable Southern expressions. No doubt he was a great sportsman, and fox-hunting occupied the foremost place in his sporting heart. My task was to win his favor. Accordingly I said,

"Would it be possible for us to try them out?"

"Tonight, if you wish," he replied. Appreciation of my expressed interest was evident, and I knew that I had begun my attack in the best manner possible.

We then strolled to the small dairy barn and there encountered an aged negro methodically milking a cow. My host informed me that the old fellow was a preacher—famous for his originality. A group of cackling fowls in a neighboring coop attracted our attention, whereupon my host inquired of the milker,

"Gabriel, I've heard the hens cackling all day. There are few eggs. Yesterday there were few cackles and two dozen eggs. Can you account for it?"

"Yessuh, Mas' Ben, I glad you ax dat question. Hen am jus' like some people you know suh—all dem cackle ain't egg."

To my surprise, I at once fully understood the meaning of his words, and joined my host in a hearty laugh. They brought to my mind the image of a friend of mine whose descriptions of the things he would accomplish would produce in the listener spell-bound admiration, but who never accomplished anything worth while.

That night, mounted on five sorrel horses, we set forth to enjoy a fox hunt. My host, on the one hand, looking for a repetition of former good races. I, on the other, eagerly expectant of enjoying that which I had never enjoyed before. The moon, nearly full, made the cold, clear night beautiful. The sky presented an exquisite appearance with its innumerable stars—some large, some small, some that the eye could only intermittently discern. The road down which we cantered contained, here and there, a silver patch breaking the black shadows of the tall pines and moss-covered oaks. A light breeze produced only a slight rustling of the lighter leaves. Somewhere in the distance, a hoot-owl bemoaned its fate in dismal, wierd, uncanny calls. A bird, awakened by the noise we made, flew to a lower limb and whistled a shrill warning to his mate. A rabbit scampered across the road in front of us. A fox, across the field on our right, barked angrily.

"He'll stop barking and save his wind, if that pack gets behind him." said my host.

"And after Joe has made use of his 'cold nose,' Red-head, Dave, and Sing will make Brer Fox 'hit the ball'," I replied.

"Exactly. How do you like the night?"

"Fine. It is one of the most beautiful I've ever seen."

"And your horse?"

"Fine also, sir, tho he is given to shying a little. He has remarkably easy gaits."

"Ever ridden much?" he inquired.

Tho I'd ridden only twice in my life, I indifferently replied, "A little." Before many minutes had elapsed, we came upon Tobe standing near a roofed wagon with

strong-looking wire covering the space from the body to the top.

"There is the dog-wagon now," Mr. Ansley said. "Let them out, Tobe. Start in on the right," he shouted. Tobe instantly obeyed, and then started running with amazing alacrity, for one of his age, across the field on our right, at the same time clapping his hands and yelling, "Yoo—yo-yo-yo. Yere boy. Go it. Git in dere boy—" and so on.

My horse began running back and forth and pawing the ground to such an extent that I became uneasy, but I maintained sufficient composure to say

' He's seen it, sir. Shall we ride to him?'

My host only smiled and said,

"Not yet, sir. If you'll give 'Big Six' (for such was the name of the horse I rode) a little more rein he'll be less irritable."

I did so, but the brute seemed even more anxious to go.

Suddenly, one of the dogs commenced to bark violently.

"Joe's trailing," quietly commented my host, and then he yelled so suddenly and with such force that, taken unawares, I nearly jumped from my saddle. Big Six had jumped also, and I verily believe that we jumped in the same direction, for, had it been otherwise, we would have unceremoniously separated.

"Do you see it?" I asked of my host.

He not only smiled as before but threw back his head and laughed so long and with such enjoyment that I became embarrassed. Another blunder on my part—he was only encouraging the dogs.

In a few moments three more joined Joe, thereby forming a quartette. In a few more, a sextette was formed—and so on until the whole pack was giving vent to its emotion in every key imaginable. Mr. Ansley, Tobe, and a few negroes who were present, were shouting vigorously, so I lent a hand.

"They've jumped, sir," my host excitedly cried; "now you'll hear the race of your life."

"They sound fine," I managed to say, while Big Six grew more frantic, "but what have they jumped?"

"Why, the fox, man!" He laughed.

I could not imagine a pack of hounds jumping over a fox. I thought the object was to catch it. To request an explanation, however, would only have served to magnify my established ignorance; so I remained silent and gave my attention to Big Six.

My companion called Uncle Tobe and issued instructions, and I heard Tobe's vehement assertion: "Yessuh, dey'll go dat way spite ob de debbil." We were to leave Tobe and ride to a barn near a railroad track. Tobe was to keep the fox from "Dublin" (whatever that meant). The pack would run the fox to us. We could thereby see the fox and the pack in action.

Arriving at the barn, we dismounted, tied our mounts; and walked to the open space occupied by the track.

"Now we can hear the whole race," the old gentleman stated. As for me, terra firma felt as good as it does to one who is sea-sick. I was not sick, but Big Six had done everything of which he was capable to produce that unpleasant sensation, and my legs ached from the strain. In a few moments my spirits revived and I resolved to venture upon that which was foremost in my thoughts—the thought of Lois.

"Mr. Ansley—" I began.

"That shrill tongue you hear, sir, is the Blue Puppy's. The bass is Pomp. Man, that's music! It would put Sona to shame."

Fortunately, Lois had told me of a visitor who, when taken on a fox-hunt and asked what he thought of the music, had angrily replied that he could hear nothing but "infernal dogs." If she had not, I would probably have made another blunder. Instead, I continued the attack.

"Yes, sir," I meekly agreed, "very harmonious. Some time ago, sir, your daughter Lois and I, having decided that—"

"They've turned," he interrupted. "Uncle Tobe must be sleeping on the job. Let him double; he can't lose that pack."

I immediately perceived that I had been mistaken in assuming this to be the proper time for stating my desires. The very heart of the old gentleman was wrapped up in the race, and I verily believe that he heard not a word I uttered. Ten minutes later he continued:

"Turned again—coming this way. Step over there with me—behind that underbrush. He'll run over us."

The sounds of the dogs' voices were growing louder and louder, ringing out in the stillness of the night. Onward they came, feverishly excited with the joy of running the Reynard. I experienced a thrill of intense excitement. Suddenly, Mr. Ansley pressed my arm and pointed. Into the bright moonlight, a fox stole from the thicket on the opposite side of the railroad track. His long, bushy tail hung low, its end scraping along the ground as he trotted coolly, if disconsolately, to the railroad track.

Then something happened which I shall never forget,—something that imprinted indelibly upon my mind the fact that the fox is the most cunning of animals. The dogs were almost upon him. He knew that his only chance lay in his shrewdness of mind—not in his jaded limbs. He stepped upon the rail and walked along it for fully twenty feet! Then summoning his remaining strength, he leaped into the woods not fifty feet on our right. In another moment the dogs crashed thru the underbrush to the opening in front of us. I received the impression that someone had poured boiling water upon them. Not one was silent. The woods rang with their cries. As suddenly as they had come, each ceased barking. They had reached the spot where the sly Reynard had stepped upon the rail. Silence reigned save for the

dismal call of a hoot-owl in the distance. Uncle Tobe soon appeared. He had ceased shouting, thinking that the race was over.

"Now, sir," said my host, "you see the fox's object in walking upon the rail. The dogs are at a loss to find the trail."

"It was admirable," I replied.

We walked to where the dogs were vainly endeavoring to find the lost trail. "Put them in by that big oak over there, Tobe," he said.

"Yessuh, Mas' Ben. What monkey stunts dat fox done gone and play 'round yere, suh?"

"Walked the rail," the old gentleman explained.

"Well, de Lor' hab mussey, suh. What'll dem big tail son ob a guns do nex'?"

Uncle Tobe then gave an exhibition similar to the one I had witnessed during the first stage of the race. His "Yoo—yo—yo—yo's" and hand-clappings soon had each of the pack trying to out-yell his comrades, and in a moment they were off.

I then followed the old gentleman to our mounts, and, to my dismay, found Big Six more restless than before. "That thicket thru there is almost impenetrable," said Mr. Ansley, "we'll ride around on the edge of the field and head them off."

"I can hardly get there soon enough," I exclaimed.

Later, I thanked my lucky star for those words. They explained to my great satisfaction and credit that which happened shortly after I uttered them. Big Six, pawing impatiently, refused to allow me to mount him.

"Let me hold him for you," the old gentleman offered.

My patience was at an end. Thanks, sir," I curtly replied, "I can manage him."

With a mighty effort I succeeded in leaping to his back—not to the saddle. As I leaped, he had jumped, and I had landed squarely on his rump. We were off! In what direction I cared not. In my ears rang the old gentleman's advice, "Stick to him." We came to a ditch.

Big Six saw it and shied. I found myself in front of the saddle. He leaped. I resumed my former position on his rump. Clinging to the saddle with every atom of strength I could muster, I succeeded in launching myself into it. Big Six continued his wild run across the field. Over the frozen ground we flew—across ditches, thru bogs, Big Six mad with the enjoyment of it all—I, fearful lest a sudden lurch would send me flying thru the cold night air, or perhaps that his great body might crash to the earth. I clung to his mane, my feet vainly seeking the stirrups. Occasionally I remained in the saddle a quarter of a minute. I had long ceased jerking and pulling the reins. That was a waste of badly needed energy. To my mind came the familiar lines,

“John Gilpin on his steed did ride

To his wife’s great delight.”

And I could not refrain from smiling. “Indeed, my predicament could be worse,” I reasoned, “*perhaps* Big Six has a limit to his endurance, tho I fully believe that no ‘twin-six’ machine could go at this rate.”

How I remained astride the big horse I shall never know, nor did I know at that time. Suddenly we came to a road, and Big Six turned so abruptly, in order that he might follow it, that a moment later I was surprised to find myself still in the saddle. We entered a forest, still going at the fastest run of which my mount was capable. A few moments later the brute suddenly slackened his pace. Fortunately, I was grasping the back of the saddle. Had it been otherwise, I would have been violently thrown in front of him. I then saw the cause of the change. A massive wooden gate loomed directly in front of us. The next instant, I was sitting on the side of the road, gazing with blinking eyes at the sky above me. Big Six, fearing the high jump over the gate, had swerved to the left, rushed up a bank, and disappeared in the woods. I had left him and continued my journey up the road. I arose, brushed off what little

dust was upon me, and went in search of him. My right knee and shoulder pained me horribly but I thanked Heaven that I was still enough alive to experience pain. A little distance from the road I found my gallant charger securely tied to some branches of a sapling. At least the reins sympathized with me for they had entangled themselves and prevented the escape of the well-nigh-exhausted Big Six. With little difficulty, I led him to the road and tied him to the gate. I then sat down and nursed my knee.

Some time later, the barking of dogs greeted my ears, and I remembered that a fox hunt was being conducted. Louder and louder grew the cries until the dogs rushed across the road not fifteen yards from me. They had hardly disappeared when there issued from that direction a strange yelp of pain and many vicious growls. They had caught it.

I met Tobe as I walked to the closing scene. Finally the old gentleman arrived. Before I could utter a word he grasped my hand and said,

"Well, sir, you've proved yourself a born rider. Your race across that field showed daring. Frankly I could not keep up with you. No, sir,"—as I made a gesture,—“say nothing, but accept my congratulations.”

I was speechless. He then walked over to his horse, and collecting my wits, I sought to compel myself to tell him the truth. The thought of Lois, however, mastered me. Thus I was relieved of the derision which I deserved and given admiration of which I was unworthy. That night I wrote Lois a long letter in which I assured her that success would unquestionably reward my efforts, that after we were married I would relate an interesting adventure, and that I thought June an ideal month for weddings.

—J. V. M., '22.

LET US STRIVE

"The thing thou cravest so waits in the distance
Wrapt in the silence unseen and dumb;
Live worthy of it, call and it shall come."

As we view our surroundings at this season of the year, we are struck by the likeness of a period of annual occurrence and a period in our lives. The one is the spring of nineteen hundred and twenty; the other is the spring of our youth. The buds of the trees will soon burst forth, and the birds will herald the coming of spring, which will be followed by a period of vital importance in our lives. Therefore, while we are yet in the springtime of our youth, it is of the utmost importance that we plant in our lives only those ideals and ambitions which will ultimately bring forth the maximum rewards to our fellowman. As initials carved in a young sapling produce ugly scars on the mature tree, so much greater will habits, unworthy in their nature, acquired now produce their vile effects upon our future careers.

Emerson once said, "What I need is somebody who will make me do what I can." Never was a truer statement concerning the possibilities of the latent forces within man ever spoken. It does not require a great deal of logic to arrive at such a conclusion, for often some spoken word, some verse, some new acquaintance or some trivial occurrence awakens us from our daily slumber, as it were. Very soon we shall each tackle a task, and we shall either overcome our task or it will overcome us. Whether we succeed or fail is to a large extent dependent upon our mettle and "stickability." With these forces self-culture and self-appreciation should be carefully combined. Many an excellent position has been lost or not secured because of a grammatical error or a social blunder.

To avoid such unfortunate circumstances is to be thoroughly prepared beforehand. As long as we have a skim-milk opinion of ourselves, we can never expect to attain our maximum success. Whatever our task may be, let us unhesitatingly put our hands to it and work towards the complete realization of our ideals and our ambitions. Let these words of Marden be an inspiration towards our final success.

"I am going to assent my manhood or womanhood and stand for something. I am going to be a force in the world and not a weakling. I was made to make my life a masterpiece and not a botch; I was created for a great end, and I am going to realize that end. There are forces inside of me which if aroused and put into action would revolutionize my life, and I am going to control them, and use them. I am going to find myself and use a hundred per cent. instead of a miserable little fraction of my ability."

—E. F. F., '20.

A DREAM

A fairy maid with long bright golden hair
And eyes that are a shade of deepest blue—
Eyes that outshine the sun-kissed morning dew.
A maid with whom there's none who can compare.

Your smile can pierce the heart of hardest stone;
Your glance can make the proudest one to kneel
And make the bravest one most humble feel;
Your sympathy can cheer the wanderer lone.

O matchless maid! If one could gain your love,
And win and keep you always for his own,
His joy no one could e'er express in rhyme.

For life on earth would seem like heav'n above.
His joy would rise from earth to sky-blue dome
As long as roll the years of ceaseless time.

—L. G. P., '21.

THE HUNCHBACK'S REWARD

A large spring sun was mounting rapidly up into the eastern sky and sending brilliant little shafts of light over the tops of the ridge and down into the tortuous valleys, which tore their way up into the hills of this notorious mountain district. The shades of night were gradually receding down the valleys and vanishing into the caves and lower regions. A small stream trickled peaceably down a narrow gorge for a few hundred yards, and then joined another stream and became a mountain torrent, which roared and plunged down the valley and finally leaped over a precipice and bounded on its way to the sea. These hills which were so peaceful and quiet, were soon to become the scene of a terrible tragedy, if nothing occurred to hinder the would-be perpetrators.

Lying concealed among the small shrubs and undergrowth at the top of a particularly prominent knoll, was a dwarfed figure clothed in rags. It would have been almost impossible to have recognized that the bundle of rags contained the heart and soul of a human being, had the twisted face not been visible. It was not at all pleasant to observe the wicked smile that spread over the face of the Hunchback as he fondled the blue steel rifle barrel from which the least trace of dust had been removed. He was after *his man*, and was thoroughly enjoying the idea that his desire was soon to be realized. The poor creature had long lived for this day's work, and was now prepared for the consummation of the task. There was but one thought burning in the mind of the sinister little man, and that thought was of revenge.

There had been a time when life had held everything of pleasure for this hunted creature, but now there was nothing. All happiness, and hope for the future had been swept away at a single stroke. It might have been that fate had decreed a life of misery for the Hunchback, but he was not able to think in such terms. He thought only

of revenge, and after that—death. For the plan had clearly seared itself into his brain, and he was going to avenge his mother's death first, and then was going to end his own wretched life.

As he lay waiting, the Hunchback thought of the causes of his present misery. He thought of the manner in which his father had lost his fortune, and then how in a frenzied effort to support his young wife and son, he had come to his death as a result of a deplorable accident. He also thought of the many years he himself had struggled to support his semi-invalid mother. Just here a frown of bitterness and pain passed over his face, for he was thinking of the day when his landlord had turned him and his mother out of their home. The shock of this misfortune and the ill-treatment of the landlord had combined to cause the death of his mother. This had been the final blow, and a blow from which the Hunchback would never recover. His love for his mother had changed to deadly hate for the brute who had been her slayer. The course of revenge had been determined in his mind, and he was now here to execute it.

The Hunchback had gained the information that the landlord was going to hunt squirrels in this part of the mountains on this particular day. He had made his plans in accordance with this knowledge, for when he had learned this, the idea of revenge had formulated itself into a definite plan in his weary and fevered brain. He was not waiting patiently for his prey, and though the suspense was becoming terrible, hope of a speedy consummation of his plan was a satisfaction.

Even the spot on which he was hiding, the Hunchback could very easily survey most of the lower hills. To the front lay a sharp decline to the stream, to each side stretched a high ridge, and directly behind was a precipice which stood about one hundred feet vertically. It was the intention of the hiding man to first get his victim, and then to throw himself over the precipice. The

thought of such a horrible death had no terror for him, even though he had stopped to consider it.

The hunter allowed his agile horse to pick his own way along the worn mountain trail. The journey from the village had been a hard one, and the poor beast was becoming very tired. The hunter had only stopped casually to pick off a wayward squirrel or two, so the horse had secured very little rest since leaving the village, and the start had been an early one. It was the intention of the hunter to ride further up into the hills, picket his weary horse, and then go after his game. As the journey had been begun early in the morning, it was yet early in the day. There was no longer a necessity for haste, so the animal was allowed to plod leisurely up the steep ascent.

The Hunchback was so thoroughly absorbed in his thoughts that he failed to notice the approach of the horseman, until a word of encouragement for the beast had been spoken by the rider. This word had startled the shriveled little man from his reverie, and he gripped the rifle until the bones of his hands stood forth with more startling prominence than ever. The veins of his neck and forehead swelled as if they would burst, and a malicious smile of triumph spread over his blanched face, and set itself about the corners of his twisted mouth.

The wretched creature leaped forth from his hiding place into full view of the hunter. His countenance was aglow with a smile of fiendish triumph, and he was gesticulating wildly in his last hour of supreme satisfaction. He levelled his rifle at his adversary and fired, but in his haste and nervousness missed the target, and before he could reload his piece, the hunter was upon him. There ensued a sharp struggle, but the dwarfed figure soon bent under the compelling hand of the stronger man. At first the wrinkled little fellow was convulsed with hate and anger, but soon became very quiet—he

had noticed, in the face above him, a likeness to his mother.

The hunter's eyes filled with tears as he came to a full realization of the ruin that he had caused. Then brokenly he began telling his story. Between sobs he muttered, "Albert, don't you recognize me? When I was a young man father disinherited me because of some gambling debts which I incurred. I left home with a vow never to return there while my father lived, and God knows how well I kept it! I was determined to humiliate both father and mother sometime. I came back to this country after father's death and bought a large estate. I was almost driven mad when I found that mother did not recognize me. In my bitterness, I turned her out of her home, and was not even horrified when she died. Now I am a broken and ruined man, and can never live at peace with God or man again. Albert, I am your brother. To you, I will try to pay that debt which I owe to mother and father."

—C. B. L., '20.

THE LAST FIGHT

"Forth to the charge!" the warrior's cry
Rang out o'er the battle's din,
As he leaped to the back of his pawing steed,
And rushed to the fight with men.
"Charge on the right!" came the clear command.
"Forward, my men!" came the cry.
"We're here to fight for home and life,
Or we are here to die."

Eyes fired with passion, the warriors fought;
And throbbed in each manly vein,
The love of their leader, who only fought
With the power of impassioned brain.
All knew that charger in the fight
And followed with bated breath.
He was torn to pieces, and so were his men,
And bravely all met death.

So where the western hills decline
To meet the boundless sea,
The sun went down,—the sun of their lives,—
They died, their souls to free.
From this green earth to brighter spheres
Their souls have taken flight;
And honor's glorious battlefield
Remembers that last fight.

—C. B. L., '20.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '30

SPRINGTIME

Old Winter is retreating to its home in the North, and gallant Spring is ushering in its hosts of beautifiers. The enlivening power of spring is being manifested on every side, and all nature is being robed in a coat of verdure and entertained with song. How softly the morning sun steals upon the slumberers of the night and awakens them to the duties of the day. The atmosphere is filled with the fragrance of new-plowed soil; and the farmer prepares the bed that will nourish the new-born seedlings. The seed bursts its brown coat and sends the

tiny plant to kiss the rays of sunshine that will make it grow and become strong. Slowly the solemn expression of the winter turns into the happy smile of spring. The call of the birds is heard as they sing their welcome songs to their chosen mates. New life springs up all around us, and we realize that an all-wise Providence rules o'er us still.

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ORGANIZATION

This is a day of organizations. Those who are not organized are behind the times and are merely drifting. Medieval practices cannot keep progress with twentieth century methods. It seems that colleges have a tendency to be conservative and slow to emerge from the old order of things. Traditions and customs exert their powerful influence and hedge in to some extent the evolutionary ideas of the more progressive. Events are taking place so rapidly that the facts learned today will be out of date tomorrow. The whole atmosphere is charged with new projects, and only those who fearlessly tackle new problems can hope to attain success. The future is too much of a dream to be judged by specific instances of the past. Generalization of a wide scope is necessary to even surmise the possibilities of the future. The surest way of getting results is to have efficient leaders supported by organized determination. Concerted action thru well defined channels becomes a dynamic power that finishes the tasks. There is a common ground upon which all can meet and compromise differences. It is when the spirit of compromise has manifested itself that the organization can be perfected. No class of men is organized until every member is working in coordination with the outlined plans. It is time for those men who have common interests to organize and pull together. Individualism has had its day.

OUR ALUMNI

During the war, the alumni associations became more or less disorganized, and the attachment that Clemson men have for one another was interrupted to a small degree. Now that the war is over, the different associations are being organized again for the purpose of fostering the spirit of a greater Clemson. When the Alumni become organized, they can bring a tremendous influence to bear upon the activities at their alma mater. It is pleasing to know that they are interested in our student activities, especially athletics; and they have aided materially in helping to cancel the debt of the athletic association. The association is out of debt at present, but there must be a dependable source of income in order to keep it on a sound business basis. The present student is in favor of a student activities fee; and our alumni, thru their respective organizations, can use their influence towards the inauguration of this fee. The students will save money by paying the fee; for every student will pay the same amount and the rates can be lowered to some extent. Some advantages of the fee are that the plans for the session can be made as soon as the final number of students are enrolled, that the publication staffs will know what size issues can be published during the college year, and that the boresome task of canvassing barracks will be dispensed with. Our alumni understand the situation, and their influence is the factor that will decide whether or not we shall have the fee established for the session of 1920-1921.



EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

H. W. Brown, '19, recently accepted a position in the electrical testing department of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., of Akron, Ohio.

o o o o

Dr. T. A. Jennings, '15, is an assistant to the State Veterinarian.

o o o o

R. S. Plexico, '19, was a visitor on the campus recently. Plexico has a position with the Anderson Motor Co., Rock Hill, S. C.

o o o o

G. M. Croft, '18, was married on February 14th, to Miss Thelma Calloway of Aiken, S. C. Shortly after the marriage, Croft and his bride left for Alabama, where he is working.

o o o o

Capt. J. H. Burres, '98, is now a conductor on the P. & N. Railroad, running between Spartanburg and Anderson. He is a Tiger of the old type, and is ever roaring for Clemson.

o o o o

The Clemson Club of Greenville, S. C., now numbers 120 members. They have open clubrooms in the Emax-

cee building, on West McBee Avenue, and all Clemson men are cordially invited.

o o o o

W. S. Beaty, '05, who only a few days ago succeeded W. W. Collier to the office of district manager for the Southern Bell Telephone Co., with headquarters in Greenville, died last week at his home in Anderson, death resulting from pneumonia.

o o o o

J. G. Lawton, '12, was severely gassed while overseas and as a result he has been undergoing treatment at the Johns Hopkins Hospital for the past four months; however, Lawton has practically recovered from the effects of the gas and is back at his work again.

o o o o

Capt. F. L. Parks, '18, of the U. S. Tank Corps, was a visitor at Greenville a few weeks ago. At present Parks is stationed at Camp Meade, Maryland.

o o o o

H. E. Graves, '19, is with the H. L. Doherty Co., located at Bartlesville, Okla.

o o o o

J. D. Jones, '15, is assistant general manager of the Union Mfg. & Power Co., Union, S. C.

o o o o

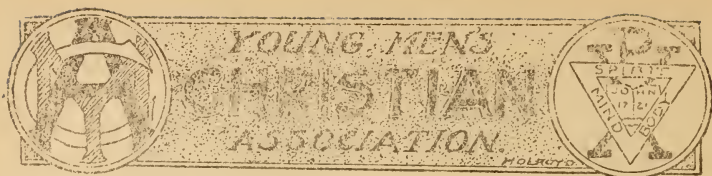
F. H. Leslie, '19, and "Peg" Ellis, ex-'17, are in the automobile business at Abbeville, S. C.

o o o o

J. B. Foster, '01, is the manager of the Union Municipal Water and Light Plant, of Union, S. C.

o o o o

M. S. Barnette, '15, is in business at Kings Mountain, N. C. "Prep" was recently married to Miss Annie May Jackson, of Clover, S. C.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

Probably the most interesting talk heard at Clemson for some time was given by Dr. Bennett of Lynchburg, Virginia, at "vesper" services March 1st. Dr. Bennett is an attractive speaker, and he held everybody's attention by his forceful delivery. His subject was "The Choosing of a Life Work." He said that a life well spent is one lived in a calling selected by God. Dr. Bennett says that God selects men for every calling in life and not for preachers and missionaries alone. God places a man where he is needed most and where he can be of most service to his fellow man. Sacrifice is what counts in this day and time. Dr. Bennett pointed to the great sacrifices of those whose bodies lie buried in "Sunny France". He said that we cannot be of much service to our fellow man until we have matched our ideals to those of the men who gave their all and all for "God and Humanity."

o o o o

Quite a number of Clemson boys have been looking forward to the Student Volunteer Convention to be held at Coker College. On account of the "flu" the conference was postponed until March 14—16, and the entire Clemson delegation will be prevented from going because of the second term examinations taking place at the same time as the conference in Hartsville. We will be there in spirit just the same, and we hope that those fortunate enough to be able to attend will get a real vision from having attended the meetings.

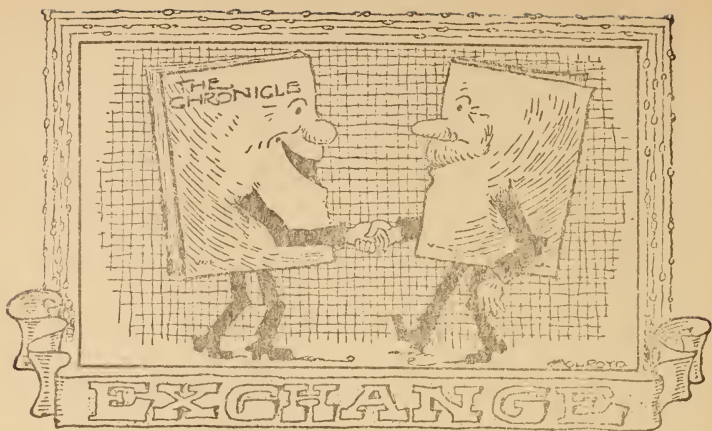
Several splendid speakers have been booked for "vesper" services during the remainder of the session. Mr. Horace L. Bomar, a popular lawyer of the Spartanburg bar, will speak March 14th. Another speaker of note will be Dr. Sweets. The famous "Engineer Evangelist", "Dave" Fant, will be here in April. His coming is looked forward to with pleasure as we feel sure he will give us a treat.

o o o o

Plans have been made to get out the Student Handbook for the next year. These books are a great help to the students and especially to the new men. The book will be published under the direction of W. H. Ramsey and M. C. Smith, both of the Junior class.

o o o o

Blue Ridge time is near and Clemson boys are already planning to spend ten real days at the prettiest spot in the "Land of the Sky". Over twenty have already expressed their intention of going. If you want to have a real good time and meet some real good people, get ready to join the happy throng. Blue Ridge is such a fine place that even those who have been there for years cannot tell you all about it. Be convinced by going with one of the biggest delegations of any college in the South. See for yourself.



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

After nearly six months have passed by since the beginning of the session's work, one can see a decided change for the better in most of the magazines. This fact is as it should be, for efforts would be all in vain, were it not for the fact that time brings improvement when accompanied by earnest work.

The exchanges that have reached us during the month of February are *The Wesleyan*, *The Hampton Chronicle*, *The Emory Phoenix*, and *The Concept*.

The Hampton Chronicle could be somewhat improved by the addition of more material—just one more poem and another essay would have strengthened the February issue. The stories, however, are very interesting, especially "The Sentence" and "The Dream City." The latter production is very vivid, and it shows quite an excellent imagination on the part of the writer. The poems, "Unwelcome Guests," "Fire Fancies," and "Night Metaphors" are worthy of commendation, showing clearly the reflective mood of the writers.

The stories and the poems contained in the February issue of *The Wesleyan* are very creditable, especially since the Freshman class is responsible for the quality of the issue. The productions are up to the usual standard, and it seems that the staff has the support of the other students. The departments are short and full of life.

The Emory Phoenix is an interesting, as well as instructive, magazine. It is well balanced, and contains contributions of excellent merit. "The Poet," "To a Star," and "The Dying Leaves" are of admirable quality, and "Jes' Lonesome" is very good among the lighter material. The stories, "Three Hundred Dollars and a Fiddle" and "Men and Devils Both Contrive," are very entertaining, showing a skillful usage of ordinary dialect.

The Concept is one of the most enjoyable, instructive, and entertaining magazines that one can read. The February issue is up to the usual high standard, and no one can deny the fact that *The Concept* is the leading magazine in the state.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Sgt. J. H. F. Schroeder: "Say, Major England, where did you get those field boots?"

Major England: "Sergeant, they are not boots; they are my socks."

Sgt. Schroeder: "Gee, I will have to get more military, mine won't stand at attention like that."

o o o o

Rat Dunham (while hospital orderly) was shaking a sick cadet with all his might.

Dr. Redfern: "Why, what do you mean by shaking that poor boy like that?"

Rat Dunham: "Why, er—er, Doctor, I have just been given him a dose of medicine that was labelled, 'Shake well before taking,' and I forgot to shake the medicine, so I thought it would do just as well to shake him."

o o o o

Gordon: "'Boo,' why does a stingy man always wear a checked vest?"

"Boo": "So he will always have a check on his stomach, I presume."

—Ewbank's Tribune.

o o o o

A sympathetic cadet was strolling up Main street in Greenville and happened to see a street car run over a little dog. He ran out to see what had happened to the

unfortunate dog and found that the tail had been cut off. He grabbed the dog up in his arms and hastened into a nearby drug store to buy some thread and bandages. He immediately proceeded to sew the dog's tail back on. He made a fine job of it, too, but just as he made the last stitch a policeman nabbed him. "Ah, ha, I've got you."

The cadet looked up with surprise. "Please sir, for what?"

The blue-coat, with anger in his eyes, said, "For retailing dogs without a license."

o o o o

Molly Davis was teaching the band something about the "I D. R." a short while ago.

"Lie on your backs, raise your legs in the air, and move them as if you were riding bicycles," he ordered.

After a very few minutes of exercising, Joe Frank Garner stopped.

"What's the matter, Joe Frank?" asked Molly.

"If you please, sir, I'm coasting," was the answer.

o o o o

One of our famous mess hall ex-cooks applied to a hotel for a job.

"What can you cook?" asked the hotel manager.

"Anything," replied the cook.

"Well, how do you make hash?"

"You don't make it, sir; it accumulates."

o o o o

McMeekin, in a long chemist's apron, with his brows knit in concentration, tried acid after acid in vain attempt to dissolve a stubborn metal and clear up the last obstacle to a passing grade. It was a hard nut to crack, and he seemed out of luck, till Jeff Webb in the other end of the laboratory, suggested confidently, "Say, Mac, try the messhall coffee; that'll do the business."

A detail of Florida Guard troops was standing before a company kitchen at Camp Wheeler when a Georgia convict wagon passed, hauling clay.

"Hey, Sam," yelled an army-sick rookie to the stripe-clad negro driver, "I'll swap uniforms with you."

"Not a chance, white boy," laughed the convict, "Ah knows when Ah'll git out."—American Legion Weekly.

o o o o

Sergeant J. S. Smith had separated his detail alphabetically into two parts and was drilling those from M to Z.

"Get into line there. Don't you know anything at all? What's your name?" he yelled at the awkward private.

"Phillips, sir."

"Then what are you doing down here? Get up among the F's where you belong."

o o o o

A little city bride was talking to a farmer.

"Mr. Dale, these eggs are mighty fresh and nice but they are so awfully small. Why don't you make the hens set on them a little longer?"

o o o o

Cadet: "Colonel, I think I need a rest. Look at the dark circles under my eyes."

Colonel: "No, you don't need a rest; you need a bar of soap."

o o o o

Patrick: "The reason why Levi can't be sunk is because he has a cork head."

Levi (after thinking for a moment): "The reason why 'Pat' is so easily sunk is because he has an ivory head."

o o o o

Cadet Banks was looking thru a spectroscope.

Prof. Speas: "Mr. Banks, what do you see?"

Banks: "I see the rainbow."

Prof. Speas: "No! No! You don't see the rainbow. You see the spectrum! A countryman calls it the rainbow! A scientist calls it the spectrum!"

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The Basketball Team

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The Track Team

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-

Next session opens Sept. 15, 1920.

For Catalog and Information Address

W. S. CURRELL, President,
COLUMBIA, S. C.



The Chronicle.

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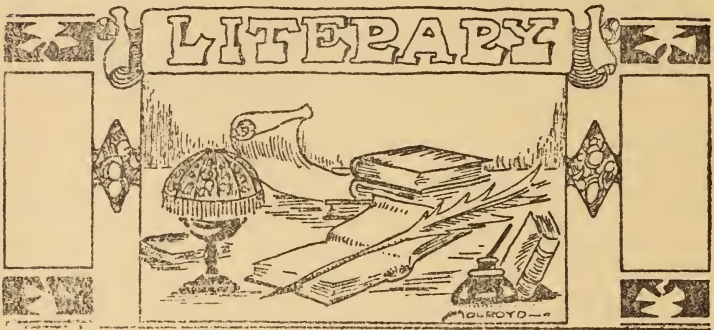
The Clemson College Chronicle

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XVIII
Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., April 1920

No 7



EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

MAKING OUR DREAMS COME TRUE

Why ponder so long on the dreams of the past,
O'er the wonders we might have done,
O'er our victories few, our failings vast,
When today there's a task to do?
It may be small or it may be great,
But today there's a debt that's due.
It isn't the dream that counts, my lad,
But it's making our dreams come true.

Why vainly regret the ills of the past,
When we're making the past today?
Why vainly scramble to gather the chaff
Just because it is blowing our way?
It may find a blessing or else find a curse,
There's a country that's looking for you.
It isn't the dream that counts, my lad,
But it's making our dreams come true.

Why put off so long the things that we know
Are the things we should do today?
Why look out so far and move on so slow
To'ard the future we ought to pay?
Whether we do what's right or wrong—
'Til judgment shall sound that last curfew—
It isn't the dream that counts, my lad,
But it's making our dreams come true.

—C. B. H., '20.

THE PALACE AT VERSAILLES

While in Paris, I became impressed with the tales I had heard of the beauty and historical features of Versailles. Therefore I decided to see the place, and, when I did, words could not express my admiration of the wonderful structures.

To enter the palace grounds, I passed thru a large iron gate, and was soon in a spacious courtyard ornamented with statues of prominent men. At the north end of the courtyard is a building that is taller than the surrounding ones and built in elaborate style of architecture. This is the chapel which was built in the year 1699.

My attention was next attracted to the palace, and I proceeded to its north wing. This wing is divided into two parts. That part facing the garden in the rear of the palace is called the garden side, and the opposite side facing the court-yard is called the court-side. The ground floor overlooking the garden contains eleven halls. Each one of these is enriched by historical paintings depicting the happenings from the time of Clovis to that of Louis XVI. One of the halls is known as the "Hall of Crusades." It is decorated with trophies, arms, and paintings relating to the time of the Holy Wars.

On the court-side is the Gallery of Sculptures containing many statues; but the one that attracted the most attention and is held in greater esteem and veneration than all the others, by the populace of France, is the statue of Joan De Arc, "The Maid of Orleans," who so gloriously led the French armies to victory.

All the halls are scenes of magnificence and splendor, and contain paintings of the campaigns in Italy, Africa, and Mexico. The connecting halls are beautified by busts and statues of kings and celebrated men.

On the west side of the palace is the Hall of Mirrors. Pen can not portray with what splendor and radiance this room abounds. There are thirty-four arches, seventeen of which contain windows facing the garden, and

opposite these are the other seventeen filled with long mirrors extending from the ceiling to the floor. It is a veritable crystal palace. The walls and ceilings bear wonderful paintings and inscriptions which are attributed to Boileaux and Racine. It was in the Hall of Mirrors, in 1871, that King William was crowned Emperor of Germany, and France had to bow down in defeat and give up her fair provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. After the signing of the armistice, in 1918, it was in this same hall that the peace treaty of 1919 was signed. By this treaty France won back her lost provinces. Time rights the great wrongs which prove that,

“Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet
They grind exceedingly small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.”

I felt highly honored that I was able to put my hand on this table where such an important document was signed. The treaty of peace terminating the war between England and the United States, the war of 1812, was also signed here in 1814. I spent some time in this memorable spot, imbued with a feeling of reverential awe.

I then passed to the rear of this room into the bed chamber of Louis XIV. Carvings and engravings were featured here also. The bed was situated on a raised platform and covered with an exquisite canopy. A balustrade separated this part of the bedroom and was a kind of protection to the sleeping king.

Napoleon is indeed well remembered, for a certain room, known as the “Gallery of the Republic and the First Empire,” is dedicated to this great Frenchman. All the incidents in his life are portrayed, as well as all the wars in which France had been victorious from the beginning of history thru the time of Napoleon. The windows are covered with the names of the famous men who died in battle. The room is lighted by means of a sky-

light of various colors of glass, and thus a brilliant glow is cast over this gallery.

The gardens in the rear of the palace are of great beauty. These are adorned by numerous groves of trees, terraces, ornamental fountains with jets of water flowing through the various nozzles, springs, statues, and vases.

There is a waterway on the west side of the palace known as the "Grand Canal." This canal is about two hundred feet wide and a mile long. It is used by the French for nautical displays and gondola races. Trees and flowers complete the wonderful setting.

Beyond the Basin of the Frogs is the large handsome basin of Apolla, ornamented with a wonderful statue representing the Greek god in his chariot drawn by four horses. It was thru these grounds that Benjamin Franklin, the first representative of the United States to France, passed on his way to secure aid from the French Government. In another part of the grounds is the Trianon Palace, where the German Plenipotentiaries resided during the days when the Congress of the World met in 1919.

This is only a short description of one of the famous parts of Versailles. Many other notable places are scattered thruout the city. The beauty of Versailles makes a lasting impression upon a visitor, and the historical places make one think of the great battles that have been waged in defense of democracy. There is an atmosphere of pleasantness and beauty prevailing thruout the whole city. A visit to Versailles is one long to be remembered.

—S. G., '20.

WHICH ONE WAS BLACK?

"Yes, if I win this case I'll quit—quit law and quit drinking," replied George Dawson to his wife, Isabella.

Dawson was a young lawyer of Aspergo, Florida. His ability as an attorney, combined with his talent of eloquence, led the public to speak of him as "the lawyer with a golden tongue."

Once Dawson practiced law as a means to obtain the necessities of life. But when Isabella's father died, he left the young couple suite a princely inheritance; which fact made it no longer necessary that Dawson be an attorney to support himself and his wife.

Early in life Dawson had fallen into the habit of drinking, and now the habit was fixed upon him. The body that was once a typical masculine physique was now thin and wasted; and the nerves that were once strong as iron were weak and unstrung.

In this particular case he was defending Henry Wilson, an old college mate as well as an intimate friend, against an indictment for murder.

The trial was only one day off. Dawson could not sleep, could not sit still; all he would do was to pace the floor and talk of the case. The only thing that had passed his lips during the previous twenty-four hours was whiskey or wine. He realized that he was fast becoming a mental and a physical wreck. It was after much reasoning and pleading that Isabella wrung the aforementioned promise from him.

The day of the trial came. There was little excitement in the courtroom. It was evidently a clear case of murder. But when the attorney for the defense spoke, tables were turned. Dawson poured forth his arguments with fluency and eloquence such as he never uttered before. He perpetuated his title of "the lawyer with the golden tongue." The jury retired, and in less than thirty minutes rendered the verdict of "not guilty." The case was won. Dawson was suffering from a nervous breakdown.

He was trembling like an aspen leaf as his friends assisted him from the building to his home.

How could Dawson remain in the old surroundings, associate with his old companions and refrain from drinking? He realized the impossibility of the situation and began to look about for some secluded place of retreat. Wilson told him of an island about ten miles off the coast which he thought would be an ideal place for their retreat. They hired a boat and went to the island. It was about a half mile wide and two miles long. There was a wharf on the east side; to the north the water was deep, while it was relatively shallow on the other sides. Wild orange trees grew near the shore while farther inland they gave way to magnolias. The cottage, which was equipped with every modern convenience, occupied the center of the island. To its front spread a spacious lawn, while it was surrounded by flower gardens on the other sides. As the young Cuban who owned the island, cared more for gold than he did for a lovely paradise, he readily consented to sell and the deal was closed.

Dawson and his wife retired to the island, taking with them only one servant, namely, Sam Henderson. Sam was a large, husky, true African negro of about middle age. He had been in the employment of Dawson's father previous to the marriage of the son. It grieved no one worse than it did Sam to see his young master "drowning himself with liquor," as he expressed it. Likewise he shared the joy when Dawson promised to drink no more. When things went to suit Sam and he was happy, he always sang. It seemed as if he did not know but one song, for whenever he was happy he always employed the same song to give vent to his spirits. As the skiff plowed thru the sea towards the island Sam was happy; he sat at the bow and sang in a deep bass voice:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' fer ter carry me home."

On the island Sam was man-of-all-work. Once every week, on Thursdays, he would row to the mainland to get the mail and to replenish the supply of provisions.

The crave for drink was strong in Dawson. Isabella was ever ready to comfort and strengthen him to the best of her ability. And humble Sam willingly and gladly did all he could to aid his master. At times the craving for drink would almost transform the human into a raving beast. At such times he would rush from the house and ramble over the island. Perspiration would gather on his brow in great drops while he would be fighting for mastery of himself—fighting and suffering agonies such as only a drunkard can understand. Late in the afternoon he would gain control of himself; then he and Isabella would walk thru the orange groves, inhale the fragrance of the magnolia blossoms and watch the sun as it sank into the Gulf. At such times he would feel the prime vigor of manhood again, and would realize the joy of being free from the demon, drink.

Gradually the craving left him. His body began to reassume the masculine form, and the nerves to become strong again. Yet he dared not return to the mainland, for one whiff of whiskey would resurrect the old temptation to drink. Besides, he and Isabella had learned to love the island and to look upon it as their home. They were happy with each other and saw little need of returning at all. And as for Sam, he was contented in seeing his master a man once more.

Wilson came to visit his friends quite often. It was his custom to hire a man to bring him over in a skiff, and have the man remain to carry him on the return. He would arrive at the island about nightfall, spend several hours with his friends, and then return to the mainland. Of late he had frequented the island more than usual. One evening on his arrival he heard Dawson and Isabella planning a sail to the south of the island for the following afternoon. This was the very opportunity that he

had been longing for. About the middle of the following afternoon he arrived at the wharf. After dismissing the dory and watching it speed towards the mainland, and satisfying himself that Isabella and Dawson were gone, he picked up his large black suitcase and turned his steps towards the cottage. As he neared the cottage he heard the deep bass voice of Sam:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' fer ter carry me home."

By this he knew that Sam was happy and might be more easily approached.

Sam, attired in a white apron and a white jacket, answered his ring. The black grinned a welcome, then eyed the suit case rather critically.

"Come right in, sah," invited Sam after a moment's hesitation, "de master and missus is gone fer a sail, down to de souf ob de island dey 'lowed. Jist make yourself at home, fur I must haf dinner ready agin dey gits back." And he turned to go into the house.

"Hold a minute," commanded Wilson; "it is you that I desire to see just now."

"Here I is," answered Sam, as he retraced his steps.

"You know that Dawson is a lawyer and a very good one," began Wilson. "People speak of him as the 'lawyer with a golden tongue.' In the next session of court a damage suit between the A. C. L. railroad and me is coming on docket, and I must have Dawson to argue the case."

Here he paused to fill Sam's ready hands with silver coins. Then he continued,

"Sam, your master is not the man he once was; no, not even the man he was when he drank heavily. He would like to take my case but his wife rules him. He has told me so himself. But I will outwit her yet. Tonight," he paused to open the large suitcase, "when Mrs. Dawson has retired you do my bidding and I will not forget your services."

When the suitcase opened, Sam saw that it contained alcoholic beverages and whiskey. The negro stared with his eyes stretched wide and his mouth open wide. It was the first substance of the kind that had been on the island since the coming of the present inhabitants. He knew well that if Dawson ever caught one whiff of the whiskey, the old craving for drink would return. Yet the thoughts of money lured him.

"When Mrs. Dawson has retired," continued Wilson, "you make a couple of cocktails and bring them out to Dawson and me and this shall be yours." Here he drew forth a large purse, opened it, and displayed its glittering contents before Sam. "While we are awaiting their return, you may make me one. I am weary and also I want to know if you have forgotten the sack since Dawson has quit drinking. Make one for yourself too," he called after the black as he retired with a bottle of whiskey.

Sam prepared the beverage and started to carry it to Wilson when he remembered that he was permitted to have one also. He made one for himself and drank it. After he had drunk the cocktail, a craze for drink came over him. He seized the bottle and emptied the contents into his mouth. After a moment's hesitation he went to a drawer, took out a loaded revolver and colcealed it in his jacket. Then he started to carry the beverage to Wilson. His gait was staggering, his brain was in a turmoil, and red mist floated before his eyes.

"Ah," remarked Wilson, after tasting the cocktail, "I see that you have not forgotten how to make one." He finished it at one draught and continued, "now, Sam, remember how things are to go tonight and this will be yours." Again he displayed the purse and its contents before Sam.

Sam drew near as if to examine his reward more closely. As Wilson returned the purse to his pocket, Sam drew the revolver from his jacket. He held the barrel close to Wilson's head and pulled the trigger. The close

contact muffled the report, a light tropical breeze blew the smoke and scent of powder away, and Wilson lay dead at the black's feet. For a moment he gazed on the dead form with an intoxicated grin of satisfaction. Then he put the body on his shoulder, picked up the suit case, and started for the wharf. After placing the body and the suitcase in the rowboat he jumped in, grasped the oars and headed for the deeps to the north of the island. On reaching his destination, he stopped, transferred the purse and its contents to his own pocket, attached the heavy suitcase to the belt of the corpse, and threw it overboard. He watched the body slowly sink, he saw that a shark had noticed the body, and he knew well that it would soon be devoured.

Sam returned to the cottage. After washing the blood stains from the portico, he raised the awning and admitted the low-slanting rays of the tropical sun which soon dried the floor. His next step was to put another cartridge into the revolver and return it to its customary place. All the time since his return to the island he had been mumbling to himself, "Dinner is sho' gwine to be late dis evening." But Dawson and Isabella were later returning than usual, and the evening meal was ready before they reached the wharf.

They reached the wharf just as the last rays of the sun were sinking behind the western waters. They hesitated to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. And the most beautiful thing of all to them was that in these surroundings Dawson had gained mastery of himself. With hearts as happy and light as children's they passed thru the orange grove and on thru the fragrant sea of magnolia blossoms. As they neared the cottage, they heard the deep bass voice of Sam floating on the evening air:

"Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' fer ter carry me home."

They knew that everything was in readiness for reception, that Sam was happy, and that all was well.

—A. R. K., '21.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN

The sun has just gone down,
Bright beams shine in the west.
Each cloud has a golden crown,
Or else a silver crest.

Each object takes some curious form;
Shadows crowd out the light;
The brightness of each nook is shown,
As day turns into night.

The birds to their beds have gone;
The squirrels are in their nests;
The bees have hushed their muffled drone;
Peace reigns o'er the timely rest.

The beautiful twilight is at an end;
Darkness enfolds the earth at last;
Silence prevails throughout the night,
As the long hours creep slowly past.

The sun comes up from out the deep,
It's rays sparkle upon the dew;
In every place quaint beauty is laid,
And flowers again unfold anew.

W. T. F., '22.

PREPAREDNESS

Just before every war, every famine, every political or national crisis there is always waged a program for preparedness. That nation or people which is most intelligently and thoroughly prepared is the last to be defeated in war, to perish in famine, or to lose in a national or political crisis. The rule which applies to times of adversity is none the less applicable to seasons of prosperity. That nation which is best prepared for peace and prosperity is the most certain to command the loyalty of its own citizens and the respect and admiration of the world.

We boast that our own country is the first and foremost nation in the world. But the world is now merging into a new era. An investigation of our status is being made by the critical eye of every nation, and many of them, no doubt, are determined that we shall no longer boast of our place in the sun. Whether or not we maintain our present status in the coming era, depends upon the quantity and quality of our preparation.

It is not one man or class of men that makes a nation great, but every individual who is entitled to the protection of the nation's flag. How then shall we prepare to maintain our boast? By the promotion of class law, mob violence, or Bolshevism? No. The preparation must begin with the training of every individual, for upon the ability of the individual, especially the great mass of individuals, will our progress depend. But what shall we give the individual? Of what shall our program for individual preparedness consist? First of all, the individual must realize the importance of his own privileges and obligations. He must be just as loyal to his government and just as closely allied with his fellow citizen as though he were a soldier fighting against the nation's strongest foe. He must realize that the nation's political, moral, and social standards will depend largely upon

the standards his own career will help to establish; that the prosperity of the nation depends upon the capacity and efficiency of every citizen for doing that which he is best fitted to do. Therefore, it is up to every man in this country, and especially the college man, to thoroughly prepare himself for the privileges and the responsibilities of a peaceful and prosperous American citizenship.

If we would be victorious in war we must prepare a strong army. If we would be educated, we must study. If we would be intelligent, we must practice right thinking. If we want peace and prosperity, we must prepare for peace and prosperity. If we expect our nation to maintain its place in the sun, we must prepare ourselves to be the world's best citizens.

—C. B. H., '20.

THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS

One sultry afternoon, in the latter part of the summer of nineteen hundred and nineteen, Capt. Richard Howard, or "Dick" as he was familiarly known, was returning home after indulging for several hours in the fascinating sport of pulling trout from the shady stream which flows along one edge of his father's large cotton plantation. A large car rolled by Dick, and, as he caught sight of the occupants, he exclaimed, "Ah, there's the girl of my dreams!" Captain Dick did not recognize either of the girls, as he had only recently returned from France.

In the spring of nineteen-seventeen, Richard, with many other members of the senior class of one of the leading Southern colleges, answered the call to the colors. He went directly to an officers' training school, where, after several months of training, he received his commission. Like many other young officers, he was offered the opportunity to go to France immediately, and he accepted and left without receiving a furlough to visit his parents.

Upon reaching his father's home that afternoon, he said to his younger sister, Martha, "I saw my dream girl this afternoon. Just before I reached the house, two girls passed in a large car, and I can't imagine who they were."

Martha laughed and said, "Oh! that was Elizabeth White. She is visiting Margaret Herring; and they had just been here to invite us to come over for a little party tonight. Margaret and Elizabeth were in school together and they are great chums. Elizabeth is a real queen, and not a bit like us. You know she is from up North and she knows how to do everything. She has promised to teach me a few new steps tonight; but if you will be real good. I will let you talk to her most of the time."

Dick readily promised to escort his young sister over to the home of his old friend, Colonel Herring, as he

hadn't lost his taste for the American girl; and, then, the girl of his dreams was to be there. Upon reaching the scene of the gaieties, he was greeted by Margaret, who had changed from the little girl of yesterday to an attractive young lady. Dick could hardly realize that she was the same person, but he remembered that he hadn't seen her in three years. Margaret said:

"Dick, you know everyone here except Elizabeth, and she is very anxious to meet you. She is just the dearest creature you ever saw, and I know that you will like her."

When Dick was presented to Elizabeth, he saw why these two had attracted each other, for they were opposites. Elizabeth was one of these creatures who is always bubbling over with mirth, while Margaret was more reserved; and, as you would expect, Elizabeth's eyes were as blue as the heavens, while Margaret had large, dark-brown eyes and long, dark lashes which often hid her eyes, making her appear very shy. Margaret's cheeks lacked the dimples which were forever showing in Elizabeth's cheeks and which made her appear so adorable. Margaret had a slender beauty and a demure look which made her appear very feminine, notwithstanding the fact that her complexion showed a healthy tan such as is obtained only by taking part in the many outdoor sports which the average American girl enjoys.

Immediately after the introduction Elizabeth took Dick off to enjoy himself while Margaret acted as hostess. Dick enjoyed Elizabeth's company to the fullest, and Elizabeth was unusually gay and excited, for Martha had managed to tell her what Dick had said about the girl of his dreams; and what girl would not like to be admired by a young officer who had recently returned from France?

Margaret noticed how happy her two friends were, and she could not help but think how lucky Elizabeth was, for Martha had taken pains to tell both of her young

friends what her young brother had said about his dream girl. After whiling away several pleasant hours, the gay party broke up, and Dick left without seeing very much of Margaret.

Richard spent a great deal of his time, for the next few days at the home of his old friend, Colonel Herring. Margaret so contrived it that Dick spent most of his time alone with Elizabeth.

The time soon came for Elizabeth to return to her northern home, and Dick went over to bid his farewell adieus. Margaret pleaded to be excused as she was busy, so Elizabeth and Dick retired to the lawn, where they found a swing in a secluded nook. Dick did not realize how poor a companion he was, nor how often he had glanced towards the house, until Elizabeth startled him by saying: Poor fellow; why don't you let me go and send her out to you? I have seen all along how much you cared for her, and I don't believe that she exactly hates you, even if she does try to keep out of your company. I will go and persuade her to come out.

Elizabeth returned to the house and pleaded a headache as an excuse for leaving Dick; and Margaret felt obliged to go out and entertain Dick. When Margaret was comfortably seated in the swing, Dick said to her,

"Margaret, I have something very important to say to you."

"Oh, Dick, has she accepted you? I am so glad," cried Margaret.

Dick was very much surprised and he said,

"Oh, no! It is you that I love, Margaret. I have always loved you even from a child, but I didn't realize it until you passed me on the road that day. Won't you say that you love me just a little, Margaret? You are the girl of my dreams."

Margaret raised her long eye-lashes and Dick read the answer in her eyes as he gathered her into his arms.

Elizabeth was persuaded to prolong her visit and take part in the coming ceremony.

—G. A. S., '20.

LEST WE FORGET

O! Let us ne'er forget
How died the men so brave,
Who, dying, had hope and courage yet,
In the cause they fought to save.

Belgium herself did offer first
To suffer wrongs from German hands,
Which place upon the Huns a curse
To be rememered where right stands.

Then the brave and daring French,
Who boldly took the side of right,
Did with all her might entrench
To give her all to win the fight.

Great Britain with her ships of war,
And thousands that she could afford
Did offer to France her mighty power,
And helped to hold the German horde.

And when it seemed that all was lost,
America answered Freedom's call,
And offered, no matter what the cost,
Her men and resources, all.

And bravely did our country fight,
Though many a man did die,
To keep Freedom's Holy Light
Shining forever in the sky.

So let us ne'er forget
How died the men so brave,
Who, dying, had hope and courage yet,
In the cause they fought to save.

—W. D. B., '21.

THE JOB THAT COUNTS

The sun appeared in the east and disappeared in the west yesterday. It did the same the day before yesterday, and it did the same every day that we have known. It has risen again to-day, and it will set again to-day; but, will it come again on the morrow? Yes! I say and hear each of you say. Why do we say that this marvelous phenomenon will be repeated to-morrow? It is because we have known it to occur on every day in the past.

Since we are able to say that the sun will appear and disappear to-morrow the same as it did yesterday by our knowledge of what came to pass yesterday. We are justified in saying that our future life shall be similar to our past life.

The only picture we are able to paint of our future is based on our past, with the undesirable incidents of the past life made dim or left out entirely, and with the pleasant incidents highly magnified. Wherever you look, there you will find someone who is building air-castles out of the memories of his past. He thinks of his past and dreams of his future, but he does not realize that to-day is here—yesterday's future and to-morrow's past.

The past has gone for the repetition of its pleasures and for deliverance from its mistakes in the future. To-day is here with its task to be performed. The job must be done now and not to-morrow, for it will have then passed into history as finished or unfinished. To perform to-day's task is why we live to-day. This day has brought us to our turn at the wheel. Some one else had it yesterday, and another will have it to-morrow, but we have the wheel of destiny in our hands to-day. When the sun comes above the horizon in the east on the morrow, we shall have another job, and our job of to-day will have been left as we shall have performed it.

If it was not to perform to-day's task, we would not be living to-day; we would have lived in years long past, or

we would live in years yet to come. When we read of the historical past, the fire in our blood burns high because of the jobs the men of that time were performing. Then we hear ourselves murmur, "Oh, that I could have lived in those days." Then we feel downhearted because our job appears so unimportant.

Hold! Let us take a look at the dimensions of the task that is before us. Now, do you not see in it as great a task as man has ever had placed before him? Can you not see in it that which will make the future generations look back over the pages of history and envy your position the same as you envy the positions of your fathers?

I hear you say, "What is my job, if it is all that important? I toil from morning till night. I draw my salary and pay it out for a few necessities of life, but it does not seem to affect things if I do not work a day every now and then. There is once in a while one of my fellow workers who passes into the Great Unknown, but the work goes on just the same. I myself do not mean much to the world, and all that I need do is to hold my job so that I may be able to obtain life's necessities."

Too many of us are considering our jobs merely from the financial standpoint. All that matters to us is pay-day. Our greatest concern in our labor is how we are going to be able to get out of as much work as possible and still be able to retain our name on the payroll.

We become jealous of those few men who have passed us on the road of life. As our neighbor works industriously at his job, we barely live through the day until the whistle sounds. While he lets his ambitions make him do more than his "boss" expects and carries him farther on up the hill that leads to life's success. We stand lazily by and allow jealousy to smother out the last spark of our ambition. While he goes on to a higher job, we go down to a lower job.

We are stationary, or are descending instead of ascending on the road to wonderful achievements because

we have no higher ambition. We dream, perhaps, of higher things and try to reach them by some short easy route, which will require little effort on our part. We neglect our present job, and we do not give to civilization what it demands of us from our present job. Because we do not direct all of our energy to and focus our ambitions of higher things through our present job, we fail to hold it; and we are forced to take up a task that requires less energy than the one we now have, instead of taking up a task, as we should, that requires more energy than our present one.

It is not what we did yesterday; neither is it what we might do to-morrow, but it is what we do to-day that counts. We have to-day's task, we do not have yesterday's task for it has passed, and it is upon the manner in which we perform to-day's task that our task of to-morrow is going to depend. If to-day's job is performed with all our might, to-morrow's job will be a bigger one, but it will carry with it that higher position which we seek. Let us put all of our soul, our heart, our energy, and our ambition in to-day's task; so that to-morrow these faculties will have so grown that we will be able to perform a more important task. In this manner, we shall keep all jealous thoughts smothered.

It makes no difference what our position is, whether we are the most humble laborer, or the most lofty executive, we should perform our task with all of our power. It is not the character of the work that counts, but how we do it.

—H. S., '20.

PETE GETS RELIGION

It was almost time for church, on Sunday morning, as Pete hurried along the road to Mount Zion, where that day the negroes were going to have a big revival meeting. He soon met a young deacon who insisted that Pete should go to church with him. Pete refused to go, and the deacon remarked that the devil would get him if he did not start going to church. This made Pete angry, and he said,

"See heah, nigger, I ain't never been to chu'ch, an' I ain't never gwine to go. I minds my own bizness; w'y ain't you lookin' a'ter your'n?"

"Well, w'at you hangin' 'roun' dis road dress' fit to kill fer if you ain't goin' to chu'ch? I's sho' you ain't goin' to see nobody's gal, 'cause dey's all gone to de meetin'."

"Dat's none ob yo' bizness. Dis road's free. I walks it in de day, I walks it in de night, I walks it in de week, an' am goin' to walk it on Sunday too. You better take yo'se'f on to chu'ch befo' I brains yuh. I'se goin' to hang aroun' an' walk home wid Nancy a'ter chu'ch."

"Oh, yeah, so dat's w'at you is a'ter. Well, I reck'n you ain't goin' walk home wid dat gal, 'cause I'se gwint ter walk home wid her myse'f. I done axed her 'bout it since yistiddy. You jus' as well go back home, 'cause Nancy ain't a gal dat'll be goin' 'roun' wid a man dat don' b'long to de chu'ch."

Then Pete replied defiantly,

"Nigger, who's runnin' dis boat? I'se goin' ter do as I likes. Nancy been goin' wid me all dis time, an' I know she ain' go turn me down fo' o flat-headed, mush'-face, yaller nigger like you. Git 'long whar you is expectin' to go."

Pete then ended the discussion by walking away to a shady spot near by, where he sat down. He nodded, and slept for about two hours. Soon the congregation began to pass along the road again. Among the first to come

along was the young deacon and Nancy. Pete then stepped up and said:

"Good mawnin' Miss Nancy. I'se goin' walk home wid you', as we been doin' here'fore. Sho' you ain' leave me now fer dat nigger, long as you is been goin' wid me?"

Miss Nancy turned away, shrugged her shoulders and said,

"I'se sorry, Mister Peterson, but I, bein' a lady of de church, can't afford to be coatin' wid o gemman dat ain't a member ob de chu'ch. So I'll never go wid you any mo' 'til yo' joins de congregashun of de Lo'd."

The couple passed on and Pete slouched away into the woods and slowly made his way homeward.

That night, Pete was so forlorn and downcast that he for once began to call upon the Lord to help him. And, on the following morning, Pete did not go to work as usual. Instead, he went out in the woods to "seek". The term "seek" is known to negroes as seeking for religion, and each person has to "seek" before he is eligible to enter the church. During the time of "seeking", the individual goes off to some desolate place to pray, or else to some old church member to get help in the prayers. It usually takes from one to three weeks for the "seeker" to find religion. During this period, he goes half starved. He is rarely seen by anyone; but, when seen, has a half crazed look and there is no doubt that he does imagine himself passing through golden gates and many other beautiful, heavenly places.

After fully three weeks of "seeking", Pete "got religion" and let the people know about it by his many yells of "Glory Halleluah; I'se got religion." He was at once taken into the church and he again came into his own with his Nancy.

—W. T. F., '22.

THE FRENCH

The French people can be put easily into two classes,—the aristocrats and the peasants. The aristocratic class forms the ruling and controlling element in the French national life. All the members of this class have an excellent education obtained thru the schools, colleges, universities, and home training. This class of people is found in the large market centers of France, such as Paris, Versailles, Bordeaux, and also in the chateaus found throughout the country. On the other hand, the peasants comprise the uneducated and lower element. This class is found all over the country, but principally in Southern France in such places as St. Nazaire, Brest, and the Pyrennes Mountains. Landing at St. Nazaire, which is a typical peasant city, the traveller is much impressed with the class of people he sees, for he will think the French people are of a different type. He will find that this is the lower class of people, and that the cultured people that he would expect to find were elsewhere.

The modes of dress of these two classes of people are as different as those of the whites and blacks of America. The aristocrats are the neat and stylishly dressed people. On the other hand, the peasants, the working class of people, dress plainly and do not crave the limelight in the realm of society. Of course one will not find that all aristocrats dress the same in all places, nor do peasants dress the same in all localities, but at a glance one can readily distinguish the two classes.

The people of France travel by several different means—by trains, by automobiles, and by carts. The trains in France were a curiosity to the American boys when they first saw them. The engines are much smaller than our engines and are of a different type. The cars are also very small. The wheels are not solid, but are somewhat like buggy wheels. Railroad tickets are sold as first class, second class, and third class. As a general rule, the better class of people ride first and second class, while the poorer people ride third class.

The automobiles are used by rich people, for automobiles are very scarce in France; especially were they so during the past war. French automobiles can not be compared with American automobiles, in that the latter are much more comfortable and durable.

Carts are very numerous throughout the country; in fact, if it were not for carts, the majority of the people would have no means of traveling.

The French have a good system of farming. The farms are cut into very small tracts ranging from one to five acres. In this way all the farming land is utilized. The French are noted for their good wines; therefore, grape growing is their chief money crop. I traveled hundreds of miles thru Southern France, and all along the way I saw magnificent vineyards. I was greatly impressed with the way the French make their wines. They use several methods, but the two methods I observed particularly were the press method and the foot method. A farmer who is not able to buy a press or to pay for the use of a press has to resort to the foot method. The grapes are put into a big bin, and two or three men get into the bin and mash the juice out with their feet. It is then drawn off at the bottom.

The French are noted for their wonderful art productions. Anyone who has read or studied the histories of different countries, knows of the great art works of the French; but reading and studying about their works is not like seeing for one's self.

Beautiful paintings and sculptures are found throughout the country. One would naturally think that the large cities are the only places to find these exquisite art productions, and of course the most expensive ones are found in the large cities. Just one glance of the wonderful art designs in Paris would make a lasting impression of the sublime and beautiful.

—B. E. L., '21.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '20

CHIVALRY

Of all those qualities which distinguish a gentleman, there is none more outstanding than chivalry. In ancient days, courtesy was the watch-word of the day, and a lack of chivalry was regarded as a very serious crime. Altho it is very essential for each true American to be a gentleman, it is not the best policy that there be any laws regarding chivalry.

Down thru the ages there has been a tendency for men to become less chivalrous each passing year. In the ranks of the uneducated, there is a greater lack of courtesy than there is among the educated people of America.

Now, fellow students, if we desire to show good-breed-

ing, which is characteristic of a gentleman; if we desire to show the results of education; and if we desire to be men among men,—let us be chivalrous to our elders, to our womanhood, and to one another; and it follows as the night the day, that all men will say, “There is a real Gentleman.”

—C. B. L.

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PERSEVERANCE

Have you that wonderful quality, *Perseverance*? If you do not possess this quality, you should try to acquire it. Many times a genius will fail to make his life worth living, while the persevering untalented man will make a success of his life—a success that makes him remembered long after he is gone. Do not complain of your lot. To some are given five talents, to some three, and to others one talent. Do not waste what is given to you, but double it by untiring effort. The world is before you; go forth and make a place for yourself, and

If the world is kind or cruel,

Battle on without a fear.

Push forth! Fight on! You'll win the goal.

Look up, trust God, and persevere.

—L. G. P.

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LIFE AT PRESENT

In history, we have the stone age, the bronze age, the iron age; and at present we have the fast age. If the present age were given the name of some mineral, the only appropriate one would be the fool's-gold age. The present condition of wealth makes it possible for one to satiate his desire for every gaudy trifling pleasure that presents itself. Pleasure should be indulged in, but everything should tend to make character stronger. Wealth and excessive indulging in the use of this wealth is the first step toward ruin. May we profit by the many

examples which we have and not let prosperity bring ruin, but greatness.

—L. G. P.

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OUR PUBLICATION

The different societies have published the *Chronicle* since the Christmas holidays. Throughout the year there has been a noted improvement in the material published. There is only one more issue of the *Chronicle* before the session ends; therefore let everyone put forth his greatest efforts to make the last issue the best.

—L. G. P.

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OUR MISSION

There have been times in the histories of nations when life was valued as the cheapest of gifts, and when men were used as the poorest of tools in the hands of mighty monarchs. In those days when neither life nor liberty were of consequence, men lived solely for individual gain, or because they were afraid and unfit to die. Crime was a petty fault, and immorality was rampant throughout the lands. Ignorance was the chief cause of all this sin, crime, and immorality. There were times when men cried out for justice and freedom, but these calls were unheeded, and those who gave voice to the real convictions of their hearts and minds were hastily branded as heretics, and as such were burned to death at the stake.

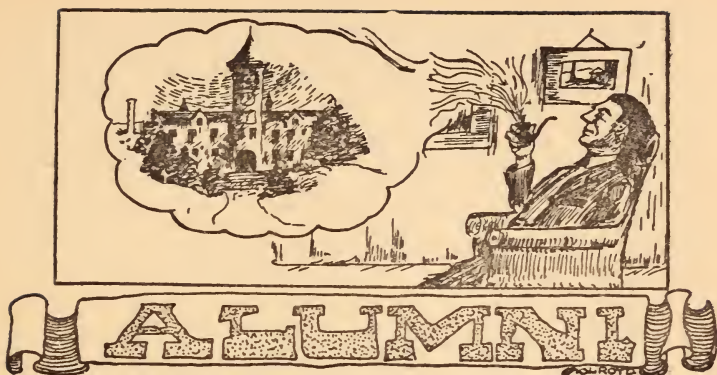
Gradually a wave of learning spread over those old countries. As men began to realize their blindness, they naturally began to study the causes of their misery and slavery. The combined strength of the learned men of all the nations soon caused the overthrow of the old regime, and life began anew.

Even under the new regime the poor and uneducated

classes have never realized the real worth of life. The joys of life have never been allotted to these, whose lives have not seen the entrance of education. In brief, we might say that they have not been given a "square deal."

Fellow-students, the burden of enlightenment rests upon our shoulders. Those who have been so fortunate as we have, must go out and lift the cloud of ignorance from the lives of our fellow-men. This is not only a privilege which we are granted, but it is a sacred duty. Therefore, while there is time let us prepare for a great crusade which shall fill the minds of the people of knowledge and understanding. In the name of our Alma Mater, let us put on the armor of truth and wisdom and throw ourselves into the pathway of ignorance. Then, in the end when the preparation is complete and our lives are over, we will look upon the past with a great satisfaction. Peace will be our reward.

—C. B. L.



EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

E. G. Littlejohn, '12, was a visitor on the campus last week in the interest of the Southern Bell Telephone Co. He talked to quite a few of the Engineering Seniors in regard to future employment with his company. At present Mr. Littlejohn has the position of district traffic chief of this section of South Carolina, with headquarters in Greenville.

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J. A. Britt, '17, is now general manager of the Selma Creamery Co., Selma, Ala.

o o o o

F. E. Mackin, '18, has the position of assistant general manager of the same company.

o o o o

H. E. Shiver, '16, was married to Miss Linda Jones on April 3. The young couple will make their home in Morgantown, West Virginia, where Ed is now a chemist for the experiment station.

o o o o

W. W. Gordon, '19, spent a few days recently with his father on the campus.

J. W. Way, '18, is farming near Orangeburg, S. C.

o o o o

J. G. Tarbox, '18, recently accepted a position as instructor of mechanical engineering at this institution. Tarbox has been working with the Miami Water and Light Co., of Miami, Fla., since he graduated.

o o o o

A. H. Johnson, '18, is working with the Brill Electric Co., of Spartanburg.

o o o o

B. C. Banks, '18, is installing an ice cream plant in his home town, St. Matthews, S. C.

o o o o

A. P. Fant, '13, is now secretary of the chamber of commerce, Anderson, S. C.

o o o o

G. D. Palmer, '19, is now a student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

o o o o

W. M. Scaife, '18, is with the U. S. Coast Survey, now located in Alaska.

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Among the alumni seen at the baseball games on the campus recently were: G. Cox, '19; B. C. Banks, '18; J. L. Baskin, '19; T. W. Duggan, '19; and S. C. Jones, '19.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

One of the recent speakers to address the Y. M. C. A. at Sunday evening "Vesper" services was Mr. James B. Watson, one of the industrial secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. He talked on the industrial and labor problems of the United States. The young college men of the country are being urged to help the unfortunate illiterate people, which was the purpose of Mr. Watson's visit. Mr. Watson gave some very interesting statistics on the work that is being carried on in the northern states. The movement started at Yale University several years ago, and it has grown to such an extent that over one hundred thousand people were reached last year. So far, about two hundred colleges are represented in the movement, and an effort is being made to enlist the numerous other colleges in the great work. In the north there are over fifty different nationalities, and the principal work there is to teach the immigrants the English language and something about the American laws. There are yet millions to be reached, so the bigness of the great movement can easily be seen. Down South the negro is the problem to be dealt with and his welfare is entirely in the hands of the southern people. It is up to the young men of the South to see that the negro has a fair chance to learn and to make something of himself.

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The Student Volunteer Conference is not far off and those who can should grasp one of the best opportunities in their lives to learn of our mission fields. There is still

room for others in the Clemson delegation. The meeting this year will no doubt be the best ever held in South Carolina.

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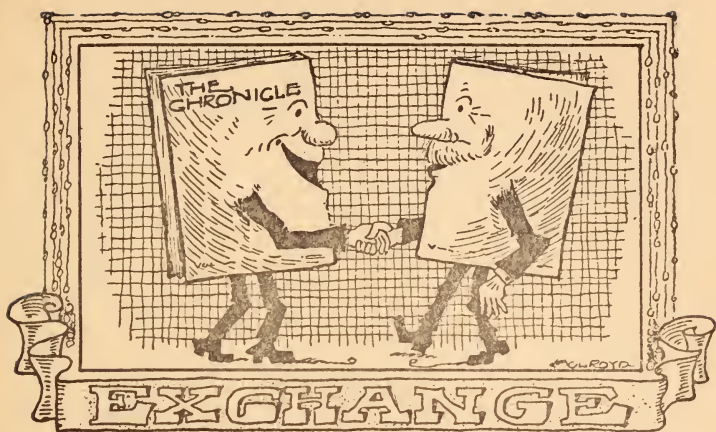
An officers' training convention will be held in Columbia at the same time as the Hartsville convention. Clemson is to send representatives to this meeting. They will probably be the president, vice-president, and the secretaries.

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Mr. Holtzendorff has started a swimming class for those so unfortunate as to swim like rocks. Several are going down regularly, and they will no doubt be regular ducks before the session is over.

o o o o

The Blue Ridge program will be better than ever this year. Make your preparations to spend the best ten days you have ever spent. Ask anyone who has been there. Clemson is to have one of the best delegations that the "Y" has ever sent to Blue Ridge. Think things over and decide to join the happy band. The conference will be held just after commencement, so that seniors as well as underclassmen will have the opportunity to attend.



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

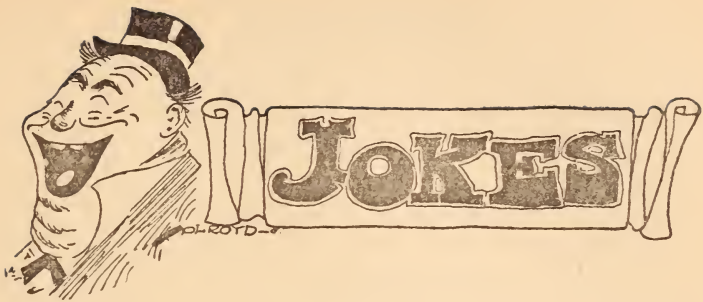
This month finds us looking in vain for the exchanges which we so greatly enjoy. One does not know the full value of anything in this world until one undergoes the deprivation of some vital element; likewise, when the exchanges fail to reach us, we are indeed the unfortunate losers. We have thoroughly enjoyed the March issues of *The Newberry Stylus*, *The Concept*, *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, and *The College of Charleston Magazine*. These magazines were of supreme value for several reasons. In them are found some of the temporary surface currents that appear in the forms of story and of verse, making their mere ripples upon the mind of the reader and then vanishing forever. Such light themes are entertaining but dangerous when employed too promiscuously. They exist for a moment, and are suddenly crowded out by some musing thought, reflection, or the outpouring of another soul's hidden treasures. The poetry found in *The Concept* is characterized by that close contact between poetess and poem, causing the reader to forget the mere words and to enter into the thought of the writer.

The March issue of the *Newberry Stylus* is of interest

thruout. The material shows considerable variation in thought and quality. The first production, "Juniors," reminds one of the words, "Six little rabbits, Oh, such fun!" However, it ends with the revelation of a deeper purpose than it sets forth in the beginning. The essays, "Anglo-American Friendship" and "The Rising Sun of the Orient" are not new themes by any means, but are, nevertheless, interesting as a means of historical review and as present-day topics which have not yet been thrashed out. The two stories, "Jessie's Choice" and "A Winner in the End," are entertaining stories. The former is rather jerky in places, but each is clearly written and bears no complexity whatever. "A Cloud" could have been much more descriptive had the object of the writer been to produce poetry and not rhyme. "Those Still Over There" is a tribute of admirable sentiment to the fallen, but several sentences are rather choppy. We have been noticing the improvement in the *Stylus* and wish for the new staff a greater success.

The March issue of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is a new exchange which we are glad to have received. The magazine is a creditable one. The productions are worthy of commendation, and the students show a spirit of interest as evidenced by the editorials.

The publications, as a whole, seem to be taking from some source a greater degree of originality and to be revealing very few of the characteristics of "moth dust and cob-webs." After all, criticisms are barely the opinions of individuals. One person likes roses and another violets. It is not strange, then, that literary tastes vary, and that the laws of variation effect differences that give this world two sides instead of one. Thus we realize the benefit of criticism.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Wouldn't you like to see "Pat" Whittaker going to the mechanical-textile dinner in an O. D. shirt, black tie, and an overcoat?

Ralph King (talking to his girl over the 'phone and trying to make a date): "Say, dear, what have you on for the evening?"

Girl: "Oh, I have on my sister's new dress."

Prof. M. S. (to "Bugs" Proctor): "Into what two classes are insects divided?"

"Bugs": "I don't know professor."

Prof. M. S.: "What do you say, Mr. Garner?"

"Joe Frank" Garner: "Into bacteria and fungus."

"Boo" Armstrong (after spending all day at the hotel): "Well, I suppose I had better go."

A young lady present: "Yes, a good idea. You have about made a day of it."

P. S.—Poor young lady! What happened? 'Nuf said!

"Jug" Harris (who had been advancing by rapid stages): "How unworthy I am of you, dear!"

She: "Oh, 'Jug', if you and father only agreed on everything the way you do on that, how happy we would be!"

If you are around a "Railroad" Shedd you usually hear the noise.

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L. K. Boggs ----- Captain

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G. E. Foster ----- Vice Commander
U. X. Cullum ----- Post Adjutant
W. H. Washington ----- Post Finance Officer



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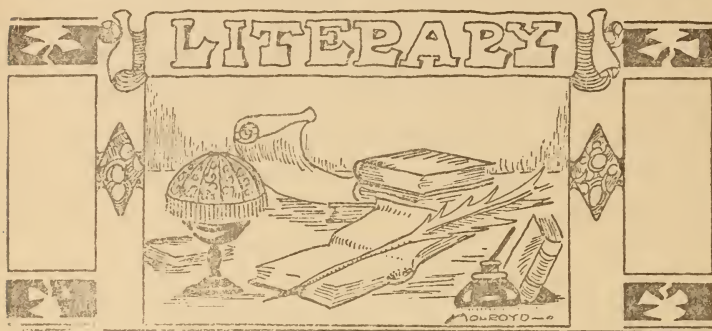
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Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., May 1920

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EDITORS:

E. L. MANIGAULT, '20

C. B. LOFTIS, '21

W. S. McDONALD, '22

A SHADOW AND A GLEAM

A cloud hangs low beneath the sky;
A shadow dims the light.
Then darkness spreads her wings above—
Alas! No hope, 'tis night.

A life is low in reckless sun;
The path is filled with fears.
On every side the frightful scenes
Are met with bitter tears.

The cloud is banished from the sky;
The rays of sunlight fall.
The birds, the flow'rs, and woodland hills
Respond to Nature's call.

A life is free from guilt and stain;
It now begins to dream.
Away from snares it quickly flies
To seek and find the gleam.

F. U. W., '20.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PINES

Bill Sykes was already overdue at the little schoolhouse but, somehow, he could not get accustomed to the habits of the thrifty mountaineers whose custom was to begin school at eight and turn out at six. He had started this morning at half-past seven, as usual, and here he was—late! Why the trustees would certainly turn him down if they knew of this. "I must not let it happen again," he said to himself.

Glancing uneasily at his watch, he saw that the minute hand had swung around between the one and the two. It didn't make any difference what minute it was; he was late, and he knew that was the unpardonable sin in that country. He started to cover the remaining half-mile at a "double-time", but he didn't. Somewhere on the mountain side above him a girl was singing. He knew it was a girl for the same reason that he knew it wasn't a man—the sweet, clear, piercing, melodious tones flooded the little dale through which the road stretched. Slowing down to a fast walk, he lent his extra power to listening:

"In life's dark pathway, the sun no longer shines,

Come, Love, and meet me in the shadow of the Pines."

How fearlessly the songster uttered the words. Bill knew that the girl, whoever she was, thought herself unheard, and was pouring her soul into the sweet music and sad thoughts of some forgotten sweetheart. As he passed out of range of the singer's voice he imagined he could hear it still pleading:

"Come back and meet me in the shadow of the pines."

When, at last, he arrived at the schoolhouse, he found the children waiting. And not only the children, but three men, whom he recognized as trustees, were seated on the schoolhouse steps. One of them drew his watch significantly, and Bill knew well what was coming.

"Pears to me ye'r a leetle late this mornin', teacher," said one.

"Ain't axed us ter visit yer yit," another said.

"Yer seem ter be runnin' the school ter suit yerself." said the third man.

Having unlimbered their jargon, they waited for him to reply before beginning their verbal duel.

"Gentlemen," said Bill, "I'm sorry you found me late—not at my post at this your first visit. I am unable to tell whether you came to see what I have been doing or to tell me what I haven't been doing. At any rate I can assure you that I am very glad to see you. Come in."

"No," they said; "we'll hatter be knockin' erlong."

"Well, I am fifteen minutes late this morning, all owing to—what do you suppose?"

"We hain't got no idee," said one of the stalwart mountaineers.

"Why, someone singing on the mountain side," said Bill.

"We uns didn't hire yer to l'arn singin'," said one.

"Must a-bin thet 'ar college miss," said another.

"Guess yer had better turn in," the third one said, and they departed, leaving Bill more disturbed than ever.

The cares of the day soon made him forget the incident. Well, no, not exactly. He found himself wondering who "thet 'ar college miss" could be. His uncle, with whom he stayed, had never mentioned her—at least, he hadn't said anything about a "college miss" being in these wilds.

The last class was turned loose. Bill had made up his lost time by keeping school late that afternoon, and now he was hurrying along the road toward home, for the sun was already sinking low in the west. When he passed the scene of his morning adventure—the mountain side whose spirit had detained him—he determined to find where the singer had concealed herself that morning. He left the road and followed a narrow path up the valley. Tall chestnut trees grew on every side. Wild ferns covered the ground as far as he could see. "She would have

no place to meet him" mused he, remembering the words of the song. But just then he saw differently. Three large pines grew by the side of the swift mountain stream that ran dashing down the valley. Under the shadiest of these he found an armful of ferns which she had used as a couch.

"She must have meant it, after all," he said aloud. "Well, I wonder who she is," was his next comment. Hoping to find a scrap of paper, or an old envelope—something to help clear the mystery—he kicked the bed of ferns aside. "Did he find anything?" you ask. There under the ferns, in the "shadow of the pines," lay a tiny gold ring! Eagerly he snatched it up and examined it carefully. On the inside was engraved "Bill and Jennie." His own name! He had never given such a present; besides, the ring was worn thin, evidently the wear of years.

Turning his steps homeward, he determined to see if his uncle could explain the mystery. "If she lives around here, Uncle George—by the way, I wonder if he knows anything about this ring;" and he mused on, "Uncle never did marry, though father has often told me that Uncle was the most popular man in the country when he was young."

"Any tales out of school?" asked Uncle George, upon Bill's arrival at home.

"Oh, yes, Uncle, I have, sure enough, this time."

"Well, wait till I light my cigar. Now, let's have it," he said, when that duty was performed.

Like the precise man he was, Bill began at the first and related the day's adventures: his lateness at school, the trustees, the finding of the ring. And there he produced it and gave it to his uncle to examine. The old man scrutinized the ring very closely. Bill noticed that he was considerably agitated. Finally, he handed it back to Bill, but not until a tear had fallen on it. Neither

spoke for awhile. Finally the old man said, brokenly:

"Bill, my boy, I can explain the mystery. I bought that ring nearly thirty years ago; yes, let me see—it will be thirty years in September." He sat awhile, lost in thought. "Yes, thirty years in September," he began again. "I bought it in New York for the girl whose name you see engraved there—Jennie Morris. We were engaged, and that was a sort of engagement ring." Again he sat lost in thought. "Poor little girl. It may be that I did wrong." Then, turning to Bill, he said, "Did your father ever tell you about it?"

"About what?"

"Oh, I see you have never heard it," said the old man.

He tossed the end of his cigar out into the grass and pushed his chair a little farther back. Then, stroking his long white beard gently, he began the story of his early love—the love that had saddened and sweetened his life as only sadness can add sweetness.

He related it to Bill because he thought Bill should know it, not because he wanted him to publish it to the world. For that reason I cannot give it to you. It was the same old story of a loving, trusting girl, and a jealous-hearted lover. The little golden band did not signify an endless love, as he had said it did when he placed it on her finger. Well, perhaps it did, too; but the world thought differently. Bill, the senior, thought there was "someone else." So he told her, and, because she wouldn't admit it, he accused her of duplicity. This was too much for the proud girl. She dismissed him on the condition that he must apologize. He was too proud to apologize "for telling the truth", he flung at her, and that ended their relations. For years neither entertained the thought of marrying. After she had given him time to see that she was true to him, and still he wouldn't apologise, Jennie Morris married. Bill Bennett never married. If his heart had spoken, no doubt it would

have plead for the girl whose name was engraved there. In giving birth to her first child, the sweet spirit of Jennie passed away. The broken-hearted father named the wee bit of humanity after the Angel mother. And thus little Jennie inherited not only the sweetness, but also the name of her mother.

Jennie Morris never would part with the ring that Bill had given her. The dew of her soul, shed by her beautiful eyes, had kissed it many, many times when Bill thought her soulless and incapable of love. After her marriage, she still wore the ring. As she lay dying, she took it from her finger and gave it to her husband. He seemed to understand the mute appeal. The baby must have it. Thus Jennie Crenshaw came into possession of her mother's ring.

The "college miss" referred to by the irate mountaineer trustee was none other than Jennie Crenshaw. She had recently been graduated from one of the best colleges in the country; and was spending the summer at her home among the mountains whose purity and grandeur so resembled her own character.

"Now, I must give you a letter of introduction," said the old man, "for you will carry the ring to her at once."

The next morning, as Bill started to school, his uncle called him back and said, "My boy, if Jennie is anything like her mother, nothing would please me better than to see 'Bill and Jennie' reunited under the shadow of the pines."

Bill was sure to be on time this morning. He started an hour before school time. Somehow, he was eager to return the ring. He hoped to hear the sweet voice again. But did he think the girl could be happy and gay, after having lost her dear mother's treasure? He passed the entrance to the wood, but no voice was heard. With dragging steps he went on toward the schoolhouse. Suddenly, he stopped as if he had forgotten something. Then he turned and started back.

"Of course she is searching for it," he said, and right up the path he turned.

There, sure enough, he found her, down on her knees, turning the ferns over and over again.

Without giving her time to speak, he said, "Good morning. Here it is,"—and handed her the ring. Looking up, he said, "We are under the shadow of the pines, I see." Then he gave her his uncle's letter.

She read it and said, "So you are the new teacher, are you? Well, sir, I sincerely thank you for restoring my ring. It was my mother's, and I prize it very much indeed."

"Yes," said Bill, "my Uncle Bill gave it to your mother, Jennie Morris, and Bill restored it to you, Jennie—may the two, 'Bill and Jennie', be good friends for your mother's sake and for the sake of my uncle."

Bill was late at school again, but the trustees, confident that their "warning" would work admirably, never knew it—and they did not bother Bill again.

The school was out at last. The genuine country "speakin'" was the program for the last day. After the last recitation was finished, Bill added a few words, thanking the children for their good work and behaviour and the parents for their support. As he went down the road, he turned off at the path again, and a few minutes later was sitting by Jennie—under the shadow of the pines.

Since they had become fast friends, they met there very often. She said that there must be something in the shadow of the pines that no other shadows hid, and Bill thought so too, when she was there with him.

This evening she said, "Your uncle told me a strange thing to-day. He met me on the road down there and pointed out these pines, saying, 'Your mother and I separated under those pines nearly thirty years ago'."

"Well," said Bill, "your singing 'The Shadow of the

Pines' brought me here and reunited 'Bill and Jennie.' I love you as well as ever Uncle Bill loved your mother. Dear Jennie, accept the young Bill's love and heal the old Bill's broken heart. Will you?"

Had her heart been prompting her these happy days in vain? No. She said, "Bill, that was settled thirty years ago,"—and, taking off her mother's ring, she bade him put it on her finger again. And this Bill won his bride where his uncle lost his many years before—"Under the Shadow of the Pines."

—C. E. P., '21.

OUR FUTURE

As we stand upon the shore of the great ocean of life, we wonder at the many disappointments, successes, and pleasures that are hidden within the vast expanse. There is no preordained failure for any man; everyone has an equal chance in life and it remains for the individual to make his life a glorious success or else a miserable failure.

As young men and students, we are as the rough ore just taken from the earth, not purified and without a chemical analysis. We do not know what is stored up in our undeveloped minds in the form of native ability which may some day cause us to stand out as successful men. As the acorn germinates, takes root, grows, and becomes a large tree, so do young men in the development of their minds; there are many storms, droughts, and days of sunshine which everyone must face, that will either throw the individual out of life's struggle or else make it the better for having endured everything. And it is to the ones who have been tried and found true that the future holds out hands of welcome and arms of plenty.

The world is facing a new era; new ideas, new customs, and new ideals are springing up every day and at every turn in the path of life. There has never been in the history of the world such a demand for trained men, but, at the same time, the demands are for men of the highest accomplishments both morally and intellectually. The slothful, unconcerned man is no longer in demand; he is fast being superceded by the man who has the ability and energy to do things, and who has the moral courage to back up his own opinion, be it what it may. Our government has at last—and wisely so—seen the paramount importance of having real *men* in the army and in the navy, and it is only a matter of a few years until the boys in gray and the jackies in blue will com-

pose a body of the best educated and most efficient fighting men in the world. Never before has the thought of a progressive age been brought to bear so strongly upon the minds of the American people as it is being brought today; the accomplishments of the last ten years have been beyond belief.

After carefully considering the demands of the present day, the question of just what the future holds for us comes to us in bold relief; will we be swallowed up in the great storm of life and be lost, or will we become a cog in the mighty gear of the country, there to do our part well or not at all? It is certain that no deed worth while has ever been accomplished without effort, no victory has ever been won without some sacrifice, and we can never hope to win from the future our reward unless we work and make sacrifices. The future holds everything for us; the past holds only memories. Every man has an equal chance in the world, and the success or failure of everyone rests entirely upon the individual. There is no better foundation upon which to start life than to begin by being faithful over a few accomplishments, and then striving to become master of many. We are at the foot of the mountain of life; many are the trials that we will overcome before we reach the summit, but we have started, the reward is ahead, and we can not turn back. And in the end, when we have succeeded, we will be the finished product—the crude material, purified and made into another form. The material we are at first will determine to a large extent, the kind of product we will be in the end, so we should strive now to develop ourselves so that the future will receive us without shame of conduct and without any remorse of conscience.

—W. D. M., '20, *Columbian*.

THE REDMAN'S THOUGHTS

Silent he stands, outlined against the sky;
Revolting thoughts lie brooding in his mind.
He sees the final fate of swarthy tribes,
And greatly grieves the passing of his kind.

He gazes o'er the plain from erie height
To where the sky and prairie touch their lips.
This wide expanse of freedom once was roamed
By countless huntsmen on their sacred trips.

The plain is bare—no living thing in sight;
No herds of hump-backed cattle as of old;
But shining thread-like rails lie 'cross the earth,
Laid there by whiteman's self assertion bold.

The high-cheeked warrior's cause is all but lost;
He realizes, now, the useless fight.
Another race has taken up the land—
Another race whose skin is painted white.

His people show a restless spirit still.
Their life of aimless roaming is denied;
No arrows twang in shady forest groves;
No tepees rest on plains or mountain side.

The Redman only asks your justice now.
The white usurper took his native shore.
The Indian waits in silence—do your part
To give the nation back its strength once more.

—E. L. M., '20, Wade Hampton.

AS GOOD AS THEIR WORD

Near the close of a beautiful June day, Frank Brown and Fred Allen, two young college boys at home for the summer vacation, were walking along the shady, cool main street of the small South Carolina town in which they lived. It was plainly seen from their animated conversation and gestures that they were discussing something of great importance to them. The two boys had been inseparable comrades since childhood. And it was a well known fact in the village that when they put their heads together on any problem that concerned them, something was certain to happen.

"The 'governor' gave me a check for fifty 'bones' this morning and told me to go to it, but not to write for money to come back on," said Fred, as they rapidly walked up the street toward Frank's home. "However," he added, "I am not going unless Mr. Brown will let you go too."

"That's just it," said Frank hopelessly, "he doesn't want me to go, because he thinks I won't like the work, and will soon write him for money to pay my way back. I am going to try him once more, though."

"I will go with you," said Fred; and together they went up the wide steps of Frank's home, and into the room where his father sat reading.

Mr. Brown, a kindly faced, portly man about fifty years of age, looked up from his newspaper as the boys entered. "Well, what is it this time?" he asked. "Are you boys still wanting to go on your foolish trip to the wheat fields?"

"That's it, exactly," said Frank. "Mr. Allen has given Fred permission to go, and the money necessary for the trip, and he won't go unless I go with him. Father, please lend me fifty dollars and give me permission to go too. I will promise you that I will walk back before I will ask

you for money to pay my fare back on the train."

"I clearly see that there is no way of getting around you two boys, once you are determined on a thing," said Mr. Brown, as he wrote a check for the fifty dollars. "But remember, Frank, don't ask me for any more until you get back."

The boys were overjoyed at the prospect of the trip, which they had long wanted to take, and immediately began to make preparation for leaving. Early the next morning, they had bidden their friends and relations all goodbye and were on a train en route to the wheat fields of Kansas.

They arrived at Kansas City in due time, and applied for work at a Farmer's Service Bureau, from which they were sent out on a large wheat farm some distance away. There they went through the gruelling task of working from sunup until sundown, with the temperature over 100° "in the shade." Many times they grew discouraged and were tempted to quit, but each remembered the promise to make good that he had made to his father, and for that reason doggedly stuck to the work.

At the end of two months, Frank and Fred had saved about two hundred dollars each, and were ready to start for home. They therefore left the wheat fields and returned to Kansas City, where they were to board a train for home. They were in very high spirits, for the prospect of leaving the scorching wheat fields and spending the few remaining weeks of their vacation at home was by no means a dismal one. Finding that they had several hours to wait before the train ran, the boys decided to walk around and view some of the sights of the city. The street they took led them into a park, where they sat down for a while and watched the people pass by. Soon, a man who had the appearance of a gentleman sat down on the bench with them.

"Some city this," remarked the stranger, by way of opening conversation.

"I like it very much," said Frank; "but I wish I were at home now."

"You are from the East, are you not?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, why do you ask?" returned Frank.

"I surmised as much," said the stranger; "I am from the East myself. I have been working in the wheat fields during the summer, and am now on my way home."

"Is that so? We are all in the same boat then," said Frank.

The conversation between the boys and the stranger lasted about half an hour, during which time both boys were very much impressed with the stranger's friendly manner and easy flow of good language. He gave his name as Howard Wilson, and his home as a prominent city in a state adjoining the one in which they lived.

After about half an hour had passed, Wilson suggested that they take a walk and view some more of the city before they left it for good. This suggestion was agreeable to both boys. Wilson proved to be a brilliant conversationalist, and it seemed from his manner and talk that he had traveled extensively over the continent. So engrossed were they in listening to him, the boys did not notice that he was leading them through an unfrequented part of the city. They were walking along a deserted street, overshadowed with trees, when suddenly Wilson stooped as if to pick up something. "Stop! Throw up your hands!" he commanded in a voice that called for no disobedience. Frank and Fred turned quickly, only to find themselves looking into the muzzle of an automatic in the hand of Wilson.

"Empty your pockets and lay your money on the ground. Hurry! Be quick about it!" said Wilson, savagely.

Seeing that resistance would be fatal, the boys complied, taking out all their hard earned money and placing it on the ground before him.

"Now turn and walk to that corner yonder, and if you value your health, don't look back!" commanded Wilson, waving the pistol menacingly in their faces.

Brave at heart as they were, the boys could see that the odds were against them. To disobey would probably mean their death; therefore they turned and walked silently away. Upon reaching the corner, both looked back to the spot where they had left Wilson with their money on the ground in front of him. He was nowhere to be seen.

"Well, of all the dirty tricks—!" exploded Frank.

"A regular hold up," said Fred bitterly, "and to think we were fools enough to be taken in by a smooth-tongued stranger."

"And we worked so hard for the money only to lose it like this," groaned Frank.

There is no use crying over spilt milk," said Fred. "What are we going to do?"

"Do! What can we do but notify the police," said Frank.

"But Wilson can be miles from here before the police can get on his trail. Besides, we are over one thousand miles from home, and neither of us has a cent; and we can't write or telegraph for any, you know. Then, last but not least, college opens in just three weeks, and we cannot afford to be late by any means," said Fred.

"Well, I suppose we will have to walk," said Frank, resignedly.

"That is all that is left for us to do, but, oh Lord! I dread it," groaned Fred.

Anyone traveling the main highway that runs East out of Kansas City might that afternoon have seen two sturdy, sunburned lads walking rapidly away from the

city. Frank and Fred realized that they had a man's job before them, and were therefore making all possible speed.

They covered ten miles before nightfall, cutting wood for a farmer to pay for their supper and the privilege of sleeping in the farmer's barn that night. On the next day they walked twenty-five miles, doing chores for their meals and spending the night in a haystack on the side of the road. Luck favored them on the third day. A traveling salesman gave them a ride of over one hundred miles in his automobile, charging them nothing except their company for the distance. In this way the two boys kept doggedly on, sometimes eating, and sometimes going hungry; sometimes sleeping in a barn, and sometimes in the woods or in a haystack by the roadside. sometimes riding with a chance passerby, but more often walking; but it was on and on for them.

At last, three days before the opening date of college found them only fifty miles from home. The sun was near setting on this particular afternoon, and they were wearily pushing on in an effort to reach a small town several miles away, where lived a college classmate of theirs, with whom they were planning to spend the night. This was the first oasis of friendship that had occurred so far in their desert of travel, and they were looking forward to it with great expectation.

"Gee! A shave, and a bath with real soap won't be bad, will it?" said Frank eagerly.

"Sure won't," returned Fred. "Do you know where Tom lives?"

"No, but we can find out," replied Frank, confidently.

They reached the town shortly after nightfall, and upon inquiry, were directed to the home of Tom Bradley, their friend. However, because of their unfamiliarity with the town, the directions given them became confused in their minds, and instead of reaching the house

of their friend, the boys found themselves on the outskirts of the town, and on a street which seemed totally deserted. Frank suggested that they return home, and this they started to do when they perceived two men walking a short distance ahead of them. "Suppose we ask them," suggested Fred, and at his suggestion they hastened to overtake the men. However, before they had taken a dozen steps, one of the men suddenly stopped, and the boys heard through the darkness the command, evidently given to the other man, "Halt! Throw up your hands."

"It is Wilson!" whispered both boys at once.

"At his old job," added Frank, as they crept up closer to the two men.

"Here! Maybe we can get our money back, and at the same time keep him from robbing that man," said Fred. "Let's tackle him."

During this time Wilson was calmly forcing the other man to place his money and valuables on the ground in front of him, never suspecting that anyone else was near. Suddenly the hand in which he held his pistol was grasped from the rear. He pulled the trigger, but the bullet went harmlessly into the air. At the same time his arms were pinioned behind him by one of the boys. A sharp scuffle ensued, in which the boys might have been worsted, had not Fred struck the robber on the head with the butt of the pistol, which he had obtained during the scuffle, the force of the blow carrying Wilson senseless to the ground.

"Hold him, boys, I will get the police," cried the stranger, as he gathered up his possessions from the ground where Wilson had forced him to place them.

The stranger gone, the boys' first thought turned to recovering their money. Frank ran through Wilson's pockets and found a large roll of bills. "Strike a match if you have one," he said to Fred, "we will see how much he has."

"He took two hundred and ten dollars from me," said Fred; "I want that and no more."

"Mine amounted to two hundred dollars exactly," said Frank. "Let's see, here is over five hundred dollars. We will take ours and leave him the rest."

The boys had barely finished counting out their respective amounts when Wilson began to show signs of regaining consciousness. Seeing this, Frank replaced the remainder of the money in Wilson's pocket, and together they raised him to a sitting posture on the ground.

"What happened?" he asked weakly.

"Probably you don't remember us," said Frank. "You took our money and left us stranded in Kansas City. Just now we caught you working the same trick on another man, but were lucky enough to prevent you from carrying out your purpose. The man whom you were robbing has gone after the police now."

"The police!" yelled Wilson, jumping up in spite of his seeming weakness, "Great scott!" With these words, and before the boys could move, he vanished into the darkness.

"Anyway we have our money," cried Frank. "Now for a bath and a bed! Hurrah!"

"Let's catch the next train home, and go just as we are," said Fred; "I suspect our parents are worried about us now."

This was agreed upon, and the boys went at once to the railroad station, where they found that they could leave for home in fifteen minutes.

Two hours later, they separated, near the place where we first found them discussing the trip which they had just finished, and which had been so full of events for both of them. "Each went to his own home, and it is needless to say, was welcomed with great relief by his parents, who had not heard a word from either of them in almost a month."

The next morning Frank overheard his father talking to Mr. Allen, Fred's father, over the telephone. "They stuck to their word and I am proud of them," said Mr. Brown.

Fred in his home overheard his father reply, "I am proud of them too; I refused to allow Fred to pay me the fifty dollars he borrowed, because I believe he has earned it."

"Same here," Frank heard his father say, as he hung up the receiver.

—T. W. M., '22.

A VISION OF THE WAR AND A VISION OF THE FUTURE

The past rises before me like a dream. We were in the greatest struggle for national life to be found in the history of the world. We heard the sounds of preparation, the music of boisterous drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We saw thousands of assemblages and heard the appeal of orators. We saw the pale cheeks of women and the hushed faces of men; and, in those assemblages, we saw all the dead, whose dust we had covered with flowers. We lost sight of them no more. We were with them when they enlisted in the great army of freedom. We saw them part with those they loved. Some were walking, for the last time, in quiet, woody lanes, with the maidens they adored. We heard the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love, as they lingeringly parted forever. Others were bending over cradles, kissing babes that were asleep. Some were receiving the blessings of old men. Some were parting with mothers who held them and pressed them to their hearts again and again—and said nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses; divine mingling of agony and love! And some were talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We saw them part. We saw the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—and sobbing. At the turn of the road, a hand waved—she answered by holding high in her loving arms the child. He was gone, and forever.

We saw them all as they marched proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—thru the towns and across the prairies down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We went, then, one and all. We were by their sides on all the gory fields—in all hospitals of pain—on all the

weary marches. We stood guard with them during the wild storm and under the stars. We were with them in the trenches running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We were with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life slowly withering away among the withering leaves. We saw them pierced by ball and torn with shell, in the trenches, by the forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge where men became iron with nerve of steel.

We were with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We were at home when the news came that they had died. We saw maidens in the shadows of their first sorrows. We saw the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

We saw millions of human beings governed by the lash! We saw them bound hand and foot; we heard the reports of monstrous guns, we saw women ruined, babes' brains smashed out. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Millions of bodies in prisons—millions of souls in fetters! All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child were trampled beneath the brutal feet of Germany. And all that was done under our beautiful banner of the free.

We heard the roar and the shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fell. Those heroes died. We looked. Instead of slaves, we saw men and women and children—free. The wand of progress touched the auction block, the slave pen, the prison; and we saw homes and firesides, and schoolhouses, and books; saw where all was want and crime, cruelty and fear; we saw the faces of the free.

Those heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free—under the flag they rendered stainless—

under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless Palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

A vision of the future rises. I see our country filled with happy homes, with firesides content—the foremost land of all the earth. I see a world where thrones have crumbled and where Kings are dust. The aristocracy of idleness has perished from the earth.

I see a world without a slave. Man at last free. Nature's forces have, by science, been enslaved. Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and all the secret, subtle powers of earth and air are the tireless toilers for the human race.

I see a world at peace, adorned with every form of art, with music's myriad voices thrilled; while lips are rich with words of love and truth—a world in which no exile sighs, no prisoner mourns; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where labor reaps its full reward; where work and worth go hand in hand; where the poor girl trying to win bread with the needle—the needle that has been called "the asp for the breast of the poor"—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death, of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm; the miser's heartless, stony stare; the piteous wail of want; the livid lips of lies; the cruel eyes of scorn.

I see a race without disease of flesh or brain—shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and function. And, as I look, life lengthens, joy deepens, love canopies the earth; and, over all, in the great dome, shines the eternal star of human hope.

—J. W. A., '20, *Hayne*.

SOME PUMPKIN

Neil Hobbs had once been quite wealthy; but because of his generous heart and his negligence of business affairs, he was almost a pauper when he died. He passed, leaving his wife, who was well up in the forties, and his fifteen-year-old son, only a small cottage. The two had no visible means of support. His son, Albert, was not skilled in any trade for he was too young, nor was he educated to any appreciable degree. It was hard struggling for the two to subsist on their combined wages.

Several weeks after his father's death, Albert began to look over the notes which his father had held. All but one of them was outlawed because of the expiration of legal time for collection. The valid note was against Romen, a man of large family and small means. He knew that it was not the policy of his father to force payment upon a man of limited means. The amount was not large and he surely needed the money; yet he knew it would be a financial burden to force payment. As he sat contemplating whether to force payment or not, the last request of his deceased father began to vibrate in his ears: "My son, never be hard on a man that is poor; be merciful and reap a reward of friendship." This was the spark to light the latent soul of the father that slumbered in the son. Now the generous soul of the father blazed up in the son and would not be denied; he destroyed the note without further consideration.

He continued looking through the notes, and finally his attention was riveted to another one. It was a note given by H. A. Arney for \$10,000 bearing 8% interest compounded annually; but it had been outlawed for ten years. Arney was quite wealthy as well as quite prominent in the village. Albert could not understand why payment of this note had not been enforced. He carried it to his mother for information.

"Ma," he said, handing her the note, "why didn't Pa make old man Henry pay this?"

"My son," replied the mother, returning the note to him, "your father had plenty in those days; he was generous, and he was careless. Arney was young and just starting in life. Neil loaned him this money to start his farm; as you notice it was due in 1893, and that was the year of a financial panic. He did not force payment nor did he make any provisions for payment at a later date, and the note became outlawed before he realized that the five years had passed."

Albert clutched the note tightly, and started for the home of Arney. Surely, he thought, if my father was kind enough not to force payment in a bad year, Arney will not refuse to pay at least a small portion of the principal even if the note is invalid. But Arney scoffed the idea of paying a "dead note," as he called it. Albert went immediately to the office of Swain and Effey, two young attorneys of the town. The senior partner of the firm, Swain, received Albert, who stated his case fully and then asked the attorney's advice.

"Albert," began the lawyer in way of reply, "your father loaned me money to defray all my college expenses, without any security whatever when I could not get it anywhere else. He made my present position possible. His generosity and his negligence were his failures. The note is outlawed, but if one cent is ever paid on it why it becomes valid again. I would be glad to help you if there were the smallest possibility; but you can't force Arney to pay."

Albert gave a nod to indicate that he understood and as he left the office he muttered, "Old man Henry is the stingiest man that ever lived."

Six months later we find that summer has passed, autumn has almost faded away to winter, and Albert and his mother are still in needy circumstances. It was hard struggling for the two to obtain the bare necessities of

life thru the warm season; what were they to do now that winter was rapidly approaching. It was just one week until Thanksgiving Day. To Mrs. Hobbs and her son, it seemed as if it were going to be just a plain day without anything to be thankful for. On this day the mayor and the town clerk hired Albert to accompany them on a day's hunting trip, for the boy knew the surrounding country almost by heart. Late in the afternoon, as the hunting party was returning, it passed through Arney's farm, and right through a field where the owner himself was superintending the gathering of a crop of pumpkins.

"I want a pumpkin to take home to Ma to make pies for Thanksgiving," remarked Albert as they neared the place where Arney was working.

The mayor gathered the meaning of the boy's statement, and paid him for his day's service. After the town officials had exchanged greetings with the farmer, and they had agreed that it was fine weather, and that the crops were unusually good, Albert approached the farmer.

"How much do you want for one of those pumpkins?" he inquired.

"One dollar," replied Arney rather curtly.

"Great gee!" exclaimed the boy, "that's the most any man ever asked for a pumpkin since the famines first hit Egypt. I want a good pumpkin to take to Ma to make for this one?" pointing to the smallest one in the pile, "for for this one," pointing to the smallest one in the pile, "for I ain't got but fifty cents to my name. I will pay that on it now; you just credit that other two bits on what you owed my dad and I will pay you when I gits it."

Arney knew that he was considered a tight-wad, and he knew that to refuse this before the mayor and the town clerk would seem to perpetuate the idea. Besides, he knew that he was getting all that the pumpkin was worth.

"Well," he drawled after a moment's pause, "as it is you, I will, guess I can."

The next morning when Swain approached his office he noticed that there was someone awaiting his arrival.

"Good morning, Albert, come in," he invited, opening the door; "what can I do for you this morning?"

Albert told of the bargaining for the pumpkin and said that Arney had agreed to credit twenty-five cents on the note that was invalid. But in the midst of his intense excitement he forgot to mention the fact that the town officials were present during the bargaining.

"You have the pumpkin," began the attorney, "and you still owe twenty-five cents on it; but you can't prove that Arney agreed to credit it on the note. He is a man and you are only a boy; therefore, when it came to court you could not prove it."

"Bu-bu-bu-but—" stammered Albert, "the mayor and the town clerk were both there and heard it all; can't I prove it by them?"

"Is that true?" interrogated Swain.

"As I live, it is," came the firm reply.

"Well, that sounds better; I will see the mayor and the town clerk and get action on this as soon as possible," asserted the lawyer, "and in the meanwhile, if I were you, I would not mention it. Haven't told your mother, have you? Well, then, it will be a great surprise for her."

About noon on the following Tuesday, Albert received notice to come to the office of Swain and Effey at two o'clock. He was punctual and found Swain, the mayor, and the town clerk awaiting his arrival. Together the four proceeded to Arney's home. Again the debtor tried to scoff the idea of paying a "dead note". But the evidence of the mayor and the town clerk together with the law on the subject, soon convinced him that it was no longer a "dead note." He saw that resisting payment

would be useless, and he offered to pay the principal as a settlement. But he had several powers to reckon with, and all four held firm for both principal and interest. Finally, he consented to return to town with the four and make a payment in full. Swain sent for Mrs. Hobbs. He explained the situation to her and then placed a bank book in her hands, which showed that the whole amount had been deposited in her name. She was speechless with gratitude, but when she gained control of her tongue she began praising all four of her benefactors very fluently.

“Oh, Ma,” yelled Albert, when she paused to catch her breath, “wasn’t that some pumpkin?—worth \$34,063.92,—some pumpkin, I calls it. Let’s go home, make pies out of it, and have the biggest Thanksgiving any two people ever had since the Children of Israel crossed the Jordan.”

—A. R. K., '21.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

The men whose praises are seldom sung
Are the men of the early West.
Think not 'tis the seekers of gold I mean,
But Liberty's lineage—the best,
The people of hardened sinew and brawn—
Nurtured by peril and pain;
The kind which are often stricken to earth,
But rise triumphant again.

A type of man like Carson or Boone
Who loved the Indian wars;
A sturdy folk of simple faith
Who knew but Nature's laws.
The freedom of all the wild was theirs
In the great and awful unknown;
The dark, dank forests and rolling plains
They conquered for their own.

They have made of the West a golden field—
A sparkling vastness of grain;
They have turned the arid deserts of sand
Into fertile and fruitful terrain;
Great cities have sprung up thruout the land
By efforts of might supreme;
And the Golden West, as it is today,
Fulfills the traveler's dream.

'Twas American manhood—womanhood too—
That prompted these folk of the West;
'Twas their love of country, state, and home
That made each effort the best.
So give them the praise which is justly theirs;
They have stood an exacting test—
The strenuous trial of blazing the trail.

To the Pioneers — to Men of the West!

—E. L. M., '20, *Wade Hampton*.

LAW AND ORDER

Bolshevism! Does not the average patriotic citizen of our nation fail to appreciate the full significance of the word? Ever imbued with the worthy thought that the strength of America's moral, social, and political standards would never admit of the destruction of our government, is he not inclined to overlook, or to treat with little consideration, the undeniable fact that even the United States is not entirely impregnable to the fangs of the Bolshevik? Has not the educated and patriotic citizen, after serious and intelligent thought, awakened to the realization that tho there is no danger of that "Red" flag ever replacing the "Stars and Stripes", we are justified in expecting serious trouble from that source? Does he realize that the one and only solution of the problem lies in fighting the restless spirit incurred by the usual relaxation immediately following the successful conclusion of war? That it is his solemn, patriotic duty to fearlessly fight for the preservation of law and order? God grant that he does! We must not allow our unparalleled patriotism, loyalty, and devotion for our country to render us blind to the dangers which threaten her. We must, with serious meditation, weigh carefully the actual facts of the problem.

The entire world is struggling to resume the pre-war state—that of prosperity and peace. Russia, shattered and bleeding, presents a forcible illustration of the destructiveness of the merciless hordes of infuriated Bolsheviks. She is ruined forever; all principle, all honor, all respect for God destroyed in the mad ravages of her blood-crazed citizens! The authentic reports of existing conditions provoke in us horror intermingled with profound sympathy for those who are suffering indescribable torture. Not merely men—men, women, and children.

France, our noble ally who so valiantly fought for the

principles which she deemed worthy and whose citizens' patriotism and loyalty won the admiration of the world, is confronted with a growing "Red" peril. In many cities an astounding state of affairs is in existence. "Red" mayors and boards of aldermen have been elected. At the time of the inauguration of the officials crowds gathered near the city hall loudly cheering them. That damnable flag of the Bolsheviki mingled with the national colors! Cries of "Hurrah for the Soviets! Down with the President!" rent the air. Children, ignorant of the real import of their performance, paraded the streets, their innocent young voices stained with the vulgarity of the "Red" marching song. These shocking events have occurred principally in Troyes, Lille, Roubaix, and Maubeuge. Statistics show that 24%, nearly one fourth, of the citizens of France are now "Red" Socialists. On May 1, 1920, Paris experienced labor riots. The Associated Press informed us of the trouble. A crowd of 2,000 stopped automobiles, stoned the passengers, and spat in the faces of the student drivers. The authorities finally assumed control of the situation.

All England is watching with anxious eyes the development of her industrial troubles resulting from "Red" activities. I have mentioned these three countries merely to impress upon the reader the inestimably restless spirit pervading the entire world.

From our great Pacific Northwest comes the cry of the Bolshevik. The Attorney General of the state of Washington has earnestly requested an exhaustive investigation. His description of the I. W. W. enables the reader to form a clear opinion of the Bolsheviki. Pamphlets distributed among workmen in that section contained many characteristic sayings, among which were: "Towards the existence of government the I. W. W. is openly hostile." "The abolition of the wage system is our ideal;" "No man is good enough or great enough to rule an-

other;" "The question of right or wrong does not concern us;" "Love of country? We have no country. Love of flag? None floats for us."

One of the marching songs is sung to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." It was written by John F. Kendrik and is called "Christians at War." A few of the passages contained therein are:

"Onward christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of
 God.
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you
 please.

"Onward christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;
Mercy is a weakness all the Gods abhor.
Bayonet the babies, jab the mother, too;
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do."

Laborers all over our nation are openly denouncing the sagacious conclusions of the very men whom they themselves elected to lead them—to control their unions. Is this not conclusive proof that the present state of affairs is not merely a trivial outcome of a negligible indifference on the part of the laborer? The prevailing spirit of selfishness and utter disregard for America's future; the feeling that another war will soon succeed the present cessation of hostilities—that is, that feeling so ably elucidated in the fools' version, "Eat, drink, and be merrry, for tomorrow we die"—these must be crushed and exterminated. By whom? How? By the educated and patriotic citizen of America. By protecting, with unflinching courage and constancy, law and order. To flaunt one's intelligence in the faces of the illiterate or

semi-educated rabble would serve only to incur hatred, enmity, and a reactionary procedure utterly destructive to America's future. A desultory effort would, in all events, produce the same undesired result. Illiteracy is the backbone of Bolshevism. The laboring classes in different sections of our country must be handled according to their likes and dislikes, their sentiments, and, in general, their characters. They must be rendered immune to the detrimental and dangerous spirit aroused by the impassioned Bolshevik orator whose intelligence and ability to excite a mob cannot be denied. Without cool-minded and loyal municipal, county, state, and national executives, the task would be impossible to perform. It follows, therefore, that the election of men whose characters have not been stained by anarchists, unpatriotic streaks, nor with a lack of reverential respect for the laws which govern our country, is essential above all things. If such men are supported by the college man of the United States, America's glorious record will remain unblemished. No blot will mar its transcendent perfectness.. America, with unfaltering steps, will lead less fortunate nations thru the present perilous times of unrest and disorder. The intelligent citizen of the United States can be relied upon for his patriotism, loyalty, and respect for law and order. May he realize the danger and, meeting it, crush the fangs of the Bolsheviki before they soil those noble principles which our forefathers untiringly and successfully sought to establish—the principles which we have hitherto observed and do still observe with profound reverence.

—J. V. M., '22, *Palmetto*.

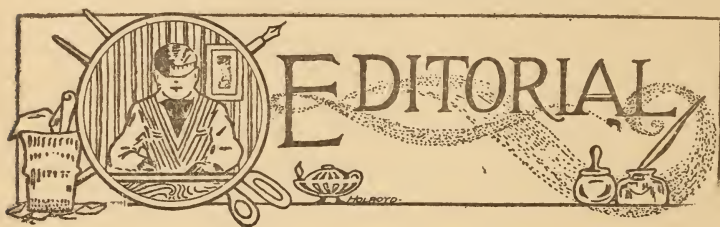
The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY THE CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Students of Clemson College Under the Auspices of the Calhoun, Columbian, Palmetto, Carolina, Hayne, and Wade Hampton Literary Societies.

The Chronicle will be published on the fifteenth of each month during the College session. Its purpose is to encourage literary work among the students and uphold the ideals of the College; for this reason, voluntary contributions from all the students, especially, and from the alumni and faculty are earnestly solicited. All contributions must be accompanied by the writer's name, class numeral, and name of literary society.

The subscription price of The Chronicle is \$1.50. Address all communications to the Business Manager.



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: M. C. JETER, '20

THE OLD STAFF PASSES

In the annals of college literature, the old staff has passed to the historical page, and a new staff prepares for the race. Just as thoroughly as the members of the new staff prepare themselves, just in that proportion will they attain success. If it were possible for us to analyze the future, much wasted energy could be saved; yet it is our lot to struggle forward blindly in our efforts to follow the gleam of knowledge and reasoning.

As we publish the last issue of the collegiate year, we can see the many mistakes that we have made and where-

in we could have improved the publication if we had only diligently applied ourselves. The members of the staff have cooperated with one another and have worked faithfully for the good of the magazine. We have derived much pleasure and much benefit from our work with the publication, and it is almost with regret that we cease to function as the "Chronicle" staff. We can point the way to the new men, but our aid can go no farther. The heritage falls to the new staff and it is theirs to "hold high" and to make the "Chronicle" the leading publication among southern colleges.

We are especially thankful to Professor Bryan for his loyal diligence in helping us select material for publication. He is an exceedingly busy man; yet he has always given his time to the correcting and the selecting of the material. It is of interest to know that Professor Bryan was the first editor-in-chief of the "Chronicle", and it was largely through his efforts that the publication came into existence.

o o o o

FAREWELL

Fellow-students, with this the last issue of this year's publication of the Chronicle, we take an opportunity of bidding you all good-bye, thanking everyone for the loyal support which has been given us, and wishing for all the greatest success in life. We have striven always to put our best efforts into this, your magazine, and we sincerely hope that our struggles may not have been in vain. At times, discouragements have blocked our pathway, but with the loyal support of the entire student body we have been able to surmount all obstacles, and now the end has come. The work has been a pleasure, as well as an opportunity, and we only wish that there might be more of the same work, for we have learned to love it.

We are very thankful that we have been able to serve you in this capacity, however unworthy our services might have been. May the future hold in store for each of you the greatest happiness and success. With this, and our promise to stand by the Alma Mater and help in making her name resound thruout the land, we bid you all FAREWELL.

—C. B. L.

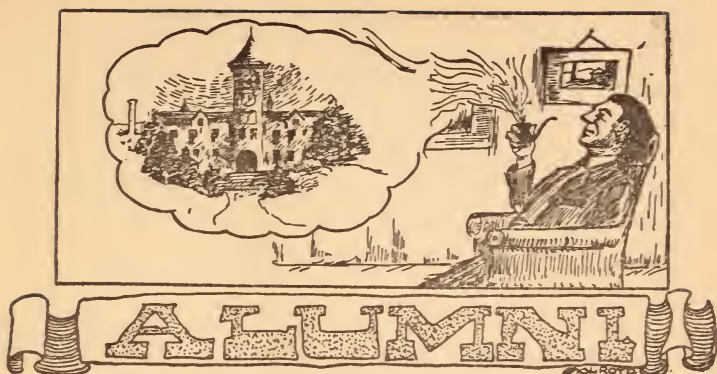
o o o o

PREPAREDNESS

From the time the Americans went into battle, theirs was an unfaltering march to victory. There was no retreat. With fixed purposes and brave hearts they carried the crusade from the heart of France to the borders of Germany. There was no power which could stop the onrush of the justly infuriated warriors.

The war has been fought and won, and yet there remains the real battle of life. In this battle men may not rely upon the prowess of their fellowmen, but each individual must wage his own battle, bear his own crosses, and wear his own crown. It is only natural that the man who has the most preparation has just that much the advantage of all who are less fortunate. The college and the university are the training camps of the future, where preparation may be made for the conflict of life into which so many are now about to be launched. Put on the whole armor of learning, truth, and righteousness, and go forth with the determination to make the world better for your having lived.

—C. B. L.



EDITOR: R. R. SHEDD

W. G. Ragsdale, '15, is practicing law with his father in Winnsboro, S. C.

o o o o

R. O. Alverson, ex-'18, returned to his home in Spartanburg a few weeks ago. "Roup" has been in bad health for some time, but we are very glad to hear that he is improving.

o o o o

G. W. Suggs, '18, is with The Barrett Co., Atlanta, Ga. His office is on the fifth floor of the Forsyth Building.

o o o o

Lt. F. W. Hardee, ex-'18, is stationed at Camp Gordon, and is assigned to a Regular Army unit. Hardee left Clemson in April, 1917, to attend the first officers' training camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where he was later commissioned. He expects to remain in the Regular Army.

F. M. Dwight, '19, is teaching school at Elliott, S. C.

o o o o

L. C. James, '18, has been transferred from Woodbury to Parlin, N. J. "Jessie" is connected with the DuPont Company.

o o o o

C. S. Major, '16, was a visitor on the campus last week. "Dopie" is selling fertilizer in Anderson, S. C.

o o o o

W. H. Mays, '19, has accepted a position with the Case Manufacturing Co., Nashville, Tenn.

o o o o

Stricker Coles, '09, is with the Mutual Life Insurance Co., and is located at Jacksonville, Fla.

o o o o

"Sarg" Poole, '16, is studying for his Ph.D. at Rutgers College Experiment Station at New Brunswick, N. J.

o o o o

The following alumni are employed with the DuPont Company: "Sis" Brown, '16, P. H. Mikell, '18, "Babe" Williams, '18, and "Katy" Williams, '16.

o o o o

C. D. Campbell, '19, is working in the draftsman's office of the State Highway Department, Columbia, S. C.

o o o o

J. M. Bates, '19, is farming near Eastover, S. C.



EDITOR: O. F. COVINGTON

CHRISTIAN MANHOOD

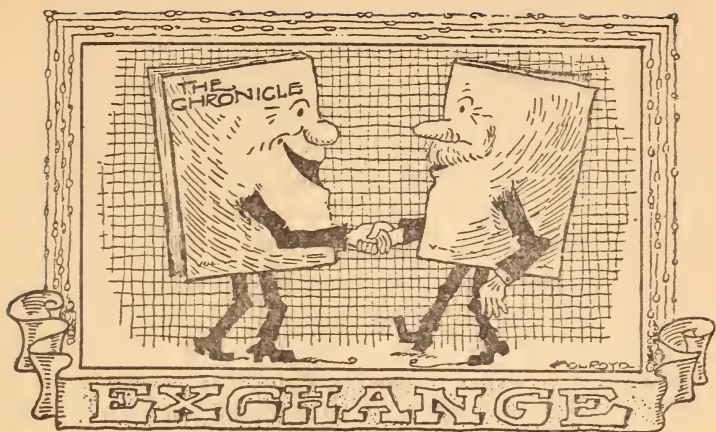
There is a common desire (among a few) to know more about the teachings of Christ. I have heard boys say if they were at a different school they could live lives they weren't ashamed of. People who want to learn more of Christ like to meet other people who have had exceptional experiences in His Service. Just as athletes like to meet and associate with other athletes—in the same way Christian men and women like to meet and associate with other Christian men and women.

Some years ago the plan was conceived of having as many of the Christian students and leaders of the Colleges meet after the close of school each year in conferences. Thru the able leadership and exceptional foresight of Dr. W. D. Weatherford, the meeting place for students of the Carolinas and other Southern states, was selected and named. Our conference home is Blue Ridge, N. C. Blue Ridge is located in the heart of the mountains of North Carolina, sixteen miles from Asheville, three miles from Black Mountain (the nearest railroad station), six miles from Montreat (the Presbyterian Conference Home) and is ideally located for summer conferences. The place itself is beautiful and picturesque. To see it is to love it. Having been there once you always want to return. Such has been the experience of the writer. Men should go who desire to prepare themselves for greater service in school and greater service in

the Church in after years. For Blue Ridge is first and foremost a Training Conference. The fellowship is second only to the training. It is a wonderful inspiration to see and talk to as many as five hundred Christian men from colleges all over the South. The mornings are given over to classes and lectures. The afternoons are devoted to sport and recreation. There are tournaments in baseball, basketball, tennis and volley ball. A swimming meet is staged also. Mountain climbing and hiking appeal to many. Usually a lot of men decide to remain over a day after the Conference and go to Mt. Mitchell (the highest point East of the Rockies) and camp on the mountain top. It is certainly wonderful to see the sun rise from an elevation of 6711 ft. (Did you say you wouldn't be awake at that early hour?—Oh, Brother, say not so. You will be awake often and many times before the sun is up—awake looking for more cover.)

Looking at the matter in a purely selfish light—the trip to Blue Ridge and the ten days spent at the Conference will mean more to a christian man than any ten days I can recommend. At Blue Ridge you will find rest, recreation, work, play, fun and friends. You will get to know the boys from the other colleges better, you may get to know a number of the young ladies from Southern colleges—and you can't know them without *knowing them better*—because they are about the best.

If you are interested in going to Blue Ridge and would like to go—call at the Y. M. C. A. and get a pamphlet containing full particulars. The time of the Conference is from June 15 to June 24th, inclusive. Clemson has a cottage that will hold as many as thirty. It is worth making a sacrifice to go. The man who is willing to make a sacrifice is the man the "Coach" is looking for. Christ is looking for men who are big enough to forget self and make the sacrifice for His Kingdom. Can you make a block "C" for Christ?



EDITORS:

F. U. WOLFE, '20

R. FARMER, '21

As the college year is rapidly reaching its end, we begin to realize that the publication staffs of the present year will hold problems in common for only a short while longer. The exchanges have been a valuable source of assistance and a means of pleasant pastime, and we desire to receive especially the last issues of all of the exchanges. It is natural to expend the most earnest efforts in making the closing issue the best of the entire year, and a few suggestions in such an issue to next year's staffs will be, not only acceptable, but helpful as well.

The April numbers of the following magazines have been received and, as a whole, are exceedingly meritorious: *The Criterion*, *Winthrop Journal*, *The Lenoirian*, *The Furman Echo*, *The Wofford College Journal*, *The College of Charleston Magazine*, *The Concept*, and *The Right Angle*.

The Criterion is among the most creditable magazines, and usually the material is of a high quality. The short stories are interesting, having appropriate titles. The authors were wise in choosing simple plots and thus

avoiding unnecessary complications, which most college students produce. The poems, "The First Easter" and "Dreams", are of admirable sentiment and are, without doubt, worthy of commendation. "The War Fought for Democracy Enthrones Autocracy" and "Woodrow Wilson—The Man" are productions clearly revealing fact and prophecy; however, they are instructive and do not leave the themes entirely threadbare. The editorials are forceful and full of meaning. "The Question of Fraternities" is unique in every respect. The editor seems to be well informed on the subject—whatever the source of information may be. "The Question of Sororities" would seem more applicable. The article suggests that South Carolina will be the next state to adopt woman suffrage. But the magazine is well prepared, and we like to read it.

The *Winthrop Journal* is very well balanced, but more material would have given the issue greater value. The short stories are of excellent quality, and each deserves a prize. "The Great Roads Leading from Rome" is an instructive article and is written in a very descriptive style. The poetry is good, but could have been improved somewhat.

The Lenoirian is sadly lacking in the quantity of material as well as in quality. It contains enough short stories but no poems and essays. It should be the purpose of the staff to have a balanced magazine.

The Furman Echo is another publication of merit. The April issue is filled with praise-worthy productions, and the quality shows untiring effort on the part of all concerned. The poems are especially good.

The Wofford College Journal shows its best work of the year in the April issue. The essays and poems display a vast improvement over productions in previous numbers, but the short stories are lacking. This issue of the Journal more nearly approaches the standard that it should maintain.

The College of Charleston Magazine holds the usual standard. The words—

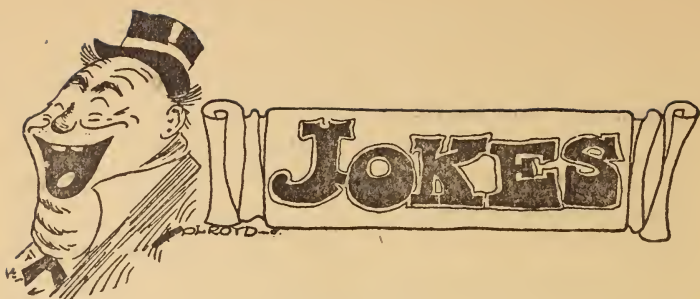
“To see oursel’s as ithers see us!”

are suggested by the effective way in which the exchange department is utilized.

It is still up to some college publication to equal *The Concept*. The April issue is unusually enjoyable.

We are glad to note an improvement in *The Right Angle*. The poems produce a pleasing effect upon the reader. “Summerland (again!)” is especially appealing.

Here the work of a part of *The Chronicle* staff ends. The chain which connects the college magazines will be broken for a brief time, but will be linked again in the fall. The exchanges have helped us, and the interchange of ideas and criticisms has been worth while. To criticise is difficult; and this task we could not have undertaken had our mistakes not been more numerous and outstanding than yours. The “husky agricultural students”, as one exchange aptly designated them, realize that your ideas have been invaluable. The future is abounding in promise for our successors, and to them we wish the greatest success.



EDITORS:

R. M. BARNETT, '20

G. A. HARRISON, 21

Why is it that Gordon Fant parts his hair in the middle? He rides on the Blue Ridge train. Be careful, Mr. Fant, don't get one too many on one side, it may be disastrous.

o o o o

What did "Vamp" Thompson say at the Anderson College reception? He said, "Nothing at all."

o o o o

Why is love like a trunk? Both are luggage.

o o o o

"Nancy" Harris advocates a steel bridge across the creek on the road to Pendleton. "Nancy," why don't you get an aeroplane?

o o o o

Cobb: "Bob, how many states are there in the United States?"

Bob: "Forty-nine, ole boy. Forty-eight in the union, and the state of matrimony."

o o o o

Bob: "Molly, how in the world can a man jazz the blues away when he is whistling 'Here Comes the Bride'."

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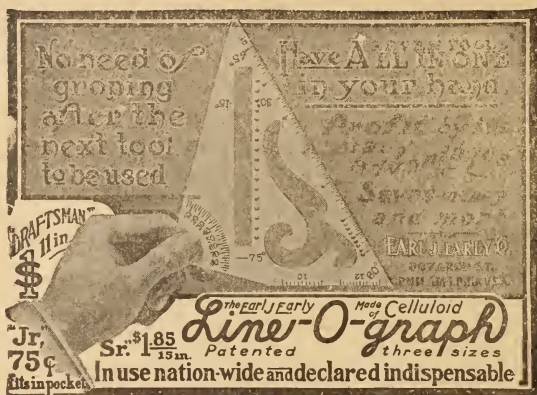
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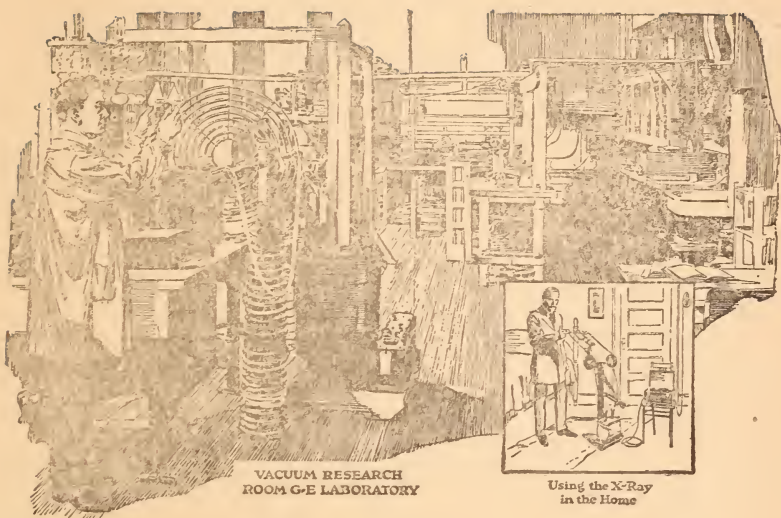
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